

Willie Nelson "Highwayman"

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I was a highwayman
Along the coach roads, I did ride
My sword and pistol by my side
Many a young maid lost her babbles 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
The way of the sea I did abide
I sailed a schooner 'round the Horn of Mexico
I went aloft to furl the mainsail, so little 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 grey tomb that knows no sound
But I am still around
I'll always be around and around and around
And around and around and around

I fly a star ship
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 and again

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