

## Clutch "Army Of Bono"

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Hold the presses Mikey! Hot news on the wire!  
Hundreds see an image of a Guinness drinking choir.  
Celebrities and cameras are headed to the scene  
While presidents are fleeing to their speeding  
limousines.

Don't worry, it's just stigmata.  
Pass me a napkin and don't you dare tell my mother.

Your local programming interrupted  
by the mindless banter of a soulless talking head.  
Roll out the red carpet, dripping bloody tongue.  
Pay no mind to blue berets and all their shiny guns.

Don't worry, it's just stigmata.  
Pass me a napkin and don't you dare tell my mother.  
Who you gonna call when the man brings his hammer  
down?  
Goose stepping with a smoking Irish fly.

And when our world is over, children by the fire  
Raise their hands and pray that they may see a new  
Messiah.  
And somewhere in the darkness a flag goes running  
by.  
The smell of cigarettes and love are incense for the fly.

Don't worry, it's just stigmata.  
Pass me a napkin and don't you dare tell my mother.

Who you gonna call when the man brings his hammer  
down?  
Goose stepping with a smoking Irish fly.

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