

Don't Pay the Ferryman

Chris de Burgh

It was late at night on the open road
Speeding like a man on the run
A lifetime spent preparing for the journeyHe is close now and the search is on
Reading from a map in the mind
Yes there's the ragged hill
And there's the boat on the riverAnd when the rain came down
He heard a wild dog howl
There were voices in the night, "Don't do it"
Voices out of sight, "Don't do it"
Too many men have failed before"Whatever you do
Don't pay the ferryman
Don't even fix a price
Don't pay the ferryman
Until he gets you to the other side"In the rolling mist then he gets on board
Now there'll be no turning back
Beware that hooded old man at the rudderAnd then the lightning flashed, and the thunder roared
And people calling out his name
And dancing bones that jabbered and a-moaned
On the waterAnd then the ferryman said
"There is trouble ahead
So you must pay me now," "Don't do it"
"You must pay me now," "Don't do it"
And still that voice came from beyond"Whatever you do
Don't pay the ferryman
Don't even fix a price
Don't pay the ferryman
Until he gets you to the other side"[Incomprehensible]Don't pay the ferryman
Don't even fix a price
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