

## State Radio

### "Riddle In London Town"

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Heard of a land held by a troubled hand  
Where the whiskey runs the coal  
Don't you dare go ask the newsman  
Cause he'll tell you everything  
He don't know  
She was the daughter of the second American  
Revolution  
A tall girl with a stones constitution  
And when she looked into their eyes to see  
She know she ain't never going back to what she  
believe  
To what you believe

So go and riddle me over  
I'm a man got nothing to show for  
My work in the ground  
In this here Londontown  
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 bridges that are falling down

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 going to take

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

Its just another  
Its just a  
Go and riddle me over

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 aint the bridges that are falling down

She did again  
She did again  
She did again  
Oh that's not to hold in place  
She did again  
She did again  
Oh that's not to hold in place  
She did again  
She did again  
Oh that's not to hold in place  
She did again  
She did again  
Oh that's not to hold in place

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