

# U2, A Sort of Homecoming (Live From Wembley)

And you know it's time to go  
Through the sleet and driving snow  
Across the fields of mourning to a light that's in the distance.

And you hunger for the time  
Time to heal, 'desire' time  
And your earth moves beneath your own dream landscape.

On borderland we run.  
I'll be there, I'll be there tonight  
A high-road, a high-road out from here.

The city walls are all come down  
The dust a smoke screen all around  
See faces ploughed like fields that once  
Gave no resistance.

And we live by the side of the road  
On the side of a hill as the valleys explode  
Dislocated, suffocated  
The land grows weary of it's own.

O com-away, o com-away, o-com, o com-away, I say I  
O com-away, o com-away, o-com, o com-away, I say I

Oh, oh on borderland we run  
And still we run, we run and don't look back  
I'll be there, I'll be there  
Tonight, tonight

I'll be there tonight, I believe  
I'll be there so high  
I'll be there tonight, tonight.

Oh com-away, I say, o com-away, I say.

The wind will crack in winter time  
This bomb-blast lightning waltz.  
No spoken words, just a scream  
Tonight we'll build a bridge across the sea and land  
See the sky, the burning rain  
She will die and live again tonight.

And your heart beats so slow  
Through the rain and fallen snow  
Across the fields of mourning to a light that's in the distance.  
Oh, don't sorrow, no don't weep  
For tonight at last I am coming home.  
I am coming home.