

Plan Three

"The Highwaymen"

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I was a highwayman, along the coach roads I did ride,
With sword and pistol by my side.
Many a young maid lost her baubles to my trade.
Many a soldier shed his lifeblood on my blade.
The bastards hung me in the spring of twenty-five:
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 to Mexico.
I went aloft and furled the mainsail in a blow.
And when the yards broke off, they said that I got
killed:
But I am living still.

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.
I'll always be around,
And around and around and around and around.

I 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,

And again and again and again and again.

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