

## Skyclad

### "The Widdershins Jig 340"

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A wise man's son and Wednesday's child in each other  
found a friend,

And searched together for the treasure hiding at the  
rainbow's end.

To wise man's son and Wednesday's child all is white  
that is not black,

They dance in symbiotic deadlock--one step forward  
two steps back,

Playing karmic snakes and ladders (all your sins will  
find you out),

When all your gains are lost in vain on cosmic wings  
and roundabouts.

At the roadside manhood's flower--blighted by a  
wayward youth,

Has cast its seed on well-worn pathways--borne on  
winds of whispered truth.

We march to drums of our own choosing--each of them  
keeps different time,

As you are free to live your own life so I am free to live  
mine.

Now wise man's son and Wednesday's child can  
recognise their own mistakes,

And to these ends they make amends for every  
promise that they break.

Both wise man's son and Wednesday's child view the  
world in red and green,

Await the day when they die laughing--thinking of the  
sights they've seen.

I tell you now if they were given chance to live their  
lives again--

Wise man's son and Wednesday's child would make  
the same mistakes as then.

At the roadside manhood's flower--blighted by a  
wayward youth,

Has cast its seed on well-worn pathways--borne on  
winds of whispered truth.

We march to drums of our own choosing--each of them  
keeps different time,

As you are free to live your own life so I am free to live  
mine

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