

Christy Moore

"Ride On"

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True you ride the finest horse I've ever seen
Standing sixteen, one or two, with eyes wild and green
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 you used to lie
And look for a spark that lights the night
Through a teardrop in my eye
Chorus

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