

Skyclad, The Widdershins Jig

A wise man's son and Wednesday's child in each other found a friend,
And searched together for the treasure hiding at the rainbow's end.
To wise man's son and Wednesday's child all is white that is not black,
They dance in symbiotic deadlock--one step forward two steps back,
Playing karmic snakes and ladders (all your sins will find you out),
When all your gains are lost in vain on cosmic wings and roundabouts.
At the roadside manhood's flower--blighted by a wayward youth,
Has cast its seed on well-worn pathways--borne on winds of whispered truth.
We march to drums of our own choosing--each of them keeps different time,
As you are free to live your own life so I am free to live mine.
Now wise man's son and Wednesday's child can recognise their own mistakes,
And to these ends they make amends for every promise that they break.
Both wise man's son and Wednesday's child view the world in red and green,
Await the day when they die laughing--thinking of the sights they've seen.
I tell you now if they were given chance to live their lives again--
Wise man's son and Wednesday's child would make the same mistakes as then.
At the roadside manhood's flower--blighted by a wayward youth,
Has cast its seed on well-worn pathways--borne on winds of whispered truth.
We march to drums of our own choosing--each of them keeps different time,
As you are free to live your own life so I am free to live mine.