

# U2, Your Blue Room

It's time to go again  
To your blue room  
Got some questions to ask of you  
In your blue room  
The air is clean  
Your skin is clear  
I've had enough of hangin' round here  
It's a different kind of conversation  
Your blue room

Saw me calling love, somewhere deep inside  
Saw me calling you, somewhere I can hide

And time is a string of pearls  
Your blue room  
See the future just hanging there  
Your blue room  
And you crave  
A new perspective  
Looking down on my objectives  
New instructions  
Whatever their directions  
Your blue room

Saw me calling love  
(Bongolese)  
Saw me calling  
(Bongolese)

It's alright  
Your blue room  
One day I'll be back  
Your blue room  
Yeah, I hope I remember where it's at  
Your blue room

See me slide  
Won't you take me back there  
So much fun to me

[Adam]  
Zooming in  
Zooming out  
Nothing I can do about  
A lens to see it all up close  
Magnifying what everybody knows  
Never in conflict  
Never alone  
No car alarm  
No cellular phone