

Ride On

Cruachan

True, you ride the finest horse I've ever seen,
Standing sixteen, one or two,
with eyes wide and green,
And you ride the horse so well,
hands light to the touch,
I could never go with you
no matter how I wanted to.

CHORUS:

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