

Heard of a land held by untroubled hands,
Where the whiskey runs cold.
Don't you dare go ask the newsman,
'Cause tell you everything he don't know.

She was a child of the second American Revolution,
Tall girl with a stone's constitution.
When she fell into the hands of the enemy,
She touched her hand, and sank her ankles deep.

So go and riddle me over,
I'm a man got nothing to show for,
My work in the ground,
In this here London town.
So go and riddle me over,
I'm a man got nothing to show for,
My work in the ground.
Got my back to the fire,
But it ain't the greatest night of falling down.

Ophelia used to swim in the rain,
Ain't nothing she'd rather do.
I was beside myself when the news had come.
It had nothing to do with you.

They meant to say they'd never fight no more,
After the days she went away.
What in the world are we asking for
If we don't give each shot a time?

So go and riddle me over,
I'm a man got nothing to show for,
My work in the ground,
In this here London town.
So go and riddle me over,
I'm a man got nothing to show for,
My work in the ground.
Got my back to the fire, and my feet on the ground,
But it ain't the bridges that are falling.

Go and riddle me over.
I'm a man, got nothing to show for,
My work in the ground.
Go....
And riddle me over.
But it ain't the greatest night of falling down.
Riddle me over.
I'm a man, got nothing to show for,
My work in the ground.
Go...
And riddle me over.
But it ain't the bridges that are falling down.

Go and riddle me over.
I'm a man, got nothing to show for,
My work in the ground.
Go....

And riddle me over.
But it ain't the greatest night of falling down.
Riddle me over.
I'm a man, got nothing to show for,
My work in the ground.
Go...
And riddle me over.
But it ain't the bridges that are falling down.