

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

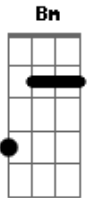
I fly a star ship
 Across the universe divide
 And when I reach the other side
 I'll find a place to rest my spirit if I can
 Perhaps I may become a highwayman again
 Or I may simply be a single drop of rain
 But I will remain
 And I'll be back again, and again, and again, and again

(Bm)

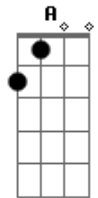
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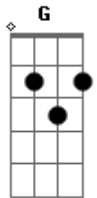
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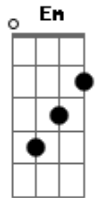
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