A Sort of Homecoming

U2

And you know it's time to go
Through the sleet and driving snow
Across the fields of mourning
Light in the distanceAnd 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 come down
The dust, a smoke screen all around
See faces ploughed like fields that once
Gave no resistanceAnd 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 its ownO com-away, o com-away, o-com, o com-away, I say I
O com-away, o com-away, o-com, o com-away, I say IOh, oh, oh on borderland we run
And 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 so high
I'll be there tonight, tonight.O com-away, o com-away, o-com, o com-away, I say I
O com-away, o com-away, o-com, o com-away, I say IThe wind will crack in winter time
This bomb-blast lightning waltz
No spoken words, just a screamTonight 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
Light's in the distanceOh don't sorrow, no don't weep
For tonight, at last

I am coming home
I am coming home

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