The Frontier Official

I'm a frontier official from the U.S. of A., A pint-sized Nap.
o-lean of the border guard state. I'll hassle and search and bark
orders if you try and cross over my border. Oh, I won't let in
commies, no pin-kos or pom-mies, or strikers with union cards.
Likewise I hate bi-kers and hairy hitch-hikers and
travellers in beat-up old cars No persons of dubious ex-
traction or darker than honey-tan skin; No Mex-ic-an,
Chink, or La-ti-no Can fly by this wasp on the wing.

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.

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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 honeytang 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 slimy;
‘Cause on home turf I’m boss,
As you’ll learn to your cost
If you try to sneak anything by me—limy;
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