

Nik Kershaw - The Riddle

tom:

A

[Primeira Parte]

E A B
I got two strong arms
Dbm D
Blessings of babylon with
Bm G Gbm
Time to carry on and try
E A B
For sins and false alarms
Dbm D Ebm Bbm
So to America the brave
Bm A D
Wise men save

[Refrão]

E Gbm E
Near a tree by a river
A B
There's a hole in the ground
Gbm E
Where and old man of Aran
D A
Goes around and around
Gbm E
And his mind is a beacon
A B
In the veil of the night
Gbm E
For a strange kind of fashion
D A
There's a wrong and a right
Bm A D E Gbm E
But he'll never, never fight over you

[Segunda Parte]

A B
I got plans for us
Dbm D Bm
Nights in the sculery and days
G Gbm E A B
Instead of me, I only know what to discuss
Dbm D Ebm Bbm
Oh, for anything but light
Bm A D E Gbm E
Wise men fighting over you

[Terceira Parte]

A B
It's not me you see
Dbm D Bm
Pieces of valentine with just
G Gbm E A B
A song of mine to keep from burning history
Dbm D Ebm Bbm
Seasons of gasoline and gold
Bm A D
Wise men fold

[Refrão]

E Gbm E
Near a tree by a river
A B

Acordes

There's a hole in the ground

Gbm E
Where and old man of Aran

D A
Goes around and around

Gbm E
And his mind is a beacon

A B
In the veil of the night

Gbm E
For a strange kind of fashion

D A
There's a wrong and a right

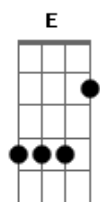
Bm A D E G
But he'll never, never fight over you

[Ponte]

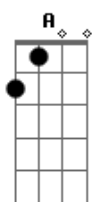
C F Bb
I got time to kill
A D G F
Sly looks in corridors without a plan of yours
E E Am G C
A blackbird sings on Bluebird Hill
D D Bb Eb
Thanks to the calling of the wild
Cm Bb Eb
Wise men's child

[Refrão]

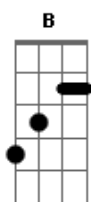
F Gm F
Near a tree by a river
Bb C
There's a hole in the ground
Gm F
Where and old man of Aran
Eb Bb
Goes around and around
Gm F
And his mind is a beacon
Bb C
In the veil of the night
Gm F
For a strange kind of fashion
Eb Bb
There's a wrong and a right
Cm Bb Eb
But he'll never, never fight
F Gm F
Near a tree by a river
Bb C
There's a hole in the ground
Gm F
Where and old man of Aran
Eb Bb
Goes around and around
Gm F
And his mind is a beacon
Bb C
In the veil of the night
Gm F
For a strange kind of fashion
Eb Bb
There's a wrong and a right
Cm Bb Eb F Cm Bb Eb
But he'll never, never fight over you
F Cm Bb Eb F Gm
No he'll never never fight over you



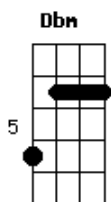
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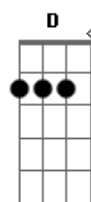
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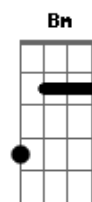
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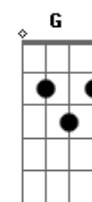
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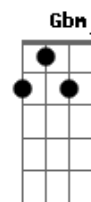
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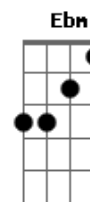
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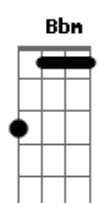
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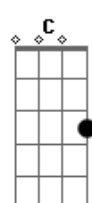
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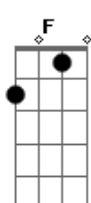
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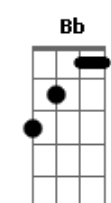
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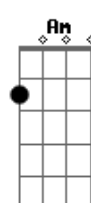
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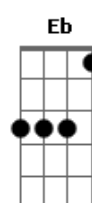
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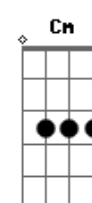
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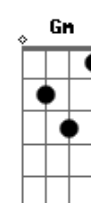
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