The Highway Man

She just managed to reach the trigger

She could see the highway man getting bigger.

The highway man saw

At the old inn door

His darling Bess-Bess-Bess

With blood coming from her chest

He was quick as lighting as he pulled out his gun

He was whipping his horse yelling run-run-run

It was unfortunate that the girl was told,

That he would bring home lots of gold

It was also unfortunate that he was shot

At 12.00 midnight on the dot.

But due to his morse

He was slow much like his horse.

The rifle had fired

And from life he had retired,

But he was shocked by her slaughter

And that’s the story of the high way man

And the land lord’s daughter.