

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