

## Highway Man

### Walk Off the Earth

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.