When I Get to the Border

Arlo Guthrie

Greedy people take what's mine I can leave them all behind And they can never cross that line When I get to the border

Saw-bones standin' at the door Waiting till I hit the floor He won't find me anymore When I get to the border

Monday morning, Monday morning Closing in on me I'm packin' up and I'm a-runnin' away To where nobody thinks of me

If you see a box of pine With a name that looks like mine Say I drowned in a barrel of wine When I got to the border When I got to the border

A one way ticket's in my hand Headed for the chosen land My troubles will all turn to sand When I get to the border

A soft girl with yellow hair Waiting in that rockin' chair And if I'm weary I won't care When I get to the border

A dusty road that smells so sweet Paved with gold beneath my feet And I'll be dancing down the street When I get to the border When I get to the border

[CHORUS]