

# The Frontier Official



I'm a fron-tier of-fic-ial from the U. S. of A., A pint-sized Nap-o-lean of the bor-der guard state. I'll has-sle and search and bark or-ders if you try and cross o-ver my bor-der. Oh, I won't let in com-mies, no pin-kos or pom-mies, or stri-kers with un-i-on cards. Like-wise I hate bi-kers and hai-ry hitch-hi-kers and trav-ellers in beat-up old cars No per-sons of dub-ious ex-trac-tion or dar-ken than hon-ey-tan skin; No Mex-i-can, Chink, or La-ti-no Can fly by this wasp on the wing.

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## Chorus:

I'm a frontier official from the US of A,  
A pint-sized Napoleon of the borderguard state.  
I'll hassle and search and bark orders  
If you try to cross over my border.

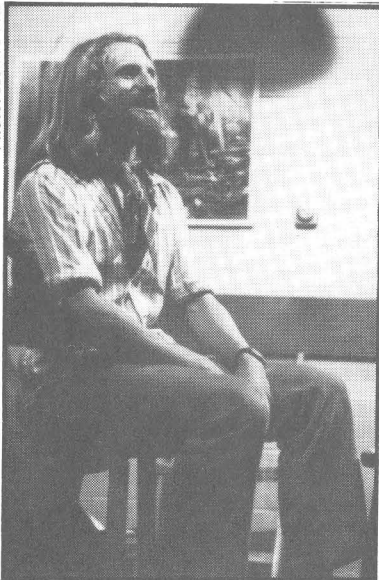
I won't let in commies,  
 No pinkos or pommies\*  
 Or strikers with union cards.  
 Likewise I hate bikers  
 And hairy hitch-hikers  
 And travellers in beat-up old cars.  
 No persons of dubious extraction  
 or darker than honeytan skin;  
 No Mexican, Chink or Latino  
 Can fly by this wasp on the wing  
  
 If you're smuggling dope  
 Well, you ain't got a hope,  
 Our security system can't fail;  
 For those hound-dogs from Bellingham  
 Are expert at smelling'em  
 Out, then we've got you in jail.  
 There's a nice little sideline in profits  
 To be made from the blackmarket sales,  
 And just to add insult to injury  
 We keep the best stuff for ourselves. (sniff, sniff...)  
  
 Yes I like to play Caesar  
 So you'd better call me 'sir',  
 Be flattering, servile and slimey;  
 'Cause on home turf I'm boss,  
 As you'll learn to your cost  
 If you try to sneak anything by me—limey;  
 Yet every man's open to reason,  
 Yes every cop has his price;  
 With a little financial persuasion  
 I'll arrange to let sleeping dogs lie.

*\*a 'down-under' term for persons of  
 English extraction.*

"The Frontier Official" is venomously dedicated to those thousands of public servants who are a law unto themselves—and make sure you know it. Everyone must have their own tale of harassment and frustration to tell. After being entertained to an hour of interrogation by U.S. officials trying to prove I was a threat to their nation's security when a copy of Marx was discovered in my companion's backpack, I wrote this song. It goes to the tune of Ewan MacColl's excellent "Manchester Rambler".

*Tony Montague*

*Photo: Henk Picket*



*Tony Montague*