

## Cold Frontier

### Show Of Hands

Walk out over ancient hills  
There's something underheel  
Reach down let your fingers touch  
A blade as hard as steel  
I was the man that left it there  
I tried to build my home  
Watching over a cold frontier  
A thousand miles from Rome  
And our worlds collide after all these years on a cold  
frontier

I cleared the woods and I drained the land  
For houses set to last  
Now all my cities and all my roads  
Are contours beneath the grass  
And the men that we couldn't tame  
We drove them into the West  
Their songs and their stories still remain  
What became of all I left?  
Just the stones and the clay that the plough reveals  
On this cold frontier

A silver coin I will leave for you  
You can spin it in the air  
On any country it chooses to fall  
The coin will pay your fare

In the faces under the skin  
Of all those who've worked this land  
You'll find the traces of all who've been  
They lie so close to hand  
Let the borders fall after all these years to my cold  
frontier...