

## Silver and Gold - 1/2

Interprété par U2.

In the shit house 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 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 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 your gun  
Jesus say something  
I am someone, I am someone  
I am someone

Captain and kings  
In the ships hold  
They came to collect  
Silver and gold  
Silver and gold

Seen the coming and going  
Seen them captains and the kings  
See them navy blue uniforms  
See them bright and shiny things  
Bright shiny things

The temperature is rising  
The fever white hot  
Mister, I ain't got nothing  
But it's more than you got

## Silver and Gold - 2/2

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

[spoken part follows:]

Yep, silver and gold...

This song was written in a hotel room in New York city 'round about the time a friend of 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 Africa.

Am I buggin' you? I don't mean to bug ya...

Okay Edge, play the blues...