

Sublime, Sunday Bloody Sunday

I can't believe the news today,
I can't close my eyes and make it go away.
How long, how long must we sing this song?
How long? Tonight we can be as one.
Broken bottles under children's feet,
Bodies strewn across a 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.
And the battle's just begun,
There's many lost, but tell me who has won?
The trenches dug within our hearts,
And mother's children, brothers, sisters torn apart.
Sunday, Bloody Sunday.
Sunday, Bloody Sunday.
How long, how long must we sing this song?
How long? Tonight we can be as one.
Tonight, tonight.
Sunday, Bloody Sunday.
Sunday, Bloody Sunday.
And it's true we are immune,
When fact is fiction and T.V. is reality,
And today the million cry,
We eat and drink while tomorrow they die.
The real battle just begun.
To claim the victory Jesus won,
On a Sunday, Bloody Sunday,
Sunday, Bloody Sunday