

Silver and Gold

U2

In the shithouse a shotgun
Praying hands hold me down
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 said the exit is sold
If you want a way out
Silver and gold Broken back to the ceiling
Broken nose to the floor
I scream at the silence, it's crawling
It crawls under the door
There's a rope around my neck
And there's a trigger in a gun
Jesus say something
I am someone, I am someone
I am someone Captains and kings in the ships hold
They came to collect
Silver and gold
Silver and gold See the coming and the going
Seen them captains and the kings
See them navy blue uniforms
See them bright and shiny things
Bright, shiny things, yeah The temperature is rising
The fever white hot
Mister, I ain't got nothing
But it's more than you got
Chains no longer bind me
Not the shackles at my feet
Outside are the prisoners
Inside the free
Set them free
Set them free A prize fighter in a corner is told
Hit where it hurts
Silver and gold
Silver and gold Yeah, silver and gold This song was written in a hotel room in New York City
Right about the time a friend of ours, Little Steven

Was putting together a record of artists against apartheid
It's a song written about a man in a shantytown outside of Johannesburg
A man who's sick of looking down the barrel of white South Africa
A man who is at the point where he is ready to take up arms against his oppressor
A man who has lost faith in the peace makers of the west
While they argue and while they fail to support a man like Bishop Tutu
And his request for economic sanctions against South Africa
Am I bugging you
Don't mean to bug ya
Ok Edge, play the blues

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