

## The Riddle

Thunderstone

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 say

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

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 mens child

..but he'll never, never fight over you