

# Tower Of Song

U2

Well my friends are gone and my hair is grey  
I ache in the places where I used to play  
And I'm crazy for love but I'm not coming on  
I'm just paying my rent every day  
Oh in the Tower of Song  
I said to Hank Williams: how lonely does it get?  
Hank Williams hasn't answered yet  
But I hear him coughing all night long  
A hundred floors above me  
In the Tower of Song

I was born like this, I had no choice  
I was born with the gift of a golden voice  
And twenty-seven angels from the Great Beyond  
They tied me to this table right here  
In the Tower of Song

So you can stick your little pins in that voodoo doll  
I'm very sorry, baby, doesn't look like me at all  
I'm standing by the window where the light is strong  
Ah they don't let a woman kill you  
Not in the Tower of Song

Now you can say that I've grown bitter but of this you may be sure  
The rich have got their channels in the bedrooms of the poor  
And there's a mighty judgment coming, but I may be wrong  
You see, you hear these funny voices  
In the Tower of Song

I see you standing on the other side  
I don't know how the river got so wide  
I loved you baby, way back when  
And all the bridges are burning that we might have crossed  
But I feel so close to everything that we lost  
We'll never have to lose it again

Now I bid you farewell, I don't know when I'll be back  
There moving us tomorrow to that tower down the track  
But you'll be hearing from me baby, long after I'm gone  
I'll be speaking to you sweetly

From a window in the Tower of Song

Yeah my friends are gone and my hair is gray  
I ache in the places where I used to play  
And I'm crazy for love but I'm not coming on  
I'm just paying my rent every day  
Oh in the Tower of Song

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