

The Hands That Built America - 1/1

Interprété par U2.

Oh, my love, it's a long way we've come
From the freckled hills to the steel and glass canyons
From the stony fields to hanging steel from sky
From digging in our pockets for a reason not to say goodbye

These are the hands that built America
America

Last saw your face in a watercolor sky
As sea birds argue, a long goodbye
I took your kiss on the spray of the new land star
You gotta live with your dreams, don't make them so hard

And these are the hands that built America
America

Of all the promises, is this one we could keep
Of all of the dreams, is this one still out of reach

Halle, holy

It's early fall, there's a cloud on the New York skyline
Innocence dragged across a yellow line

These are the hands that built America
These are the hands that built America
America
America