U2, Shadows And Tall Trees

Back to the cold restless streets at night I talk to myself about tomorrow night. Walls of white protest, a gravestone in name Who is it now? it's always the same.

Who is it now? who calls me inside Are the leaves on the trees just a living disguise? I walk the sweet rain tragicomedy I'll walk home again to the street melody.

But I know oh no But I know oh no I know

Shadows and tall trees Shadows and tall trees

Life through a window, a discoloured pain Mrs. Brown's washing is always the same I walk the sweet rain tragicomedy I'll walk home again to the street melody.

But I know oh no But I know oh no I know.

(Out there)
Do you feel in me, anything redeeming,
Any worthwhile feeling
Is life like a tightrope? hanging on my ceiling.

But I know oh no But I know oh no I know

Shadows and Tall Trees