Border Guards

The Rosebuds

The hot and dusty road is where all things fall apart You were my sleepy waitress in this baking trailer park On a calm March night, they left their drunken shouts behind And carried you away to find work, a better life

I hear the stars talking from the tin roof of my home Placing bets on the emigrants on how far they might go I wonder where you say, are you out there all alone? We can dance without a mask, just come back from where you've gone

I wonder where you are, did you ever make it through? The desert was a curse, lying still in wait for you There's a coldness where you walked, and a silence in my yard How can I not see you now? Goddamn the border guards.