Lucifer's Hands

U2

Punk rock party in a suburban home
Everybodyâ€™s famous here but nobodyâ€™s known
We got no music cos the speakerâ€™s blown apart

The spiritâ€™s moving through a seaside town
Iâ€™m born again to the latest sound
New wave airwaves swilling around my heart

You no longer got a hold on me,
Iâ€™m out of Luciferâ€™s hands
You no longer got a hold on me,
Youâ€™re no longer in control of me,
I am.

The NME is spitting from an inky page
St John Divine is gonna take the stage
At the talent show where your talent is your rage
Iâ€™m in.

Prayers of fire on a raindog night
Young men see visions beyond sound or sight
The Velvets beginning to see the light
Amen.

You no longer got a hold on me,
Iâ€™m out of Luciferâ€™s hands
You no longer got a hold on me,
Youâ€™re no longer in control of me,
I am.

Yes I can change the world
Yes I can change the world

The poor breaking bread thatâ€™s made out of stone
The rich man wonâ€™t eat, heâ€™s eating, alone
Thatâ€™s easy
But I canâ€™t change the world
In me.

You no longer got a hold on me,

Iâ€™m out of Luciferâ€™s hands
You no longer got a hold on me,
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