

## **Echo Hollow**

### **"Sunday Bloody Sunday"**

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I can't believe the news today,  
I can't close my eyes and make it go away,  
How long?  
How long must we sing this song?  
How long?  
How long?

Broken bottles under children's feet,  
Bodies strewn across the dead-end street,  
But I won't heed the battle call,  
It puts my back up...puts my back up against the wall.

Sunday, bloody Sunday,  
Sunday, bloody Sunday,  
Sunday, bloody Sunday, (Sunday, bloody Sunday)  
Sunday, bloody Sunday.

And the battle's just begun,  
There's many lost, but, tell me, who has won?  
The trenches dug within our hearts,  
And mothers, children, brothers, sisters torn apart.

Sunday, bloody Sunday, yeah,  
Sunday, bloody Sunday.

How long?  
How long must we sing this song?  
How long?  
How long?

Tonight we can be as one,  
Tonight,  
Tonight. (Sunday, bloody Sunday, Sunday, bloody  
Sunday)

Sunday, Sunday, Sunday, Sunday...

Wipe your tears away,  
Wipe your tears away,  
Sunday, bloody Sunday,  
Sunday, bloody Sunday,  
Sunday, bloody Sunday. (Sunday, bloody Sunday)

And it's true we are immune when fact is fiction and  
TV reality,  
And today the millions cry,  
We eat and drink, while tomorrow they die,  
The real battle's just begun, (Sunday, bloody Sunday)  
To claim the victory Jesus won, (Sunday, bloody  
Sunday)  
Oh, to claim the victory Jesus won, (Sunday, bloody  
Sunday)  
To claim the victory Jesus won. (Sunday, bloody  
Sunday)

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