

The Riddle

Nik Kershaw

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
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
Oh, for anything but light
Wise men fighting over you

It's not me you see
Pieces of valentine
And just a song of mine
To keep from burning history
Seasons of gasoline and gold
Wise men fold

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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 men's child

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No he'll never, never fight over you