

# 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