

The Riddle | REFREIN

Nik Kershaw

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

... *tussenspel*...

No he'll never, never fight over you

