Sudan

Idris Muhammad

Downwind there is a comin'
A rumble in the sand, it sets our feet to runnin'
For the fear of the faceless man
And for the fear of the faceless man
But if I had an arsenal and if I was ten feet tall
Then I would put an end to it all
And if I had wheat to burn and if I had a lot to learn
Then it still would not matter what color you were
And if I had but one wish on which to stand
I'd wish the weapons all turn to sand
And I'd see the gunners watch their empty hands
Fall down to their sides
Downwind they come up lonely
All hungry for the kill, the horses do the poundin'
But it's a blood that's goin' to spill
It's a dark blood that's goin' to spill, yeah
But if I had an arsenal and if I was ten feet tall
Then it wouldn't matter what color you were
And if I had but one wish on which to stand
I'd see the weapons all turn to sand
And I'd see the gunners watch their empty hands
And fall down to their sides
And if I had but one wish on which to stand
I'd see the weapons all leave Sudan
And I'd see the gunners wash their empty hands
Oh down by the riverside
Ghost Town in my homeland
I will come back again
And if you make a ghost out of me
I will still be free
Ghost Town in my homeland
I will come back again
If you make a ghost out of me
I will still be free
And if I had but one wish on which to stand
I'd see the weapons all leave this land
And I'd see the gunners watch their empty hands
Fall down to their sides
And if I had but one wish on which to stand

I'd see the weapons all leave Sudan
And I'd see the gunners wash their empty hands
Oh down by the riverside, oh down by the riverside
Oh down by the riverside

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