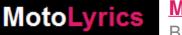
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J-Live ''Dick Turpin''

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Everyone thinks they know the story Of Dick Turpin's highway glory But my past is far more gory I was no saint

You think life is one big antic My profession is romantic Hate to be pedantic But it ain't

As a butcher down in Essex I was handy with a knife Had a sideline as a poacher Led a less than honest life

The notorious gang of Gregory Liked my style and dedication They signed me up and gave me A real robber's education

We rampaged through 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 highwayman 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 travellers at gunpoint Money, watches, anything!

My horse it wasn't called Black Bess Although that's what you've read Was no romantic hero Shot not one but two men dead

The legend that surrounds me

Misses out the crucial part I was a ruthless killer With a ruthless killer's heart

Was a vicious highwayman A source of pain and tears When you hear how my story ends You won't believe your ears

I ran away to Yorkshire Changed my name to John Palmer Was sent to prison After stealing chickens from a farmer

Wrote a letter to my family A plea it did relate The postman saw the envelope And here's the twist of fate

He had taught me how to write So he knew I'd lied 'That's not John Palmer's hand That's Dick Turpin's! ' he cried!

Was a vicious highwayman My crimes had brought me fame Was stitched up by a postie That's not glamourous... that's lame!

No more stand and deliver You'll remember this, I hope It's no fun hanging with highwaymen When you're... hanging from a rope!

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