

# U2, Like A Song...

Like a song I have to sing  
I sing it for you.  
Like the words I have to bring  
I bring it for you.

And in leather, lace and chains we stake our claim.  
Revolution once again  
No I won't, I won't wear it on my sleeve.  
I can see through this expression and you know I don't believe.  
Too old to be told, exactly who are you?  
Tonight, tomorrow's too late.

And we love to wear a badge, a uniform  
And we love to fly a flag  
But I won't let others live in hell  
As we divide against each other  
And we fight amongst ourselves  
Too set in our ways to try to rearrange  
Too right to be wrong, in this rebel song  
Let the bells ring out  
Let the bells ring out  
Is there nothing left?  
Is there, is there nothing?  
Is there nothing left?  
Is honesty what you want?

A generation without name, ripped and torn  
Nothing to lose, nothing to gain  
Nothing at all  
And if you can't help yourself  
We'll take a look around you  
When others need your time  
You say it's time to go... it's your time.  
Angry words won't stop the fight  
Two wrongs won't make it right.  
A new heart is what I need.  
Oh, God make it bleed.  
Is there nothing left?