Silver and Gold (Sun City Version)

U2

In the shit house a shotgun
Praying hands hold me down
Only the hunter was hunted
In this tin can town
Tin can townNo stars in the black night
Looks like the sky fell 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 goldBroken 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 your gun
Jesus say something
I am someone, I am someone
I am someoneCaptain and kings
In the ships hold
They came to collect
Silver and gold
Silver and goldSeen the coming and going
Seen them captains and the kings
See them navy blue uniforms
See them bright and shiny things
Bright shiny thingsThe temperature is rising
The fever white hot
Mister, I ain't got nothing
But it's more than you gotChains no longer bind me
Not the shackles at my feet
Outside are the prisoners
Inside the free
Set them free
Set them freeA prize fighter in a corner is told
Hit where it hurts
Silver and gold

Silver and goldYep, silver and gold
This song was written in a hotel room in New York city
'Round about the time a friend or ours, little Steven,
Was putting together a record of artists against apartheid
This is a song written about a man
In a shanty town 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 peacemakers 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 AfricaAm I buggin' you, I don't mean to bug yaOkay Edge, play the blues

Songwriters
ADAM CLAYTON (PKA: U2), DAVE EVANS, LARRY MULLEN, PAUL HEWSONPublished by
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