

A Flock Of Seagulls, Over The Border

I'm tired of living in Asia,
I'm tired of walking alone.
I'm thinking of crossing the border.
Whoa, to a new romance,

New romance,
New romance.

I'm drifting away from the mainland,
I'm drifting away from the shore.
I'll try not to look back in anger,
I've tried not to look back at all.

Back at all,
Back at all

She moves like a shadow in motion,
She moves like a shadow of night;
A figure from over the ocean,
A figure surrounded by the light.

By the light,
By the light

She's over the border,
She's over the border,
Over the border.

Typed by John Manfreda