

## Eliza Doolittle

### "Don't Pay The Ferryman"

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It was late at night on the open road,  
Speeding like a man on the 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 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.

"We were dead of sleep,  
And all clapped under hatches;  
Where, with strange and several noises  
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,  
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,  
We were awaked; straightaway at liberty;  
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld  
Our royal, good, and gallant ship

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