

Christy Moore, Ride On

True you ride the finest horse I have ever seen
Standing sixteen, one or two, with eyes wild and green
And you ride the horse so well, hands light to the touch
I could never go with you no matter how I wanted to

Ride on, see you, I could never go with you
No matter how I wanted to

When you ride into the night without a trace behind
Run your claw along my gut, one last time
I turn to face an empty space, where once you used to lie
And look for a spark that lights the dark
Through a teardrop in my eye

Chorus