

Chris De Burgh "The Traveler"

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In from the coast, riding like the wind and racing the moon,
Shadows on the road, dancing and a-weaving like a crazy fool.

A horseman is coming, death in his heart, for a rendezvous,
And where the traveller goes, nobody knows,
Where the traveller goes, nobody knows....

A candle in the night, fear on every face when he goes inside,

"Maybe he's on the run,"

Get back from the bar, a stranger in town is a dangerous sight,

"Maybe he's got a gun,"

"Bring a bottle of whisky landlord, I want to talk for a while,"

And where the traveller goes, a cold wind blows,
Where the traveller goes, a cold wind blows,

There is something in his eyes, something in his hands,

You can almost smell his revenge,

And whoever he is after, it will be disaster,

This man is gonna take him to the very end;

Well the landlord he trembled, staring at a face he'd seen somewhere before,

"You laid him in the ground,"

Suddenly remembered a killing, yes a murder many years before,

"'T was you that shot him down,"

He said to a boy, "Saddle me the black, I'll meet you down below,

With this man I must talk, with this traveller I'll go,

With this man I must talk, yes with him I must go,

There is something in his eyes, something in his hands,

I can almost smell his revenge,

And it's me that he's after, it will be disaster,

This man is gonna take me to the very end,"

And they were never seen again!

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