

On the Border

Al Stewart

The fishing boats go out across the evening water
Smuggling guns and arms across the Spanish border
The winds whip up the waves so loud
The ghost moon sails among the clouds
And turns the rifles into silver on the border

On my wall the colours of the maps are running
From Africa the winds they talk of changes coming
The torches flair up in the night
The hand that sets the farms alight
Has spread the word to those who're waiting on the border

In the vllage where I grew up
Nothing seems the same
But still you never see the change from day to day

And no one notices the customs slip away

Late last night the rain was knocking on my window
I moved across the darkened room and in the lampglow
I thought I saw down in the street
The spirit of the century
Telling us that we're all standing on the border

In the islands where I grew up
Nothing seems the same
It's just the patterns that remain an empty shell
But there's a strangeness in the air you feel too well