

Border Guards

The Rosebuds

The hot and dusty road
is where all things fall apart
You were my sleepy waitress
in this baking trailer park
On a calm March night,
they left their drunken shouts behind
And carried you away
to find work, a better life

I hear the stars talking
from the tin roof of my home
Placing bets on the emigrants
on how far they might go
I wonder where you say,
are you out there all alone?
We can dance without a mask,
just come back from where you've gone

I wonder where you are,
did you ever make it through?
The desert was a curse,
lying still in wait for you
There's a coldness where you walked,
and a silence in my yard
How can I not see you now?
Goddamn the border guards.