

# Christy Moore, The Ballad Of Ruby Walsh

There's Bethlehem and Cheltenham and Lourdes and Limerick Junction  
The trip to Mejagori 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