

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 young 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...