

Willie Nelson, The Border

I work on the border, I see what I see
I work on the border and it's workin' on me
I lie awake at night, knowin' what I know
There's a price on the head of every border patrol

Where the smugglers do business
That's where I make a stand
I know this old desert
Like the back of my hand
I see greed in the bushes
I see snakes in the dark
Some are friends of my brothers
Can't you hear them dogs bark

I come home to Maria
At the end of the day
In the shape of a shadow
Holding demons at bay
It's just the border they say

It was Mexican soldiers
Out of a black Humvee
With their guns to their shoulders
Aimed at my partner and me
As they drove away laughin'
But the message was clear
We don't care about nothin'
But the money downhere

I come home to Maria
In a bullet proof vest
With the weight of the whole wide world
Bearin' down on my chest
It's just the border I guess

From the shacks and the shanties
Come the hungry and poor
Some to drown at the crossing
Some to suffer no more

I guess you heard about Campos
And Ramien
Both of them friends of mine
Both good men
They did one thing right
And look what they got
Federal prison
Where they're both gonna rot

I come home to Maria
Where else would I go
Across the river to die by myself
Down in old Mexico
It's just the border you know