

Asylum Soul

"Black Gold"

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two boys on a playground
tryin' to push each other down
see the crowd gather 'round
nothing attracts a crowd like a crowd
black gold in a white flight
fill up the tank let's go for a ride
i don't care about no wheelchair
i got so much left to do with my life
moving backwards through time
never learn, never mind
that side's yours, this side's mine
brother you ain't my kind
black soldier, white fight
fill up the tank let's go for a ride
sure like to feel some pride
but this place just makes me feel sad inside
mother do you know where
your kids are tonight...
keep the kids off the street
gives 'em something to do, something to eat
this spot was a playground

this flat land used to be a town

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