

# Slave

Elton John

There's a river running sweat right through our land  
Driven by a man with a bullwhip in his hand  
And I've taken just as much as I can stand  
Oh we've got to free our brothers from their shackles if we can

Most nights I have to watch my woman cry  
Every day I watch the colonel smile  
His painted ladies riding in from town  
I swear one day I'm gonna burn that whore house to the ground

Slave, slave  
To fight the violence we must be brave  
Hold on strong to the love God gave  
Slave

There's a rumor of a war that's yet to come  
That may free our families and our sons  
It may lay green lands to barren wastes  
The price of release is a bitter blow to face