

Elton John, Slave

There's a river running sweat right through our land
Driven by a man with a bullwhip in his hand
And I've taken just as much as I can stand
Oh we've got to free our brothers from their shackles if we can

Most nights I have to watch my woman cry
Every day I watch the colonel smile
His painted ladies riding in from town
I swear one day I'm gonna burn that whore house to the ground

Slave, slave
To fight the violence we must be brave
Hold on strong to the love God gave
Slave

There's a rumor of a war that's yet to come
That may free our families and our sons
It may lay green lands to barren wastes
The price of release is a bitter blow to face