

The Border

Tony Banks

Dry forever the sun blinds off the whitewashed walls
Unbelieving she looks up from the unswept floor
You don't have to go you don't have to tell me
All that talk of lofty causes wrapped in foolish pride
That's a lie

That you don't have to tell me

I don't wanna hear how wisdom walks beside you
Or how God is inside you again

No wire marks the border
No fence or wall
No town breaks this horizon
Nothing at all

Dust surrounds her the men go hungry for disaster
All they leave behind are
The old and useless and the broken
That never will be mended

I don't wanna hear you're captured by the madness
Of ideas long discredited from other people's minds
They're all lies

That you don't have to tell me

All that comes of this is poverty and hardship
Still you don't absorb a word I say

But now there is a border
A line of blood
Now men patrol the border
But they're dead

Somewhere a bird is flying oh
Somewhere the wind is sighing oh
I hope it brings you comfort
Cos it's surely no good to me
This wind blows me down
And cuts me like a knife

And now the darkness and coldness
That freezes out illusion
Restores the picture gives back the pieces
And lays them on the empty floor

I don't want to hear so you don't have to tell me
How you rewrite history a little every day
Till it's lies

That you don't have to tell me

I don't want to hear how good it really has been
How wonderful the troubles we shared

No I don't want to hear so you don't have to tell me

I don't need your comfort I just need your company