

# The Incredible String Band, Hirem Pawnitof/Fairie

It's of a famous highwayman a story I will tell  
His name was Hirem Pawnitof, in bread street he did dwell  
Through all the storms of his career few troubles he had missed  
His tale was wrote from ear to ear, and he looked like this:

Throughout the land his gallant band in many a song did star  
With Biceps dead, and Pretty Boy fled, and Boothill claimed Bill Star  
Though the best are gone, he still rides from Leeds to Carter Bar  
Weedy and few his motley crew  
And here they are:

His purse was lined with empty air, his wherewithall was low  
The last good swag to pad his lag was 40 years ago  
His motley band were out of hand, their breakfast they had missed  
Then travellers two hove into view  
And he challenged them like this.

The stranger turned to his lady fair  
A smile played on his lips  
What's the deal, are they for real  
they've been taking too many trips  
No gold need we, we travel free, here's something we won't miss  
A treasure map from Gabby the Flap  
And he gave it him like this:

His glasses perched upon his nose the map he carefully sussed  
Each robber's eye filled with surprise, there's gold in it for us  
The strangers waved the band goodbye but they did not see them go  
Hirem got his compass out, said follow me lads, Westard Ho

Then had not gone but 20 yards when a pieman they did spy  
They smacked their lips with hunger keen - my kingdom for a pie  
The peddler twinkled once or twice  
Not one word did he say  
With snake-like eyes he shouted 'pie'  
and he struck him on the head with the tray

At that moment Hirem Pawnitof attained enlightenment.

Come on said Hirem laughing much  
Let's see what's down this road  
His troop were dropping, wearily stooping  
men of no fixed a bode  
Just then a milkmaid Hirem spied  
their hearts were filled with bliss  
Like long lost friends who meet again  
they fondly kissed like this  
I need a man around the place  
the milkmaid breathed with charm  
And Hirem twirled his long mustache and took her by the arm  
The last we heard they all lived there  
doing what the law allows  
They all ate breakfast every day, happily growing cows.