

I got two strong arms
blessings of Babylon
with time to carry on
and try
for sins and fourth alarms
so to America the brave
wise men save

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 beaton
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

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and his mind is a beaton
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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 men