

# 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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