

# Willie Nelson, The Border

I work on the border, I see what I see  
I work on the border and it's workin' on me  
I lie awake at night, knowin' what I know  
There's a price on the head of every border patrol

Where the smugglers do business  
That's where I make a stand  
I know this old desert  
Like the back of my hand  
I see greed in the bushes  
I see snakes in the dark  
Some are friends of my brothers  
Can't you hear them dogs bark

I come home to Maria  
At the end of the day  
In the shape of a shadow  
Holding demons at bay  
It's just the border they say

It was Mexican soldiers  
Out of a black Humvee  
With their guns to their shoulders  
Aimed at my partner and me  
As they drove away laughin'  
But the message was clear  
We don't care about nothin'  
But the money downhere

I come home to Maria  
In a bullet proof vest  
With the weight of the whole wide world  
Bearin' down on my chest  
It's just the border I guess

From the shacks and the shanties  
Come the hungry and poor  
Some to drown at the crossing  
Some to suffer no more

I guess you heard about Campos  
And Ramien  
Both of them friends of mine  
Both good men  
They did one thing right  
And look what they got  
Federal prison  
Where they're both gonna rot

I come home to Maria  
Where else would I go  
Across the river to die by myself  
Down in old Mexico  
It's just the border you know