

Waylon Jennings "Highwayman"

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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 twenty-five
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 and furl'd
The mainsail in a blow

And when the yards broke off
They said that I got killed
But I am livin' 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

I fly a starship
'Cross 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
And again

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