

# Gigi Dagostino, 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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But he'll never  
Never fight over you

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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  
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Where an old man of Aran  
Goes around and around

And his mind is a beacon  
In the veil of the night  
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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