Hey, get this... I want to talk about our borders.

I live in California where the border with Mexico is more porous than a colander in Luciano Pavarotti’s kitchen. And on any given night in Texas, a pair of night vision goggles reveals a spectacle resembling the start of the Boston Marathon in ponchos.

Now, don’t get me wrong. I welcome new neighbors if for no other reason than it's nice to have an eclectic mix of music blaring from next door to keep me up all night. The Mexican people I know seem to respect the country in a way that many spoiled brats who were born here don’t. So come on over folks, the more the merrier. But please, sign the guest book on the way in.

And that goes double for you wacky Canadians sneaking in here and foisting your good manners and your politeness and your measured sense of expectations on us. We know what you’re up to pal!

We now have better security at Border’s bookstores than at our actual borders. Meanwhile, all we can do is kvetch about how wrong it is to search and profile people. Profiling? If you know that 15 out of the 19 Sept. 11 terrorists are from one country and you happen to notice that, it’s not profiling, that’s minimally observant.

Here’s one way we can solve our border problems: Why don’t we just buy Mexico and Canada? I mean the continent is already called North America. Somebody was trying to tell us something. Thank about it: That border to the south would just be that little Central America thing. We could put in some turnstiles. Our border to the north would be Santa -- he’s not going to rock the boat! Crazy idea? You never know. Put in an offer, maybe they’re motivated.

You know, we’ve got the best country in the world and its greatness is based on inclusion. But someone should turn over that plaque on the Statue of Liberty and check underneath because I’m pretty sure it’ll say, “But for God sakes, don’t let people in who want to blow up this statue!”

By the way, I find it ironic that the French gave us the Statue of Liberty because you know when it comes to being gracious to foreigners, well, the French wrote the book on that, didn’t they?

Got that?