

# U2, Bullet The Blue Sky (Live)

In the howling wind comes a stinging rain  
See it driving nails into souls on the tree of pain  
From the firefly  
a red orange scared in the valley below

Bullet the blue sky  
Bullet the blue sky

In the locust wind comes a rattle and hum  
Jacob wrestled the angel and the angel was overcome  
Plant a demon seed  
You raise a flower of fire  
See them burning crosses  
see the flames higher and higher

Bullet the blue sky  
Bullet the blue

So this guy comes up to me  
His face red like the rose of a thorn bush  
Like all the colours of a royal flush  
And he's peelin off those dollar bills  
Slappin them down  
One hundred  
Two hundred

And i can see the fighter planes  
i can see the fighter planes  
Across the mudhuts as the children sleep  
Through the alleys of a quiet city street  
up the staircase to the first floor  
Turn the key and slowly unlock the door  
A man breathes into a saxophone  
Through the walls we hear the city groan  
Outside is America  
Outside is America

\*Guitar Solo\*

So back in my hotel room  
Metallic on train and the love supreme  
In the next room we hear a women scream out  
As her lover's turnin' off and turnin' on the television  
I can't tell the difference between ABC news Hill street Blues and a preacher of the old time gospel  
stealin' money from the sick and the old  
Well the god I believe in ain't short of cash mister  
I fell along way from the hills of San Salvador  
Where the sky is ripped open  
And the rain pours through a gaping wound  
Pelting the women and children  
Pelting the women and children  
Come on, come on  
Into the arms of America