

Borderstone-crd

The (G) night is as black as the (C) coal dust on the tracks
 Up to the (D) east day is (C) dawn(G)ing
 From time to time I get (C) women on my (Am) mind
 (D) I'm a son of a gun

(C) Borderstone, (G) Borderstone gonna (A) cross your line to(D)night
 (C) Borderstone, (G) pretty little town, gonna (D) make my bed to(G7)night

The train that I'm on is a hundred boxcars long
 So I don't sleep through to the morning
 That's some chilly wind in this gondola I'm in
 I wish I had a glass of beer

Borderstone, Borderstone gonna cross your line tonight
 Borderstone, pretty little town, gonna make my bed to(G)night
 Borderstone, Borderstone gonna cross your line tonight
 Borderstone, pretty little town, gonna make my bed tonight

(A) (E) (A) (E) (A) (E) (A)

The boarding house reach is a (D) thing no school can teach you
 I con(E)fess I've been out(D)fum(A)bled
 And the sound of the beans boiling (D) through the ever(Bm)greens
 (E) Sure do please a hungry man

(D) Borderstone, (A) Borderstone gonna (B) cross your line to(E)night
 (D) Borderstone, (A) pretty little town, gonna (E) make my bed to(A)night
 (D) Borderstone, (A) Borderstone gonna (B) cross your line to(E)night
 (D) Borderstone, (A) pretty little town, gonna (E) make my bed to(A7)night

The sound of the wheels rebounds across the fields
 I'm a name with no number
 And so I guess I'd be drifting more or less
 But still it's not meant to be

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