

# Bill Miller, Borderline

Ridin' on to El Paso, followin' the rodeo  
When she stole my heart under a desert moon  
In a bordertown down in Mexico, where all the lonely cowboys go  
Stands a mission church at the end of a crowded street  
Was there I first caught sight of her alone, my heart began to stir  
She was kneeling there at the foot of a painted cross

On the borderline,  
Crossing the heartlands again and again  
On the borderline,  
If lightning would strike me, I'd never know when  
My heart must always remain on the borderline  
Had to stay another day if only just to find a way to meet that girl who prays by the lonesome grave  
They say she lost her only one to a battle of the blazing guns  
Now she cries each night and her tears stain the desert sand  
She vowed to never give her heart to someone else if they should part  
I'll never meet those eyes to tell her I love her so

I'm on the borderline  
Crossing the heartlands again and again  
On the borderline  
If lightning would strike me I'd never know when  
My heart must always remain on the borderline