

Bullet The Blue Sky (U2)

Richard Cheese

In the howling wind comes a stinging rain
See it driving nails into the souls on the tree of pain
From the firefly a red orange glow
See the face of fear running scared in the valley below Bullet the blue sky
Bullet the blue sky
Bullet the blue
Bullet the blue In the locust wind comes a rattle and hum
Jacob wrestled the angel, and the angel was overcome
You 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 sky
Bullet the blue
Bullet the blue This guy comes up to me
His face red like a rose on a thorn bush
Like all the colors of a royal flush
And he's peeling off those dollar bills
Slappin' 'em down, one hundred, two hundred And I can see those fighter planes
And I can see those fighter planes
Across the mud huts where the children sleep
Through the alleys of a quiet city street You take the staircase to the first floor
You turn the key and slowly unlock the door
As a man breathes into a saxophone
And through the walls you hear the city groan
Outside it's America, outside it's America, America Across the field, you see the sky ripped open
See the rain through the gaping wound
Pounding the women and children
Who run into the arms of America

Songwriters

Paul David Hewson; David 'the Edge' Evans; Jr. Mullen; Adam Clayton Published by
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