

Highwayman

Jimmy Webb

I was a highwayman
Along the coach roads I did ride
With the sword and pistol by my side
And many a young maid lost her baubles to my trade
And many a soldier shed his life blood on my blade
They fin'ly hung me in the spring of '25
But I am still alive

I was a sailor
And I was born upon the tide
And with the sea I did abide
I sailed a schooner 'round the horn of Mexico
I went aloft to furl the mainsail in a blow
And when the yards broke off they say that I got killed
But I am living still

I was a dam builder
Across the river deep and wide
Where steel and water did collide
A place called Boulder on the wild Colorado
I slipped and fell into the wet concrete below
They buried me in that great tomb that knows no sound
But I am still around
Seems like it all goes 'round and 'round
And 'round and 'round

I'll fly a starship
Across the universe divide
Until 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 remain
And I'll be back again
And again, and again, and again.

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