

## **THE BORDERLINE**

We sit tight in the shadows  
And travel at night  
Through the canyons and narrows  
Out of sight  
Maybe we'll cross at Boundary Bay  
But we'll take our time  
Moving careful and slow  
To the borderline

It started as a slow turning  
But the end came fast  
Now California 's burning  
What's done is past  
We made it out of San Francisco  
In the nick of time  
Now we stick to the back roads  
To the borderline  
The borderline

The fog just floated in  
So silently  
It crept in while we slept  
Til we couldn't see

They say that New York City  
Is perfectly still  
And it's a ghost town in Athens  
And Chapel Hill  
They say they're holding in Boston  
But it's a matter of time  
We'll see the survivors across the borderline  
Across the borderline  
The borderline  
The borderline