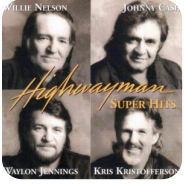


The Highwayman – Highwayman

I was a highwayman
Along 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 '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 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 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
I'll always be around, and around and 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 come back again, and again
And again and again and again and again
And again



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych