

# Riddle In Londontown

## State Radio

Heard of a land held by a troubled hand  
Where the whiskey runs the coal  
Don't you dare go ask the newsman  
'Cause he'll tell you everything he don't know  
She was the daughter of the second American revolution  
A tall girl with a stones constitution  
And when she looked into their eyes to see  
She know she ain't never going back to what she believe  
To what you believe  
So go and riddle me over  
I'm a man got nothing to show for  
My work in the ground  
In this here Londontown  
So go and 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  
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 going to take, they will take  
So go and riddle me over  
I'm a man got nothing to show for  
My work in the ground  
In this here Londontown  
So go and riddle me over  
I'm 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 ain't the bridges that are falling down  
It's just another, it's just a  
Go and riddle me over  
Go and 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  
Say that again, you say that again  
Oh, what's left to hold in place  
Say that again, say that again  
Oh, what's left to hold in place  
Say that again, say that again  
Oh, what's left to hold in place  
Say that again, say that again

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