

# The White Buffalo - Highway Man

Tom: D

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  
 And with the sea I did abide.  
 I sailed a schooner round the Horn to Mexico  
 I went aloft to furl the mainsail in a blow  
 And when the yards broke off they said that I got killed  
 But I'm living still.

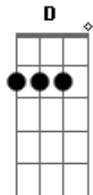
I was a dam builder

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, and around

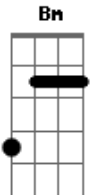
I fly a star ship  
 Across the universe divide  
 And when I reach the other side  
 I'll find a place to rest my spirit if I can  
 Perhaps I may become a highwayman again  
 Or I may simply be a single drop of rain  
 But I will remain  
 And I'll be back again, and again, and again, and again

(Bm )

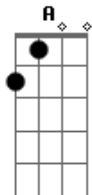
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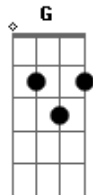
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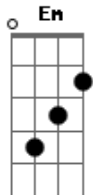
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