

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Freedom is Like Gold

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There's many who talk of Freedom
And we have some it's true
But if you think it's fairly shared around
Then you don't have a clue,
No you just don't have a clue.

Freedom oh Freedom while men are bought and sold
You're free if you've plenty of money boys
For freedom is like gold. Freedom is like gold.

She's young and she's a mother
Her man is out on the town
Her life reads like a lousy book
But she can't put it down
No, she just can't put it down.

Apartheid in South Africa
Is everything that's vile
In this land of inequality
Slavery's in style
Slavery's in style.

Have you ever been in CND.
And are you a union man?
If you stood at the Mine in the picket line
You may never work again.
You may never work again.

And the rich folk they have plenty
While the poor folk they have none
But who must die when the bullets fly?
It's the poor man and his son
The poor man and his son.

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