

Paramore, Sunday Bloody Sunday

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?
Tonight, we can be as one tonight

Broken bottles under children's feet
And 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
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?

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, yeah

I wipe the tears from your eyes
I wipe your tears away
(Tonight, tonight)
I wipe your tears away
(Tonight, tonight)
I wipe your tears away
(Tonight, tonight)
I wipe your bloodshot eyes
(Tonight, tonight)

Sunday, bloody Sunday
Sunday, bloody Sunday
Sunday, bloody Sunday
(The real battle just begun)
Sunday, bloody Sunday
(To claim the victory Jesus won on...)

Sunday, bloody Sunday
Sunday, bloody Sunday