

On The Border
Al Stewart

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #
#-----#

From uunet!zaphod.mps.ohio-state.edu!cis.ohio-state.edu!rutgers!cbmvax!macon Thu
Jul 23 11:25:40 PDT 1992
Article: 997 of alt.guitar.tab
Path:
nevada.edu!uunet!zaphod.mps.ohio-state.edu!cis.ohio-state.edu!rutgers!cbmvax!mac
on
From: macon@gallifry.Berkeley.EDU (Glen Macon)
Newsgroups: alt.guitar.tab
Subject: music : ON THE BORDER
Keywords: (Al Stewart)
Message-ID: <33271@cbmvax.commodore.com>
Date: 23 Jul 92 13:20:31 GMT
Sender: news@cbmvax.commodore.com
Reply-To: macon@cbmvax.commodore.com (Glen Macon)
Organization: COMMODORE West Cester PA
Lines: 73

084

Title: ON THE BORDER (Al Stewart)

F#m

F#m

The fishing boats go out across the evening water

D

Smuggling guns and arms across the Spanish border

Bm

The winds whip up the waves so loud

A

G

The ghost moon sails among the clouds

F#m

E

F#m

And turns the rifles into silver on the border

F#m

On my wall the colours of the maps are running

D

From Africa the winds they talk of changes coming

Bm

The torches flair up in the night

A **G**
 The hand that sets the farms alight
F#m **E** **F#m**
 Has spread the word to those who re waiting on the border

A
 In the vllage where I grew up
Em
 Nothing seems the same
D **A**
 But still you never see the change from day to day
D **C#** [C# B A G# F# F =
 single notes]
 And no one notices the customs slip away

F#m

F#m
 Late last night the rain was knocking on my window
D
 I moved across the darkened room and in the lampglow
Bm
 I thought I saw down in the street
A **G**
 The spirit of the century
F#m **E** **F#m**
 Telling us that we re all standing on the border

A
 In the islands where I grew up
Em
 Nothing seems the same
D **A**
 It s just the patterns that remain an empty shell
D
 But there s a strangeness in the air
C# [C# B A G# F# F = single notes]
 You feel too well

F#m

F#m
 The fishing boats go out across the evening water
D
 Smuggling guns and arms across the Spanish border
Bm
 The winds whip up the waves so loud
A **G**
 The ghost moon sails among the clouds

F#m

D

F#m

D

F#m

_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _





\backslash $\backslash \backslash \backslash$ \backslash \backslash \backslash

_ _ _ _ _

Glen Macon

any-net: macon@cbmvax.commodore.com

Standard disclaimer...

Commodore doesn't endorse what I say, I do

Who wants to know...

\\ \\ \\ \\ \\ \\ \\ \\ \\ \\

All those moments will be lost in time, like tears in the rain.