

## Dispatch "Riddle"

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Heard of a land held by untroubled hand  
Where the whisky runs cold  
Don't you dare go ask the newsman 'cause he'll tell you  
everything  
He don't know

She was a child of the second American Revolution  
Strong girl with a stones constitution  
When fell into the hands of the enemy  
She touch her hand and sank her ankles deep

So go riddle me over  
I'm a man got nothing to show for  
My work in the ground  
In this here London town

So go 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 bridges that are  
falling down

Ophelia used to swim in the rain  
Ain't nothing she'd rather do  
I was besides myself when the news had came  
And it had nothing to do with you

They said they would never fight no more

After the day she went away  
What in the world are we all fighting for?  
If we don't give they're gonna take

So go n' riddle me over  
I'm a man got nothing to show for  
My work in the ground  
In this here London town

So go n' riddle me over  
Im' 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 aint the bridges that are falling

Go n' riddle me over

I'm a man got nothing to show for

My work in the ground

Go ahead and go and riddle me over

But it ain't the bridges that are falling down

~\*~"

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