THE RIDDLE

Tekst en muziek: Nik Kershaw
Planobew.: Paul Natte

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1.

2.

Fine
I got two strong arms, blessings of Babylon

time to carry on and try for sins and false alarms.
So to America the

F C Dm C/E F G Am C D Em F

Dm Bb Am G/B C D Em F
brave. Wise man 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.
brave.
Wise man save. Near a tree by a river there's a hole in the ground, where an

old man of a ran 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

ever, never fight over you.
Near a tree by a river there's a

hole in the ground, where an old man of a ran 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 black-bird sings on
blue-bird-hill thanks to the calling of the wild Wise men's child

2. I got plans for us
   Nights in the scullery
   And day instead of me
   I only know what to discuss
   Of for anything but light
   Wise men fighting over you

3. 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