

# The Riddle

Gigi D'agostino

I got two strong arms  
Blessings of Babylon  
Time to carry on and try  
For sins and false alarms  
So to America the brave  
Wise men save  
Near a tree by a river  
There's a hole in the ground  
Where an old man of Aran  
Goes around and around  
And his mind is a beacon  
In the veil of the night  
For a strange kind of fashion  
There's a wrong and a right  
Near a tree by a river  
There's a hole in the ground  
Where an old man of Aran  
Goes around and around  
And his mind is a beacon  
In the veil of the night  
For a strange kind of fashion  
There's a wrong and a right  
And he'll never fight over you  
Near a tree by a river  
There's a hole in the ground  
Where an old man of Aran  
Goes around and around  
And his mind is a beacon  
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Where an old man of Aran  
Goes around and around  
And his mind is a beacon  
In the veil of the night  
For a strange kind of fashion

There's a wrong and a right  
And he'll never fight over you  
I 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 you  
It'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 fold  
Near a tree by a river  
There's a hole in the ground  
Where an old man of Aran  
Goes around and around  
And his mind is a beacon  
In the veil of the night  
For a strange kind of fashion  
There's a wrong and a right  
And he'll never fight over you  
I 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 child

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