

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