

# Funeral For A Friend, Sunday Bloody Sunday

[Originally by U2]

I can't believe the news today  
Oh, I can't close my eyes  
And make it go away  
How long...  
How long must we sing this song  
How long, how long...  
'cause tonight...we can be as one  
Tonight...

Broken bottles under children's feet  
Bodies strewn across the dead end street  
But I won't heed the battle call  
It puts my back up  
Puts my back up against the wall

Sunday, Bloody Sunday  
Sunday, Bloody Sunday  
Sunday, Bloody Sunday

And the battle's just begun  
There's many lost, but tell me who has won  
The trench is dug within our hearts  
And mothers, children, brothers, sisters  
Torn apart

Sunday, Bloody Sunday  
Sunday, Bloody Sunday

How long...  
How long must we sing this song  
How long, how long...  
'cause tonight...we can be as one  
Tonight...tonight...

Sunday, Bloody Sunday  
Sunday, Bloody Sunday

Wipe the tears from your eyes  
Wipe your tears away  
Oh, wipe your tears away  
Oh, wipe your tears away  
(Sunday, Bloody Sunday)  
Oh, wipe your blood shot eyes  
(Sunday, Bloody Sunday)

Sunday, Bloody Sunday (Sunday, Bloody Sunday)  
Sunday, Bloody Sunday (Sunday, Bloody Sunday)

And it's true we are immune  
When fact is fiction and TV reality  
And today the millions cry  
We eat and drink while tomorrow they die

(Sunday, Bloody Sunday)

The real battle just begun  
To claim the victory Jesus won  
On...

Sunday Bloody Sunday  
Sunday Bloody Sunday...