Highwayman

The Highwaymen

I was a highwayman, along the coach roads I did ride
Sword and pistol by my side
Many a young maid lost her baubles to my trade
Many a soldier shed his lifeblood on my blade
The bastards hung me in the spring of twenty five
But I am still aliveI was a sailor, I was born upon the tide
With the sea I did abide
I sailed a schooner 'round the Horn to Mexico
I went aloft and furled the mainsail in a blow
And when the yards broke off, they said that I got killed
But I am livin' stillI was a dam builder across a river deep and wide
Where steel and water did collide
A place called Boulder on the wild Colorado
I slipped and fell on the wet concrete below
They buried me in that gray tomb that knows no sounds
But I am still aroundI'll always be around, and around
And around, and around, and aroundI'll fly a starship across the universe divide
And when I reach the other side
I'll find a place to rest my spirit if I can
Perhaps I may become a highwayman again
Or I may simply be a single drop of rain
But I will remainAnd I'll be back again and again
And again and again and again

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