

Campbell Glen "Highwayman"

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I was a highwayman along the coach roads I did ride
With the sword and pistol by my side
Many a young maid lost her baubles to my trade
Many a soldier shed his life blood on my blade
The bastards hung me in the spring of '25
But I am still alive

I was a sailor, I was born upon the tide
And with the sea I did abide
I sailed a schooner 'round the horn of Mexico
I went aloft to furl the mainsail in a blow
And when the yards broke off they say that I got killed
But I am living still, perhaps I'll always, I don't know

I was a dam builder across the river deep and wide
Where steel and water did collide
A place called Boulder on the wild Colorado
I slipped and fell into the wet concrete below
They buried me in that great tomb that knows no sound
But I am still around, seems like it all goes 'round and
'round and 'round
And 'round and 'round yes it goes when here we go

I'll fly a starship across the universe divide
And when I reach the other side
I'll find a place to rest my spirit if I can
Perhaps I may become a highwayman again
Or I may simply be a single drop of rain
But I will remain and I'll be back again
Yes, I will when here we go but I'll be back again
Yes, I will when here we go but I'll be back again

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