

# Highwayman

Waylon Jennings

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  
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 livin' 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  
And around

I fly a starship  
'Cross 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