

# Walkabouts, Bordertown

I can sleep it off,  
Sleep it back to sleep,  
I can be most anything I want.  
A long way from the shade,  
The north side of the moon.  
Down here only rich men lose their shirts.

And John Law wakes to sweep,  
The morning off the street,  
But no one cares if he has done his job.  
And postcards never came,  
From race tracks by the sea.  
From a gambler who says: "You are still my lucky thing."

Bordertown,  
There's been an accident in Bordertown.  
Bordertown,  
I am your accident in Bordertown.

Coyotes stirs the drinks,  
And drives his stolen jeep,  
And drives the kingsnake to its happy hole.  
But I stand in the clear,  
The only place he fears,  
The only place he's never seen me stand.

Bordertown,  
There's been an accident in Bordertown.  
Bordertown,  
I am your accident in Bordertown.

There ain't no seasons here,  
But the freezin' still appears,  
Everytime I call this home.  
Can't be enough alone.

I can sleep it off,  
Sleep it back to sleep,  
I can be most anything I want.  
A long way from the shade,  
The north side of the moon.  
Down here only taxi drivers know my name.