

# Sudan

## State Radio

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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