

Bruce Springsteen, Border Guard

BORDER GUARD

Bless on the border guard so cold and alone
Bless on the child so far from his home
Pity the border guard who feels like a woman to cry
Pity the border guard whose life guards the line
A light is a funny thing
A border sometime
A light is a hurting thing
Use only to divine
I pity the refugee whose home lies behind
I pity the border guard and his border line
He keeps his machine gun nose pointed to the sky
The night time is his master
And you know the dawn light brings his captor

And I pity the border guard as he walks, well as he walks his own
The echo of his foot steps is all a friend would know
A home is a funny thing
You get tied to the earth
Like a love is a crazy thing
In the eye of a child

I Pity the border guard whose soul taken captive at birth
May the sweet brace of his grief and show him how to be so wild
Yes a light is a funny thing
A border sometimes
A light is a hurting thing
Used only to divine
He who made the open plains and the world one and all
Could not have conceived with a barbed wire brain
For the building of the wall and at night I keep my fire bright
So that I may be safe when I sleep

Till I wake on that wonderful morning with no more light well ooh