The Riddle (Solo Acoustic)

Nik Kershaw

I got two strong arms
Blessings of Babylon
With time to carry on
And try
For sins and alarms
So to America the brave
Wise men saveNear a tree by a river
There's a hole in the ground
Where an old man of Aran
Goes around and aroundAnd 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 youI 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 youIt'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 foldNear a tree by a river
There's a hole in the ground
Where an old man of aran
Goes around and aroundAnd 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 youI 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 men's childNear a tree by a river
There's a hole in the ground
Where an old man of aran
Goes around and aroundAnd 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

Songwriters
PIZZINGA, VINCE/GOODREM, DELTAPublished by
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing, Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/