

Marco Van Bassken, The Riddle

I got two strong arms
blessings of babylon
with 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
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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

wise man save

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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

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