

## U2

# "Wild Irish Rose"

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In a field by a river  
My love and I did lie  
And on my naked shoulder  
She too proud to cry

She said that I must leave her  
An icy tear she froze  
How could I melt the heart  
Of a wild Irish rose

Well a gypsy she has made of me  
A servant of the street  
And back to bed I've traveled  
To taste a love as sweet

Well the heart it knows no reasons  
And reason never knows  
As I lie with them I'm thinking  
Of a wild Irish rose

Well I saw the city of angels  
It brought a devil out in me  
And Hell's hotel on sunset  
Showed a whore no mercy

As the orange sky was screaming  
From the roof I let her go  
These are the dizzying heights that brought me  
My wild Irish rose

Now red is the rose  
That she laid on my grave  
A life is what she wanted  
And a life I surely gave

Like a hundred men before me  
They lay lying here in rows  
Young men, bloody  
As a wild Irish rose

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