**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

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On the border

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On the border

C

On the border

Em