

Riding the High Stool

Christy Moore

I was riding the high stool, expandin' and expoundin',
On the price of rice in Siera Leone and the height of the beef
mountain.
As to where did Jack Doyle meet Movita. How many wives did the
Aga Khan.
Dismountin' from my high horse, I couldn't find the handle of t
he bar room door!
Yeah sure I knew it all then up again' the counter,
I'd weigh you up in ten seconds flat.
Ya see I was a great judge of character, my instincts always te
llin' me exactly what kinda guy I got.
'Til I turned to go that is, whereupon I couldn't tell my arse
from my well-bent elbow.
I was heading down the streets of Laredo singin' Red Sails in t
he Sunset,
Sure it was no wonder, we knew it all then.
Twas like drinkin' porter off a sore leg sez Ber Murphy.
"Would ye ever ask me bollix", sez Kenny Barry.
I showed them the colour of me money when I got back from Katan
ga,
There's no business like show business sez Titch Maher in Flood
's bar.
After snaggin' turnips for the Holy Fathers,
But after it got dark, much later; down by the pinkeen bridge.
I cried buckets in the river,
When Mickser sang "Oh gentle Swallows"...oh gentle swallows
For knowin' it all is a lonely place to be. Yet still I found i
t very hard to say,
"Hey man, this load is too much for me, til I was completely te
rrified.
Whereupon a light ship came upon my way, and caught me in its b
eam.
Before I went under, yet again, for the very last time.
I was ridin' the high stool, expandin' and expoundin'.
Swimming in the wine lakes and climbing the beef mountains.
Ridin' the high stool expandin' and expoundin',
On the price of rice in Siera Leone and the height of the beef
mountain.
Ridin' the high stool expandin' and expoundin'...