

Gigi D'Agostino, 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
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
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
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
Of for anything but light
Wise men fighting over you
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
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 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