

Born for Adventure

[Styx](#)

I am the thief of the highway
Rich man you better take hold
'Cause last night while you lie sleeping
I came to steal all your gold All the king's horses, all the king's men
Surrounded the chapel to trap me within
A lady in waiting, lips red with rouge
She offered me pleasures, I could not refuse, no, no, no, no For I was born, born for adventure, women, whiskey
and sin
No, I'll never surrender, live by the sword till the end All the king's horses, all the king's men
Were drinking and dancing, at Fezewig's Inn
They spoke of my capture and of my escape
They called it misfortune but I called it fate, no, no, no, no

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