

# *All Those Roads*

*Words and Music by Steven Brandick © 2006*

## Robert the Sailor

Robert was a sailor upon a brigantine.  
He'd waited out the endless calms  
and weathered deadly seas.  
Nothing new for his eyes to see.  
Three times round the world from the Keys.

In March of 1836, he was in Trinidad  
trading gold for prince's rum and  
diamonds for a bath.  
He never thought to look ahead or back.  
A sailor ten years 'fore the mast.

## CHORUS

So hoist your sails lively boys.  
Let the four winds blow.  
Turn to again and catch the wind  
to the Gulf of Mexico boys,  
to the Gulf of Mexico.

Fortunes came and fortunes went,  
fortunes high and low.  
Lady luck his only friend whiskey his only beau.  
A lifetime in every wink of his eye.  
Always on the edge of death and life.

Robert left no legacy. Robert left no mark.  
No monument to senseless deeds.  
No fountain in the park.  
Just his image drifting out to sea  
and in my mind 10,000 memories.