U2 - Silver and Gold

Tom: A

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

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Chords
- - - - - -
E:
       0
         2
             2
                   0
                      0
                1
       x 0 2
Α:
                2 2
                      0
B:
       x 2 4 4 4 2
A(XII): x x 14 14 14 x
Intro: E
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[Verse]

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]

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F
  The warden said,
    Α
"The exit is sold,"
      В
If you want a way out
               A E A(XII) E A(XII) E A(XII) E
          F
Silver and gold.
                             ΑE
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Broken back to the ceiling A(XII) E Broken nose to the floor ΑE I scream at the sounds, it's coming A(XII) E

Crawls under the door

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Α
                                           Е
There's a rope around my neck and there's a
                   A(XII) E
Trigger in your gun
                    ΑE
Jesus say something!
              A(XII) E
I am someone! I am someone!
 Α
       E A(XII)
I am someone!
F
                    Α
  Captains and kings in the slave ships hold
    В
                    Е
They came to collect
Silver and gold
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Silver and gold [Guitar solo]

F

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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
                   AE
The fever white hot
                           A(XII)
                                  But it's
Mister I ain't got nothing
                    AE
More than you've got
                         A(XII) E
Chains no longer bind me
                            ΑE
Nor the shackles at my feet
                          A(XII) E
Outside are the prisoners
                          F
                 Α
Inside the free, set them free
A(XII) E A
Set them free
F
                        Α
A prize fighter in a corner is told
                  Е
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]
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[====== John S. Jacob =======]

