

# Arlo Guthrie, When I Get To The Border

by Richard Thompson

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

Saw-bones standin' at the door  
Waiting till I hit the floor  
He won't find me anymore  
When I get to the border

CHORUS:  
Monday morning, Monday morning  
Closing in on me  
I'm packin' up and I'm a-runnin' away  
To where nobody thinks of 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

CHORUS

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

A soft girl with yellow hair  
Waiting in that rockin' chair  
And if I'm weary I won't care  
When I get to the border

CHORUS

A dusty road that smells 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

CHORUS