

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. #
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From: macon@gallifry.Berkeley.EDU (Glen Macon)
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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
Em
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
Em
The winds whip up the waves so loud
A **G**
The ghost moon sails among the clouds

