

Gigi D'Agostino

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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 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
But he'll never, 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
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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
But he'll never, 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
But he'll never, 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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