

Chris De Burgh

"The Traveller"

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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 whiskey, landlord, I wanna talk for a while"

And where the traveller goes, a cold wind blows

Oh, 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 remembers a killing, yes, a murder, many years before

('Twas 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, yes 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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