

Storyteller, The "Chant of the Thieves"

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This is my story: a thief's what I am
I lived in the forests so deep
I earned my living by stealing gold
From the rich 'cause they can afford

Yeah deep in the forest my people all live
And use what the nature can give
We obey no laws
'Cause free men are we
And thieves are what we always will be

Every day is a risk 'cause the lawmen can catch us
Attack like the wolf then escape like a mouse
In the woods they won't find me it's the place that I love
The place I feel safe in, the place I call home

When the sun goes down and everything is going to
rest
We sit by the fire and wait for the others to come
And when we're all gathered, then everyone starts to
sing
We sing our song, we sing, the chant of the thieves

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