

Bullet the Blue Sky

U2

In the howling wind comes a stinging rain
See it driving nails into souls on the tree of pain
From the firefly
a red orange scared in the valley below Bullet the blue sky
Bullet the blue sky In the locust wind comes a rattle and hum
Jacob wrestled the angel and the angel was overcome
Plant a demon seed
You raise a flower of fire
See them burning crosses
see the flames higher and higher Bullet the blue sky
Bullet the blue So this guy comes up to me
His face red like the rose of a thorn bush
Like all the colours of a royal flush
And he's peelin off those dollar bills
Slappin them down
One hundred
Two hundred
And i can see the fighter planes
i can see the fighter planes
Across the mudhuts as the children sleep
Through the alleys of a quiet city street
up the staircase to the first floor
Turn the key and slowly unlock the door
A man breathes into a saxophone
Through the walls we hear the city groan
Outside is America
Outside is America
Guitar Solo
So back in my hotel room
Metallic on train and the love supreme
In the next room we hear a women scream out
As her lover's turnin' off and turnin' on the television
I can't tell the difference between ABC news Hill street Blues and a preacher of the old time
gospel hour
stealin' money from the sick and the old
Well the god I believe in ain't short of cash mister
I fell along way from the hills of San Salvador
Where the sky is ripped open
And the rain pours through a gaping wound
Pelting the women and children
Pelting the women and children
Come on, come on

Into the arms of America
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>