

Gordon Lightfoot, Borderstone

The night is as black as the coal dust on the tracks
Up to the east day is dawning
From time to time I get women on my mind
I'm a son of a gun

Borderstone, borderstone gonna cross your line tonight
Borderstone, pretty little town, gonna make my bed tonight

The train that I'm on is a hundred boxcars long
So I don't sleep through to the morning
That's some chilly wind in this gondola I'm in
I wish I had a glass of beer

Borderstone, borderstone gonna cross your line tonight
Borderstone, pretty little town, gonna make my bed tonight
Borderstone, borderstone gonna cross your line tonight
Borderstone, pretty little town, gonna make my bed tonight

The boardinghouse reach is a thing no school can teach you
I confess I've been outfumbled

And the sound of the beans boiling through the evergreens
Sure do please a hungry man

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Borderstone, pretty little town, gonna make my bed tonight
Borderstone, borderstone gonna cross your line tonight
Borderstone, pretty little town, gonna make my bed tonight

The sound of the wheels rebounds across the fields
I'm a name with no number
And so I guess I'd be drifting more or less
But still it's not meant to be

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