

Across The Border, Black Boots Marchin'

1914 when I was a child I heard their marchin' boots
young men were singing soldier songs spurred on by drums and flutes
all men were singing. My mum did cry my father kissed her and said "Goodbye";

Four years later the fire came near, the cannons roared all day
black boots were running not to the front but the other way
a letter came, my mum did cry, her hairs got grey and I didn't know why

REFRAIN:

Always the black boots marchin' on
war isn't far, hear their "hurrah, hurrah, hurrah"
Hear my warning, hear my warning.
Hear my warning, lend me your car

39, a young man I was, I put these black boots on
I heard my name when a leader said
"This war has to be won". Lady Europe cried to God
while she sank into ruins and blood

REFRAIN

Now I am old, I can't sleep at night
I hear these boots again. Out of the pan into the fire
and back into the pan. Why do we never learn from history
why are we blind when we should see
let's break these links of this old chain
never, never, never again

REFRAIN