

Debra Davis**"Don't Pay The Ferryman"**

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It was late at night on the open road, speeding like a
man on run
A lifetime spent preparing for the journey.
He is closer now and the search is on, reading from a
map in the mind:
Yes, there's that ragged hill and there's a boat on the
river.

And when the rain came down, he heard a wild dog
howl
There were voices in the night:
(Don't do it!)
Voices out of sight:
(Don't't do it!)
Too many men have failed before! Whatever you do:

Don't pay the Ferryman!
Don't even fix a price!
Don't pay the Ferryman -
Until he gets you to the other side."

In the rolling mist, then he gets on board, now there'll
be no turning back.
Beware that hooded old man at the rudder.
And then the lightning flashed and the thunder roared,
And people calling out his name,
And dancing bones that jabbered-and-a-moaned on
the water.

And then the Ferryman said, "There is trouble ahead,
So you must pay me now."
(Don't do it!)
"You must pay me now."
(Don't do it!)
And still that voice came from beyond, "Whatever you
do:

Don't pay the Ferryman!
Don't even fix a price!
Don't pay the Ferryman -
Until he gets you to the other side."

(Musical interlude during which audience can yell
"Don't Do It!")

Don't Pay the Ferryman!
Don't even fix a price!
Don't pay the Ferryman -
Until he gets you to the other side.
(Repeat three times without a break)

Don't paaaaay the Ferryman!

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