

On The Border

Al Stewart

Em

The fishing boats go out across the evening water

Cmaj7

Smuggling guns and arms across the Spanish border

Am

The winds whip up the waves so loud

G

F

The ghost moon sails among the clouds

Em

D

Em

And turns the rifles into silver on the border

Em

On my wall the colours of the maps are running

Cmaj7

From Africa the winds they talk of changes coming

Am

The torches flair up in the night

G

F

The hand that sets the farms alight

Em

D

Em

To spread the word to those who're waiting on the border

G

In the village where I grew up

Dm

Nothing seems the same

C

G

But still you never see the change from day to day

C

B

[**B A G F# E D E = single notes**] **Em**

And no one notices the customs slip away

Em

Late last night the rain was knocking on my window

Cmaj7

I moved across the darkened room and in the lamp glow

Am

I thought I saw down in the street

G

F

The spirit of the century

Em

D

Em

Telling us that we're all standing on the border

G

In the islands where I grew up

Dm

Nothing seems the same

C

G

It's just the patterns that remain an empty shell

C

But there's a strangeness in the air

B [B A G F# E D E = single notes] **Em**

You feel too well

Em

The fishing boats go out across the evening water

Cmaj7

Smuggling guns and arms across the Spanish border

Am

The winds whip up the waves so loud

G

F

The ghost moon sails among the clouds

Em

D

Em

And turns the rifles into silver on the border

C

Em

C

Em

On the border

On the border

On the border