

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...