

Soul Asylum, Black Gold

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 plight
Won't you fill up the tank, let's go for a ride
I don't care 'bout no wheelchair
I've 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
You're a black soldier, white fight
Won't you 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?
Keeps the kids off the streets
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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