

The Hollies, Stewball

(Yellin / Rinzler / Herald)
Old Stewball was a racehorse
And I wished he were mine
He never drank water
He always drank wine

His bridle was silver
And his mane it was gold
But worth of his saddle
Has never been told

The fairgrounds was crowded
And old Stewball was there
But the betting was heavy
On the bay and the mare

Oh, way up yonder
Ahead of them all
Came prancing and dancing
My noble Stewball

If I bet on the grey mare
And I bet on the bay
And if I'd bet on old Stewball
I'd be a free man today

Oh, the hoot owl she hollers
And the turtle dove moans
I'm a poor boy in trouble
I'm a long way from home

Old Stewball was a racehorse
And I wished he was mine
He never drank water
He always drank wine