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
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
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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