

Silver And Gold

A.S.A.P.

Darkness descending
Night coming down in the city
She walks the streets in search of fortune
Down in a doorway a man with no hope or pride
He can't go on, he can't survive

Out in the jungle called the city
You'll never make it on your own
You got to have that
Silver and gold see you grow old
Turn with your back to the wall

Silver and gold out in the cold
Run but there's nowhere to go
He's got no future, all just because of his past
He's got a gun he's tired of talking

Hole in your pocket hole in your shoe
Chip on your shoulder you got that too
You steal a ride you're tired of talking
Out in the cold, cold winter city
You'll never make it on your own