

Sunday, Bloody Sunday

The Living End

I can't believe the news today
Oh, I can't close my eyes
And make it go away
How long...
How long must we sing this song?
How long? How long...
'cause tonight...we can be as one
Tonight...

Broken bottles under children's feet
Bodies strewn across the dead end street
But I won't heed the battle call
It puts my back up
Puts my back up against the wall

Sunday, Bloody Sunday
Sunday, Bloody Sunday
Sunday, Bloody Sunday

And the battle's just begun
There's many lost, but tell me who has won
The trench is dug within our hearts
And mothers, children, brothers, sisters
Torn apart

Sunday, Bloody Sunday
Sunday, Bloody Sunday

How long...
How long must we sing this song?
How long? How long...
'cause tonight...we can be as one
Tonight...

Wipe your tears away
Wipe your tears away
Wipe your tears away, [ect]

Sunday, Bloody Sunday (Sunday, Bloody Sunday)
Sunday, Bloody Sunday (Sunday, Bloody Sunday)