

Highwaymen - Highwayman

Tom: A

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 basterds hung me in the spring of 25
 But I am still alive

I was a sailor, I was born upon the tide
 With the sea I did abide
 I sailed a schooner round the horn of Mexico
 I went aloft and furled the main sail in a blow
 And when the yard broke off they say that I got killed
 But I am living still

I was a dam builder, across a river deep and wide
 Where steel and water did collide

In 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 around

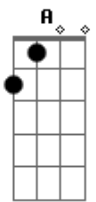
I'll always be around, and around, and around, and around, and around

I'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

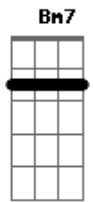
Or I may simply be a single drop of rain
 But I will remain

And I'll be back again, and again, and again, and again, and again

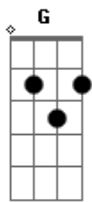
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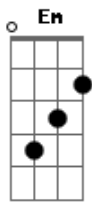
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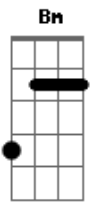
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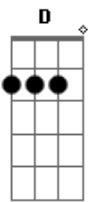
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