

Christy Moore, The Ballad Of Ruby Walsh

There's Bethlehem and Cheltenham and Lourdes and Limerick Junction
The trip to Mejugori come up for the extra motion
Good people climb Croagh Patrick with serenity on their faces
But Ruby Walsh saved me life below at the Galway Races.
Hay Ruby hold her back, give her the craic and up she'll go.

They're under starters orders, Ted Walsh is commentating,
Ruby's up on the favorite, she'll take some beating
Necks are strained eyes are trained there's fear upon their faces
There's agony and ecstasy below at the Galway races
Ruby hold her back, give her the craic and up she'll go.

It's there you'll see gentility and sheep dressed up as mutton
There's double barreled names with Mulherns on old malodions
The talk is all of tillage of silage and corn acre
I fancy Tracy Piggot in the saddle in the enclosure
Ruby hold her back, give her the craic and up she'll go

Sir John Mucksavage Smith is there with Smurfits and O'Reilly's
The owners and the trainers, the stable boys and jockeys
With silk around their arses getting up on rich men's horses
The convention wives and daughters and marriages and divorces.
Hay Ruby hold her back, give her the craic and up she'll go.

There's Celtic helicopters land bank speculators,
Builders and developers, crocodiles and alligators
Soldiers of destiny their in the fields of frenzy
their mouths wrapped round the Lamb Of God come back for the gravy,
Hay Ruby hold her back, give her the craic and up she'll go.

Thursday is the ladies day and the women all look smashing
Their lashing on the lipstick Philip tracys all the fashion
You can see the liposuction the botox and ogmanation
Brazilian haircuts the collonic irrigation,
Hay Ruby hold her back, give her the craic and up she'll go.

And every one's out in Salthill for the craic and for the porter
There's bookies making odds on two flies walking up the wall
There's folk and trad. karaoke and set dances
While some of us who seen better days were looking to take our chances
Hay Ruby hold her back, give her the craic and up she'll go.

Their galloping down the back straight, he has her in the canter
A look at her up the jumps be Gad, she's like a bally-dancer
Over the last she hits the front the other one's going to pass her
Winner alright it's up Kildare, follow me up to Carlow
Hay Ruby hold her back, give her the craic and up she'll go.
Hay Ruby hold her back, give her the craic and up she'll go