

# Don't Pay The Ferryman

Chris de Burgh

It was late at night on the open road  
Speeding like a man on the run  
A lifetime spent preparing for the journeyHe is closer now and the search is on  
Reading from a map in the mind  
Yes there's the ragged hill  
And there's the boat on the riverAnd when the rain came down  
He heard a wild dog howl  
There were voices in the night, "Don't do it"  
Voices out of sight, "Don't do it"  
Too many men have failed before  
"Whatever you do  
Don't pay the ferryman  
Don't even fix a price  
Don't pay the ferryman  
Until he gets you to the other side"In the rolling mist then he gets on board  
Now there'll be no turning back  
Beware that hooded old man at the rudderAnd then the lightning flashed, and the thunder roared  
And people calling out his name  
And dancing bones that jabbered and a-moaned  
On the waterAnd then the ferryman said  
"There is trouble ahead  
So you must pay me now," "Don't do it"  
"You must pay me now," "Don't do it"  
And still that voice came from beyond  
"Whatever you do  
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Until he gets you to the other side"Don't pay the ferryman  
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