

## Afu-Ra

# "Silence Is Golden But Duct Tape Is Silver"

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Me and Billy like to sleep all day, on the floors where  
we decay.  
Mohawks in disarray from cutleridge to motherfucking  
Biscayne Bay.  
The gangs tried to kill us but we wouldn't take flight,  
brass  
Knuckles and rusty knives keep the wolves at bay, and  
we pray from  
Traffic downtown, turn it up and take me away.

[Bridge:]

What do you do when there's nowhere to go? Empty  
pools and punk  
Rock shows, after that nobody knows and the sun goes  
down and the  
Streetlights glow. We rolled through the city in a bucket  
of rust  
With the punk rock south day girls screaming lyrics at  
us. From the  
Backseat kicking up dust to the sound of the only  
people we can trust.

[CHORUS: x2]

Out of control and you've shivered my timbers, i'm all  
fucked up the  
Moon's just a sliver yea silence is golden but duct tape  
is silver  
Like the lining of the clouds that conceal the killers.

The streets aren't safe when the winds start blowing, in  
the eye  
Of the storm the blood starts flowing, we're gathering  
bricks and  
We're gonna start throwing them at you (We'll throw  
them at you)

Yea, The streets aren't safe when the winds start  
blowing, in the eye  
Of the storm the blood starts flowing, we're gathering  
bricks and  
We're gonna start throwing them at you (We'll throw

them at you)

Me and Billy like to sleep all day, on the floors where  
we decay.  
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Biscayne Bay.  
The gangs tried to kill us but we wouldn't take flight,  
brass  
Knuckles and rusty knives keep the wolves at bay, and  
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Traffic downtown, turn it up and take me away.

[Bridge]

[Chorus x2]

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the eye  
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Yea, The streets aren't safe when the winds start  
blowing, in the eye  
Of the storm the blood starts flowing, we're gathering  
bricks and  
We're gonna start throwing them at you (We'll throw  
them at you)

Kick us when we're down we're not going away, we're  
the stray dogs that  
Chase you the ones that betray you. And wild through  
the streets  
And sleep with the decay of all that you have left us like  
fit disarray

Out of control and you've shivered my timbers, tell us  
to shut up  
And we'll give you the finger, yea silence is golden but  
duct tape is silver  
Silence is golden but duct tape is silver OBEY!

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