

Stewball

Loudon Wainwright III

Stewball was a race horse - I wish he were mine
He never drank water - he always drank wine

His bridles were silver, his mane it was gold
And the worth of his saddle has never been told

Oh, the fairgrounds were crowded, and Stewball was there
But the betting was heavy on the bay and the mare

As they were approaching, 'bout halfway around
The grey mare, she stumbled and she fell to the ground

And way up yonder, ahead of them all
Came a prancin' and a dancin' that noble Stewball

But I bet on the grey mare, and I bet on bay
If I'da bet on old Stewball I'd be a free man today

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

Stewball was a racehorse - I wish he were mine
He never drank water - he always drank wine