A Sort of Homecoming

U2

And you know it's time to go
Through the sleet and driving snow
Across the fields of mourning
Lights in the distance
And you hunger for the time
Time to heal, desire time
And your earth moves beneath
Your own dream landscapeOh, oh, oh
On borderland we runI'll be there
I'll be there tonight
A high road
A high road out from hereThe city walls are all torn down
The dust, a smoke screen all around
See faces ploughed like fields that once
Gave no resistance
And we live by the side of the road
On the side of a hill
As the valley explode
Dislocated, suffocated
The land grows weary of it's ownOh coma way, o coma way, o coma, o coma way say I
Oh coma way, o coma way, o coma, o coma way say IOh, oh, oh
On borderland we runAnd still we run
We run and don't look back
I'll be there
I'll be there tonight, tonightI'll be there tonight
I believe
I'll be there somehow
I'll be there tonight, tonightOh coma way o say, say o coma
O coma way o say IThe wind will crack in winter time
This bomb-blast lightning waltz
No spoken words, just a scream
Aey, ohh
Tonight we'll build a bridge
Across the sea and land
See the sky, the burning rain
She will die and live again tonightAnd your heart beats so slow
Through the rain and fallen snow
Across the fields of mourning
Lights in the distance

Oh don't sorrow, no, don't weep
For tonight at last
I am coming home
I am coming home

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