When I Get to the Border

Richard Thompson & Linda Thompson

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
He won't find me anymore when I get to the borderMonday morning, Monday morning closing in on me
I'm packing up and I'm running away to where nobody picks on meIf 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 borderA 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 girl with yellow hair waiting in that rocking chair
And if I'm weary I won't care when I get to the borderMonday morning, Monday morning closing in on me
I'm packing up and I'm running away to where nobody picks on me
The 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
When I get to the border

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