

# Army of Bono

## Clutch

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.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>