

State Radio, Sudan

Downwind there is a comin',
A rumble in the sand.
Sets our feet to running,
For the fear of the faceless man.
For the fear of the faceless man.

But if I had an arsenal and if it was ten feet tall,
Then I would put an end to it all.
And if I had wheat to burn,
And if I had a lot to learn,
Then it still would not matter what color you were.
And if I had but one wish on which to stand,
I'd wish the weapons all turn to sand.
I'd see the gunners watch their empty hands,
Fall down to their sides.

Downwind they come up lonely,
All hungry for the kill.
The horses do the pounding,
But it's a blood that's going to spill.
It's a dark blood that's going to spill.

But if I had an arsenal and if it was ten feet tall,
Then it wouldn't matter what color you were.
And if I had but one wish on which to stand,
I'd see the weapons all turn to sand.
I'd see the gunners watch their empty hands,

Fall down to their sides.

If I had but one wish on which to stand,
I'd have the weapons all leave Sudan.
I'd see the gunners wash their empty hands,
Down by the riverside.

Ghost town in my homeland,
I will come back again.
And if you make a ghost of me,
I will still be free.
Ghost town in my homeland,
I will come back again.
If you make a ghost out of me,
I will still be free.

If I had but one wish on which to stand,
I'd see the weapons all leave this land.
I'd see the gunners watch their empty hands,
Fall down to their sides.

If I had but one wish on which to stand,
I'd see the weapons all leave Sudan.
I'd see the gunners wash their empty hands,
Down by the riverside.
Down by the riverside.
Down by the riverside.