

The Border

Rodney Crowell

I work on the border, I see what I see
I work on the border and it's workin' on me
I lie awake at night knowing what I know
There's a price on the head of every border patrol

Where the smugglers do business that's where I make a stand
I know this old desert like the back of my hand
I see greed in the bushes, I see snakes in the dark
Some are friends of my brothers, can't you hear them dogs bark?

I come home to Maria at the end of that day
In the shape of a shadow, holding demons at bay
It's just the border, they say

It was Mexican soldiers out of a black Humvee
With their guns to their shoulders aimed at my partner and me
Ah they drove away laughing, but the message was clear
We don't care about nothing, but the money down here

I come home to Maria in a bulletproof vest
With the weight of the whole wide world bearing down on my chest
It's just the border, I guess

From the shacks and the shanties come the hungry and poor
Some to drown at the crossing, some to suffer no more

I guess you heard about Campos and Ramien
Both of them friends of mine, both good men
They did one right thing and look what they got
Federal prison, where they're both gonna rot

I come home to Maria where else would I go
Across the river to die by myself, down in old Mexico
It's just the border, you know