

Army of Bono

Clutch

Hold the presses, Mikey, hot news on the wire
Hundreds see an image of a Guinness drinking choir
Celebrities and cameras are headed to the scene
While presidents are fleeing to their speeding limousines

Don't worry, it's just stigmata
Pass me a napkin and don't you dare tell my mother

Your local programming interrupted
By the mindless banter of a soulless talking head
Roll out the red carpet, dripping bloody tongue
Pay no mind to blue berets and all their shiny guns

Don't worry, it's just stigmata
Pass me a napkin and don't you dare tell my mother
Who you gonna call when the man brings his hammer down?
Goose stepping with a smoking Irish fly

And when our world is over, children by the fire
Raise their hands and pray that they may see a new messiah
And somewhere in the darkness a flag goes running by
The smell of cigarettes and love are incense for the fly

Don't worry, it's just stigmata
Pass me a napkin and don't you dare tell my mother
Who you gonna call when the man brings his hammer down?
Goose stepping with a smoking Irish fly