

# Black Gold

## Soul Asylum

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  
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  
Black gold in a white plight  
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  
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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>