

## 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