**On the Border**

Em

The fishing boats go out across the evening water

C

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 colors of the maps are running

 C

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

Has spread the word to those who're waiting

Em

On the border

G

In the village where I grew up

Dm7

Nothing seems the same

 C G

But still you never see the change from day to day

 D

And no one notices the customs

 C# [C# B A G# F# F]

slip away

Em

Em

Late last night the rain was knocking on my window

 C

I moved across the darkened room and in the lampglow

 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

Dm7

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

 C# [C# B A G# F# F]

You feel too well

Em

Em

The fishing boats go out across the evening water

C

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

On the border

Em

On the border

C

On the border

Em