

Arlo Guthrie, When I Get To The Border

by Richard Thompson

Greedy people take what's mine
I can leave them all behind
And they can never cross that line
When I get to the border

Saw-bones standin' at the door
Waiting till I hit the floor
He won't find me anymore
When I get to the border

CHORUS:
Monday morning, Monday morning
Closing in on me
I'm packin' up and I'm a-runnin' away
To where nobody thinks of me

If you see a box of pine
With a name that looks like mine
Say I drowned in a barrel of wine
When I got to the border
When I got to the border

CHORUS

A one way ticket's in my hand
Headed for the chosen land
My troubles will all turn to sand
When I get to the border

A soft girl with yellow hair
Waiting in that rockin' chair
And if I'm weary I won't care
When I get to the border

CHORUS

A dusty road that smells so sweet
Paved with gold beneath my feet
And I'll be dancing down the street
When I get to the border
When I get to the border

CHORUS