

Shadows and Tall Trees

U2

Back to the cold restless streets at night
I talk to myself about tomorrow night.
Walls of white protest, a gravestone in name
Who is it now? it's always the same.

Who is it now? who calls me inside
Are the leaves on the trees just a living disguise?
I walk the sweet rain tragicomedy
I'll walk home again to the street melody.

But I know oh no
But I know oh no
I know

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Life through a window, a discoloured pain
Mrs. Brown's washing is always the same
I walk the sweet rain tragicomedy
I'll walk home again to the street melody.

But I know oh no
But I know oh no
I know.

(Out there)
Do you feel in me, anything redeeming,
Any worthwhile feeling
Is life like a tightrope? hanging on my ceiling.

But I know oh no
But I know oh no
I know

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