## Al Stewart, On The Border

The fishing boats go out across the evening water Smuggling guns and arms across the Spanish border The wind whips up the waves so loud The ghost moon sails among the clouds Turns the rifles into silver on the border On my wall the colours of the maps are running From Africa the winds they talk of changes coming The torches flare up in the night The hand that sets the farms alight Has spread the word to those who're waiting on the border In the village where I grew up Nothing seems the same Still you never see the change from day to day And no-one notices the customs slip away Late last night the rain was knocking at my window I moved across the darkened room and in the lampglow I thought I saw down in the street The spirit of the century Telling us that we're all standing on the border In the islands where I grew up Nothing seems the same It's just the patterns that remain An empty shell But there's a strangeness in the air you feel too well The fishing boats go out across the evening water Smuggling guns and arms across the Spanish border The wind whips up the waves so loud The ghost moon sails among the clouds

Turns the rifles into silver on the border

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