

# U2 - Silver and Gold

Tom: A

Tune down one-half step (Eb Ab Db Gb Bb Eb )

Chords

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 E: 0 2 2 1 0 0  
 A: x 0 2 2 2 0  
 B: x 2 4 4 4 2  
 A(XII): x x 14 14 14 x  
 Intro: E

[Verse]

E  
 In the shit house, a shotgun  
 Praying hands hold me down  
 Only the hunter was hunted  
 In this tin can town, tin can town  
 No stars in the black night  
 Looks like the sky fall down  
 No sun in the daylight  
 Looks like it's chained to the ground, chained to the ground.

[Chorus]

E  
 The warden said,  
 A  
 "The exit is sold,"  
 B E  
 If you want a way out  
 E A E A(XII) E A(XII) E A(XII) E  
 Silver and gold.

E A E  
 Broken back to the ceiling  
 A(XII) E  
 Broken nose to the floor  
 A E  
 I scream at the sounds, it's coming  
 A(XII) E  
 Crawls under the door  
 A E  
 There's a rope around my neck and there's a  
 A(XII) E  
 Trigger in your gun  
 A E  
 Jesus say something!  
 A(XII) E  
 I am someone! I am someone!  
 A E A(XII)  
 I am someone!

E A  
 Captains and kings in the slave ships hold  
 B E  
 They came to collect  
 Silver and gold  
 Silver and gold

[Guitar solo]

E  
 Seen them coming and going  
 Seen them captains and the kings  
 Seen them navy blue uniforms  
 A(XII) E  
 A(XII) E A E  
 Seen them bright and shiny things, bright shiny things, yeah!

A(XII) E  
 The temperature is rising  
 A E  
 The fever white hot  
 A(XII) E  
 Mister I ain't got nothing But it's  
 A E  
 More than you've got  
 A(XII) E  
 Chains no longer bind me  
 A E  
 Nor the shackles at my feet  
 A(XII) E  
 Outside are the prisoners  
 A E  
 Inside the free, set them free  
 A(XII) E A  
 Set them free

E A  
 A prize fighter in a corner is told  
 B E  
 Hit where it hurts -- silver and gold  
 Silver and gold.

[Spoken]

"Yep. Silver and gold.  
 This song was written in a hotel room in New York City.  
 Right about the time a friend of ours, little Steven,  
 Was pulling together a record of artists against Apartheid.  
 It's a song written about a man, in a shanty town outside of  
 Johannesburg.  
 A man who's sick of looking down the barrel of White South  
 Africa.  
 A man at the point where he is ready to take up arms against  
 his oppressor.  
 A man who's lost faith in the peace makers of the West.  
 While they argue and while they fail to support a man like  
 Bishop Tutu.  
 And his request for economic sanctions against South Africa.  
 Am I bugging you? I don't mean to bug ya'.  
 Okay Edge, play the blues."

[Guitar solo]

-- [===== John S. Jacob =====]

## Acordes

