

# American Soul

U2

Blessed are the bullies  
For one day they will have to stand up to themselves  
Blessed are the liars  
For the truth can be awkward

It's not a place  
This country is to be a sound  
Of drum and bass  
You close your eyes to look around  
Look around, around  
Look around, it's a sound  
Look around, look around  
It's a sound

It's not a place  
This country is to me a thought  
That offers grace  
For every welcome that is sought

You are rock'n'roll  
You and I are rock'n'roll  
You are rock'n'roll  
Came here lookin' for American Soul

It's not a place  
This is a dream the whole world owns  
The pilgrim's face  
It had your heart to call her home

Hold on, brother John  
Too many mothers weeping  
Dream on, brother John  
In your dreams you can't be sleeping

You are rock'n'roll  
You and I are rock'n'roll  
You are rock'n'roll  
Came here lookin' for American Soul  
American, American

Put your hands in the air  
Hold up the sky  
It could be too late  
But we still gotta try

There's a moment in a life  
Where the soul can die  
In a person, in a country  
When you believe the lie  
The lie, the lie, the lie

There's a promise at the heart  
Of every good dream  
It's a call to action  
Not to fantasy

The end of the dream

The start of what's real  
Let it be unity  
Let it be community  
For refugees like you and me  
A country to receive us  
Will you be my sanctuary  
RefuJesus

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You are rock'n'roll  
You and I are rock'n'roll  
You are rock'n'roll  
Came here lookin' for American Soul  
American Soul, American Soul