

Lucy Kaplansky, When I Get To The Border

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

Sawbones standing at the door
Waiting 'til I hit the floor
They won't find me anymore
When I get to the border

Monday morning, Monday morning
Closing in on me
I'm packing up and running away
To where nobody picks on 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

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

Salty boy with yellow hair
Waiting in that rocking chair
And if I'm weary I won't care
When I get to the border

Monday morning, Monday morning
Closing in on me
I'm packing up and running away
To where nobody picks on me

Dusty road will smell so sweet
Paved with gold beneath my feet
And I'll be dancing down the street
When I get to the border
And I'll be dancing down the street
When I get to the border
When I get to the border
When I get to the border