

The White Buffalo - Highway Man

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Tom: D
  Bm
I was a highwayman
On the coach roads I did ride
With 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 bastards hung me in the spring of twenty-five
But I am still alive.
I was a sailor
And I was born upon the tide
            G
And with the sea I did abide.
          D
I sailed a schooner round the Horn to Mexico
I went aloft to furled the mainsail in a blow
And when the yards broke off they said that I got killed
But I'm living still.
I was a dam builder
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Across this river deep and wide
Where steel and water did collide
In a place called Boulder on the wild Colorado
I slipped and fell into the wet concrete below
Then they buried me in that great tomb that knows no sound
But I am still around
I'll always be around, and around, and around
I fly a star ship
Across the universe divide
And when I reach the other side
           D
I'll find a place to rest my spirit if I can
     D
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
(Bm )
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Acordes

