

Riddle In Londontown

State Radio

Heard of a land held by a troubled hand
Where the whiskey runs the coal
Don't you dare go ask the newsman
'Cause he'll tell you everything he don't know
She was the daughter of the second American revolution
A tall girl with a stones constitution
And when she looked into their eyes to see
She know she ain't never going back to what she believe
To what you believe
So go and riddle me over
I'm a man got nothing to show for
My work in the ground
In this here Londontown
So go and riddle me over
I'm a man got nothing to show for
My work in the ground, got my back to the fire
But it ain't the bridges that are falling down
They said they would never fight no more
After the day she went away
What in the world are we all fighting for
If we don't give they're going to take, they will take
So go and riddle me over
I'm a man got nothing to show for
My work in the ground
In this here Londontown
So go and riddle me over
I'm a man got nothing to show for
My work in the ground
Got my back to the fire and my feet on the ground
But it ain't the bridges that are falling down
It's just another, it's just a
Go and riddle me over
Go and riddle me over
I'm a man got nothing to show for
My work in the ground, got my back to the fire
But it ain't the bridges that are falling down
Say that again, you say that again
Oh, what's left to hold in place
Say that again, say that again
Oh, what's left to hold in place
Say that again, say that again
Oh, what's left to hold in place
Say that again, say that again

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