

Ruby Creek Blues

By "Slim" Gripper Jim & "3-Shot" Scott

**I was born in Eureka,
Eureka C-A.
I'm a Horse Mountain Gripper,
Till my dying day.**

Skiing at Horse Mountain,
Many years ago.
To become a Gripper,
Ruby Creek you must go.

It's double black diamond,
Said ole Dr. Jack.
Once you head down Ruby,
There's no turning back.

The rope tow is long,
And the rope tow is steep.
But don't take a left turn,
Or you'll swim Ruby Creek.

The moguls are big,
And the snow very deep.
But no time for crying - cuz,
This is Ruby Creek.

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As I headed on down,
My chances looked bleak.
That I'd make it out,
Of ole Ruby Creek.

Bill Wing skied by,
And he yelled in my ear.
"The last one down,
Is buying the beer!"

So I turned it downhill,
And I started fly.
I lived a whole lifetime,
In the blink of an eye.

Well, Bill beat me down,
But I'm happy to say.
I was a Horse Mountain Gripper,
As of that day.

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Some say that Jackie
Skied with no glitch.
Some say that Jackie,
Made Ruby his bitch.

How did he do it?
With style and ease?
I saw Jackie and Herzig,
Getting high by the trees.

I've seen grown men tremble,
And women would weep.
They saw the Grippers,
Headin' for ole Ruby Creek.

The girls at Horse Mountain,
Are pretty and sweet.
They love the Grippers,
Cause we shred Ruby Creek!

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