

The Hands That Built America

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 the sky
From digging in our pockets, for a reason not to say goodbye

These are the hands that built America
Russian, Sioux, Dutch, Hindu
Polish, Irish, German, Italian

I last saw your face in a watercolour sky
As sea birds argued a long goodbye
I took your kiss on the spray of the new line star
You gotta live with your dreams
Don't make them so hard

And these are the hands that built America
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The Irish, the Blacks, the Chinese, the Jews
Korean, Hispanic, Muslim, Indian

Of all of the promises
Is this one we can keep?
Of all of the dreams
Is this one still out of reach?

Its 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