

Soul Asylum "Black Gold"

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Two boys on a play ground
Tr'yn to push each other down
See the crowd gather round
Nothing attracts a crowd like a crowd

Black Gold in a white plight
Won't you feel up the tank, let's go for a ride
I don't care 'bout no wheel chair
I've got to 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

You're a Black soldier, white fight
W'ont you feel up the tank lets'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 kid's, of the street
Give them something to do, something to eat
This spot was a playground
This flat land used to be a town

Black gold in a white plight
W'ont you fell up the tank lets go for a ride
Sure like to feel some pride
But this place makes me feel sad inside

Back Gold in a white plight
wont you feel up the tank lets go for a ride
I don't care 'bout no wheelchair
I've got to much left to do with my life

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