

# Riddle

## Dispatch

Heard of a land held by untroubled hand  
Where the whisky runs cold  
Don't you dare go ask the newsman 'cause he'll tell you everything  
He don't know She was a child of the second American Revolution  
Strong girl with a stones constitution  
When fell into the hands of the enemy  
She touch her hand and sank her ankles deep So go riddle me over  
I'm a man got nothing to show for  
My work in the ground  
In this here London town So go 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 Ophelia used to swim in the rain  
Ain't nothing she'd rather do  
I was besides myself when the news had came  
And it had nothing to do with you 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 gonna take So go n' riddle me over  
I'm a man got nothing to show for  
My work in the ground  
In this here London town So go n' riddle me over  
Im' 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 aint the bridges that are falling Go n' riddle me over  
I'm a man got nothing to show for  
My work in the ground  
Go ahead and go and riddle me over  
But it ain't the bridges that are falling down 5

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