

## Bullet the Blue Sky - 1/2

Interprété par U2.

In the howling wind comes a stinging rain  
See them driving nails  
Into the souls on the tree of pain  
From the firefly, a red orange glow  
See the face of fear  
Running scared in the valley below

Bullet the blue sky  
Bullet the blue sky  
Bullet the blue  
Bullet the blue

In the locust wind comes a rattle and hum  
Jacob wrestled the angel  
And the angel was overcome  
You plant a demon seed  
You raise a flower of fire  
See them burning crosses  
See the flames higher and higher

Bullet the blue sky  
Bullet the blue sky  
Bullet the blue  
Bullet the blue

(Yeah...alright)

So this guy comes up to me  
His face red like a rose on a thorn bush  
Like all the colors of a royal flush  
And he's peeling off those dollar bills  
Slapping ;em down  
One hundred, two hundred  
And I can see those fighter planes  
I can see those fighter planes  
Across the mud huts where the children sleep  
Through the valleys and the quiet city street  
We take the staircase to the first floor  
We turn the key and slowly unlock the door  
As a man breathes into a saxophone  
And through the walls we hear the city groan  
Outside it's America

## Bullet the Blue Sky - 2/2

Outside it's America

[Spoken part follows]

So I'm back in my hotel room with Johnnie Coltrane and the love supreme. In the next room I hear some woman scream out that her lover's turning off, turning on the television. And I can't tell the difference between ABC news, Hill Street Blues, and a preacher on the old time gospel hour stealing money from the sick and the old.

Well the God I believe in isn't short of cash, mister.

I feel a long way from the hills of San Salvador, where the sky is ripped open, and the rain pours through a gaping wound...pelting the women and children...pelting the women and children...

...who run...who run...into the arms...of America