

U2, Like A Song...

Like a song I have to sing
I sing it for you.
Like the words I have to bring
I bring it for you.

And in leather, lace and chains we stake our claim.
Revolution once again
No I won't, I won't wear it on my sleeve.
I can see through this expression and you know I don't believe.
Too old to be told, exactly who are you?
Tonight, tomorrow's too late.

And we love to wear a badge, a uniform
And we love to fly a flag
But I won't let others live in hell
As we divide against each other
And we fight amongst ourselves
Too set in our ways to try to rearrange
Too right to be wrong, in this rebel song
Let the bells ring out
Let the bells ring out
Is there nothing left?
Is there, is there nothing?
Is there nothing left?
Is honesty what you want?

A generation without name, ripped and torn
Nothing to lose, nothing to gain
Nothing at all
And if you can't help yourself
We'll take a look around you
When others need your time
You say it's time to go... it's your time.
Angry words won't stop the fight
Two wrongs won't make it right.
A new heart is what I need.
Oh, God make it bleed.
Is there nothing left?