riddle - riddle

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[Intro]
| Percussion | % | % | % | | | | |
| F#m E | A B | F#m E | D A |
| F#m E | A B | F#m E | D A | Bm C#m D E |
| F#m E | A B | F#m E | D A | F#m E | A B | F#m E | D A |
| Bm C#m D E | F#m E
[Verse 1]
      Α
                В
                       C#m
I got two strong arms, blessings of Babylon,
                     F#m
                             Ε
       G
time to carry on and try for sins and false alarms.
                 E#m A#m Bm
                              C#m D
                          wise men sail.
So to America the brave,
[Chorus]
                                  Α
Near a tree by a river, there's a hole in the ground,
        F#m
                   Ε
                               D
where a old man of Arran goes around and around
                Ε
       F#m
in his mind is a beacon in the veil of the night.
                      Ε
For a strange kind of fashion, there's a wrong and a right,
                C#m
                             Ε
          Bm
but he'11 never, never fight over you.
[Verse 2]
      Fmaj7
              Bb A
I got time to kill, sly looks in corridors,
   G
        F
without a plan of yours.
                        Bm
                    Am
A blackbird sings on bluebird hill,
              C
D
                             Bb Eb Cm
                                         Dm
                                               Eb
thanks to the calling of the wild, wise man's child.
[Instrumental]
| F#m E | A B | F#m E | D A | F#m E | A B | F#m E | D A |
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| Bm C#m D E | F#m | F#m E
[Verse 3]
                   C#m
               В
I got plans for us, nights in the scullery
    Bm
          G
and days instead of me.
  F#m E
                      В
                           C#m
                                    D
                                                 E#m A#m
                Α
I only know what to discuss, oh, for anything but light,
   C#m D
                Ε
                      F#m E
wise men fighting over you.
               В
                    C#m
        Α
It's not me you see, pieces of valentine,
                            F#m
with just a song of mine, to keep from burning history.
C#m
          D
                       E#m A#m Bm
Seasons of gasoline and gold, wise men fold.
[Chorus]
Е
     F#m
               Е
                                 Α
Near a tree by a river, there's a hole in the ground,
                  Ε
       F#m
where a old man of Arran goes around and around
in his mind is a beacon in the veil of the night.
      F#m
                     Ε
                                        D
For a strange kind of fashion, there's a wrong and a right,
                C#m
                      D
                            Ε
                                 G
         Bm
but he'11 never, never fight over you.
[Verse 4]
      Fmai7 Bb A
I got time to kill, sly looks in corridors,
without a plan of yours.
                    Am Bm
A blackbird sings on bluebird hill,
             C
                            Bb Eb Cm
                                        Dm
                                              Eb
thanks to the calling of the wild, wise man's child...
[Outro]
| Gm F | Bb C | Gm F | Eb Bb | Cm Dm | Eb F | Gm |
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