

With A Shout (Jerusalem)

U2

Where do we go?
Where do we go from here?
Where to go?
To the side of a hill.
Blood was spilt, we were still.
And staring at each other.
We were doing nothing.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem.
Shout, Shout.
With a shout, shout it out.

I want to go
To the side,
To the one who made me sing,
To the side of the hill.
We were still, we were filled,
With a love.
We want to be loved.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem.
Shout, shout.
With a shout.