

## On the Borderline

Alison Krauss

There's a chill on this evening, nights right for greaving,  
Darkness surrounds him as he wanders alone  
He walked past the dim lights, the pathways and street lights  
They remind him, of nights long ago,  
When his love was strong and his muscles hard, His whiskey thro  
at was barley marred,  
Seeking misfortune in the lies that he told, Then a brokin hear  
t bought him to his knees,  
In the hour of his greatest need, Lost and forsaken by the love  
, he could not hold

On the Border line of love again,  
Its bound to make you pay  
On the Border line, we'll make our stand,  
Then watch it fall away  
And he stands in quiet solitude,  
The nights reflects upon his mood,  
Seeking the vision that had once been so clear,  
When he felt the touch of his women's love

His pounding heart was warm and young, Now locked inside him wi  
th his anger and fear  
As he moves on slowly, past the trees, Down the path way home t  
hrough fallen leaves  
He can't believe, how he'd sunken so low, So he learned to live  
with his injured pride  
His purple heart hidden, deep inside, The only reward, for a lo  
ve he could not hold

(2x):

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