

## Slightly South of the Border

The Mekons

So it's time we moved on  
This geography has been so hard  
Over mountains and out through the plains  
Of this blighted land  
We live in an old town  
And our friends and acquaintances  
Tell us those stories  
That make us feel fine  
It gets dark when the sun goes down  
And it's cold underfoot  
The electric comes up through the ground  
It's paid for with words and tended with love

Shopping is easy and much can be bought  
With some money you get from somewhere  
But who makes the Sundays like stone  
And decides where the new roads will go  
Slow, the road bends at will Plough through from crazy to sane  
No education prepares you for this  
You are born and you die  
We go marching, coughing and croaking  
So the smog cannot heal up our eyes  
Great blank walls and dense prickly hedges  
Paid for with words and tended with love  
Small stupid children bring paper to life  
And up on the damp walls there are patterns like fish  
There's a time for arriving in old towns like these  
And a time to be moving on...  
So you see we should be glad  
Just waiting with huge empty heads  
Draw a map and tear it in half  
It's paid for in words and tended with love

'The land stretches out  
You can feel with your hands and under your feet  
Run your fingers through valleys and streams  
Snapping fences and warm pools of blood  
That's the history of all our dreams  
Paid for with words and tended