

# Andy M. Stewart, Freedom Is Like Gold

There's many who talk of Freedom  
And we have some it's true  
But if you think it's fairly shared around  
Then you don't have a clue,  
No you just don't have a clue.

Freedom oh Freedom while men are bought and sold  
You're free if you've plenty of money boys  
For freedom is like gold. Freedom is like gold.

She's young and she's a mother  
Her man is out on the town  
Her life reads like a lousy book  
But she can't put it down  
No, she just can't put it down.

Apartheid in South Africa  
Is everything that's vile  
In this land of inequality  
Slavery's in style  
Slavery's in style.

Have you ever been in CND.  
And are you a union man?  
If you stood at the Mine in the picket line  
You may never work again.  
You may never work again.

And the rich folk they have plenty  
While the poor folk they have none  
But who must die when the bullets fly?  
It's the poor man and his son  
The poor man and his son.