Silver And Gold

U2

In the shithouse a shotgun
Praying hands hold me down.
If only the hunter was hunted
In this tin can town, tin can town.
No stars in the black night
Looks like the sky fall down.
No sun in the daylight
Looks like it's chained to the ground, chained to the ground.

The warden says "The exodus sold."
If you want a way out...
Silver and gold, silver and gold.

Broken back to the ceiling
Broken nose to the floor.
I scream at the silence
It's crawling, crawls under the door.
There's a rope around my neck
And there's a trigger in your gun.
Jesus, say something!
I am someone, I am someone.

Captains and Kings in the ship's hold
They came to collect
Silver and gold, silver and gold.

I seen the coming and the going
Seen the captains and the Kings.
Seen their navy blue uniforms
Seen them bright and shiny things, bright and shiny things.

The temperature is rising
The fever white hot
Mister I ain't got nothing
But it's more than you've got
These chains no longer bind me
Nor the shackles at my feet
Outside are the prisoners
Inside the free (set them free).

A prize fighter in a corner is told
Hit where it hurts - For Silver and Gold
You can stop the world from turning around
You just gotta pay a penny in the pound.

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