

Paul Muldoon

GENERAL
ADMISSION



Gallery Books

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'My Ride's Here' was co-written by Paul Muldoon and Warren Zevon.

Wrong Man

You think I'm Mr Right
Because of Tuesday night
We drove out by Billingsgate
For the Essex coast
You showed up in that silk skirt
It looked a dead cert
We're in the home straight
We're near the winning post

At the Ascot Gold Cup
I was an also ran
Someone's set me up
You've got the wrong man

You think I'm Mr Right
Because of Thursday night
Hyde Park sure is pretty dense
But I'm not so green
You still haven't got a clue
What I feel for you
You've got no hard evidence
To place me at the scene

Those green tights from *Blow-Up*
Are long since in the can
Someone's set me up
You've got the wrong man

And if you want to check my alibi
Just ask Francesca from that bar on Beak
She'll tell you I get low when I get high
She'll tell you I was out of it last week
She'll tell you it was made by Krups
Her coffee grinder smells of marzipan

Someone's set me up
You know you've got the wrong man

You think I'm Mr Right
Because of Friday night
I guessed I was in the clear
At Southend-on-Sea
Till we left the discotheque
We were neck and neck
What's with the boutonnière?
You can't pin that on me

Someone forged that pre-nup
I've made no wedding plans
Someone's set me up
You've got the wrong man

Blackwatertown

As I rode out through that sweet-scented valley
That runs by the printworks in Blackwatertown
I met a young maid who was proofing a galley
Who would ask me to help her find her way down

Who knew that my love would take me to the cleaners
When I put a few pennies into her purse?
Now when I look back on that slight misdemeanour
I see I was paying up front for my hearse

When mutton is led like a lamb to the altar
There's just no use crying over spilt milk
The storm clouds fill out when the mercury falters
For that purse was a pig's ear rather than silk

She vowed that such matters were all immaterial
That our bad behaviour was all in good fun
But fun has a way of becoming funereal
The horses fall short in the not-so-long run

So bring me two pintos for one painted lady
Bring me two chestnuts for her chestnut hair
And bring me two bays for her dealings so shady
And bring me two blacks for her black underwear

As I ride out through that sweet-scented valley
That runs by the printworks in Blackwatertown
If I meet a young maid who's proofing a galley
I'll ask her to help me find my way down

Twice on Clay

I beat you once on grass you beat me twice on clay
I beat you once on grass you beat me twice on clay
Coming up to Christmas again on Easter day

Your hair in a net, lordie, smelled like musty hay
Your hair in a net, lordie, smelled like musty hay
That stable where we met just off the Belt Parkway

That last night in Flushing, your bloody negligée
That last night in Flushing, your bloody negligée
You told me you were rushing back to JFK

That great stone roller, lordie, levelling the court
That great stone roller, lordie, levelling the court
The air traffic controllers shut down the airport

I'd carried all your baggage from Far Rockaway
I'd carried all your baggage from Far Rockaway
I'd known from your tags you were checked through to LA

I beat you once on grass you beat me twice on clay
I beat you once on grass you beat me twice on clay
Coming up to Christmas again on Easter Day