

# U2, Blow Your House Down

She did go  
She got my jokes  
Sit why we win  
Go by the sin  
Get high, get quick  
Get bopping on a stick  
Hollywood

Shake by go  
Get barking in sin  
Get high with the folks  
Get down in the swim  
Don't you walk away  
I want you baby

How does it feel  
When you're meet her in your home  
How does it feel  
When you feel her, let it go

Bono: "break";

Bono: "turn that guitar up there";

Sugar sugar sugar sugar sugar  
Sugar sugar sugar sugar sugar  
Sugar sugar sugar sugar sugar

Ah, it ain't over child  
Your racing car  
Raised by the boldness  
You know you are

Your lips like cherries  
And they call to me  
I wasn't in the bottle  
Next to me

I'm down by the call  
Maybe the sun  
Where nobody feels  
They gotta give it and go

She's...gonna take her chances  
Gonna take her chances  
And you don't

Jump...you're gonna be the tele'  
Is there anybody calling  
Is anybody home

Anybody home  
'body home  
Anybody home

Bono: "just drums";

She likes it  
Little bit of sky  
Locked in the ocean  
Bitty bitty sky  
On a crutch rate  
Country

Some scratch for it  
Others snatch for it  
Can't scrape for it  
Can't escape for it

Check it out for it  
Turn a sip for it  
Some slip from it  
Others strip for it

Any grip for it  
What is it  
What is it  
What is it

Some preach for it  
Even teach for it  
Like a leash to it  
Can't be teaching them

All crawl for it  
Still stall for it  
All fall for it  
When you jump for it

Some slash for it  
Others stash for it  
Some cash into it  
Others smash for it

Do lines for it  
Break rhymes for it  
Do crimes for it  
Do time for it

Sugar cane, sugar cane  
Sugar cane, sugar cane  
Sugar cane, sugar cane

Sure...we're gonna take our chances  
To turn and seek you  
Couldn't go

Bono: "and again."

Sure...we're without a reason  
I'm calling out for love  
Is there anybody home

Bono: "nice."

Ray got caught  
Her fingers in the till  
Sent us home  
Money came to will

Frank came home  
With a black and blue  
Working at the station  
Where he can't break through

Was working on the coin  
On the union stand

With a digital aid  
And a union band

Saw a moving statue  
Saw the bullet train  
And a sheltered city  
Where clowns scream

Our move ruined it  
Saw the money god  
Brothers say by a ring  
Others sat by the brim

Tonight high-q site  
Want these innocent  
Bing-bang  
And the big bang  
Big bang, big bang

Die...like a butterfly  
Die...like a butterfly  
Die...like I'm gonna die  
Die...like a moon in charge  
Die...

Midnight...is where the day begins  
Midnight...

Bono: "edge."