

The Riddle

Nik Kershaw

I got two strong arms blessings of Babylon
With time to carry on and try for sins and false alarms
So to America the brave
Wise men saveNear a tree by a river
There's a hole in the ground
Where an old man of Aran
Goes around and aroundAnd his mind is a beacon in the veil of the night
For a strange kind of fashion
There's a wrong and a right
But he'll never, never fight over youI got plans for us nights in the scullery
And days instead of me
I only know what to discuss of for anything but light
Wise men fighting over youIt's not me you see pieces of valentine
With just a song of mine to keep from burning history
Seasons of gasoline and gold
Wise men foldNear a tree by a river
There's a hole in the ground
Where an old man of Aran
Goes around and aroundAnd his mind is a beacon in the veil of the night
For a strange kind of fashion
There's a wrong and a right
But he'll never, never fight over youI got time to kill sly looks in corridors
Without a plan of yours a blackbird sings on bluebird hill
Thanks to the calling of the wild
Wise mens childNear a tree by a river
There's a hole in the ground
Where an old man of Aran
Goes around and aroundAnd his mind is a beacon
In the veil of the night
For a strange kind of fashion
There's a wrong and a right
But he'll never, never fight over you

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