

Ride On

Celtic Thunder

Sure you ride the finest horse I've ever seen
Standing 16' 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
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 you claw along my gut, one last time
I turn to face an empty space, where you used to lie
I look for the spark that lights the night
Through a teardrop in your eye

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