

Slave

Elton John

There's a river running sweat right through our land, through our land,
Driven by a man with a bullwhip in his hand, in his hand
And I've taken just as much as I can stand, I can stand
Oh, we've got to free our brothers from their shackles yeah if we can, if can
Most nights I have to watch my
woman cry, oh she cries
Every day I watch the colonel smile, oh he smiles
His painted ladies riding in from town, in from town
Oh I swear one day I'm gonna burn the whore house to the ground, to the ground
Slave! Slave.
To fight the violence we must be brave,
Hold on strong
To the love God gave, slave
There's a rumor of a war that's yet to come, yet to come
That may free our families, free our families and our sons, and our sons
It may lay green lands to barren wastes, all the waste, all the waste
Oh the price of release is a bitter blow to face, ah to face
Slave! Slave.
To fight the violence we must be brave,
Hold on strong
To the love God gave, slave
Slave! Oh slave.
To fight the violence we must be brave,
Hold on strong
To the love God gave, Slave! Slave.
To fight the violence we must be brave,
Hold on strong
To the love God gave, slave

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