

ASG**"Highwayman"**Visit "[Highwayman](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Wind in his hair, riding across the night,
Life is a jet black mare and a coach in sight.

(Chorus:)

He's a footpad, brigand, he's a tricornered villain
And he's I'll met by moonlight.
Hear "stand' deliver" feel a spinechill shiver
For he's I'll met by moonlight.

Fear the dice he throws, his power to excite,
Love is a dark eyed rose and her bed for the night.

(Chorus)

Back to the Inn, box up the mare,
Un-load his spoils, count them with care,
Orders his beef, laughs with his wine, up to her room
for the love
He's inclined.

Danger as a friend for betrayal's
An easy slope.
Death is the gallows end of a
Hangman's rope.

(Chorus)

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