

# 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 border Monday morning, Monday morning closing  
in on me  
I'm packing up and I'm 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  
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 girl 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 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>