

Dick Tupin

"I'm A Highway Man"

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Everyone thinks they know the story of Dick Turpins
highway glory but my
Past is far more gory was no saint u think life is one big
antic my
Proffesion is romantic hate to be padantic but it aint
As a bucher down in essex I was handy with a knife was
sidelined as a
Poacher led a less than honest life the notorious gang
of gregory liked my
Stile and dedication they signed me up and gave me a
real robbers education
We rampaged thro the Essex farms we stole and
robbed and fought but when
The law came for us I escaped and they got caught
I became a highway man was daylight robbery I was no
prince charming
Nothing dandy about me
The truth is I was violent and with my good mate matt
king robbed travelers
At gun point money watches anything my horse it
wasn't called black bess
Altho that's what youve read was no romantic hero shot
not 1 but 2 men dead
The ledgend that surorounds me misses out the crucial
part I was a ruthless
Killer with a ruthless killers heart
Was a visious highway man a source of pain and tears
whan u hear how my
Story ends u wont belive ur ears
I ran away to yorkshire changed my name to John
Palmer was sent to prison
After steeling chickens from a famer wrote a letter to
my family a plee it
Did realate the postman and heares the twist of fait he
had taught me how
To write so he knew I lied that's not John Palmers hand
that's Dick Turpin
He cried
Was a visious highwayman my crimes had brought me
fame was stitched up by a
Postie that's not glamours that's lame no more stand

and deliver ull remember
This I hope it's no fun hanging with highwaymen when
ur

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