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The Miracle (Of Joey Ramone)

I was chasing down the days of fear
Chasing down a dream before it disappeared
I was aching to be somewhere near,
Your voice was all I heard
I was shaking from a storm in me,
Haunted by the spectres that we had to see
Yeah I wanted to be the melody,
Above the noise, above the hurt.

I was young
Not dumb
Just wishing to be blinded
By you
Brand new
And we were pilgrims on our way

I woke up at the moment when the miracle occurred
Heard a song that made some sense out of the world
Everything I ever lost, now has been returned
In the most beautiful sound I'd ever heard.

We got language so we can't communicate
Religion so I can love and hate
Music so I can exaggerate my pain, and give it a name

I was young
Not dumb
Just wishing to be blinded
By you
Brand new
And we were pilgrims on our way

I woke up at the moment when the miracle occurred
Heard a song that made some sense out of the world
Everything I ever lost, now has been returned
In the most beautiful sound I'd ever heard.

We can hear you
We can hear you
We can hear you

I woke up at the moment when the miracle occurred
I get so many things I don't deserve
All the stolen voices will someday be returned
The most beautiful sound I'd ever heard

Your voices will be heard
Your voices will be heard

Every Breaking Wave

Every breaking wave on the shore
Tells the next one there'll be one more
And every gambler knows that to lose
Is what you're really there for
Summer I was fearless
Now I speak into an answer phone
Like every falling leaf on the breeze
Winter wouldn't leave it alone
Alone

If you go?
If you go your way and I go mine
Are we so?
Are we so helpless against the tide?
Baby every dog on the street
Knows that we're in love with defeat
Are we ready to be swept off our feet
And stop chasing
Every breaking wave

Every sailor knows that the sea
Is a friend made enemy
And every shipwrecked soul, knows what it is
To live without intimacy
I thought I heard the captain's voice
It's hard to listen while you preach
Like every broken wave on the shore
This is as far as I could reach

If you go?
If you go your way and I go mine
Are we so?
Are we so helpless against the tide?
Baby every dog on the street
Knows that we're in love with defeat
Are we ready to be swept off our feet
And stop chasing
Every breaking wave?

The sea knows where are the rocks
And drowning is no sin
You know where my heart is
The same place that yours has been
We know that we fear to win
And so we end before we begin
Before we begin

If you go?
If you go your way and I go mine
Are we so?
Are we so helpless against the tide?
Baby every dog on the street
Knows that we're in love with defeat
Are we ready to be swept off our feet
And stop chasing
Every breaking wave

California (There Is No End To Love)

Barbara, Santa Barbara
Barbara, Santa Barbara

California, then we fell into the shining sea
The weight that drags your heart down
Well that's what took me where I need to be
Which is here
Out on Zuma
Watching you cry like a baby
California, at the dawn you thought would never come
But it did
Like it always does

All I know
And all I need to know is there is no end to love

I didn't call you
Words can scare a thought away
Everyone's a star in our town
It's just your light gets dimmer if you have to stay
In your bedroom
In a mirror
Watching yourself cry like a baby
California, blood orange sunset brings you to your knees
I've seen for myself
There's no end to grief
That's how I know

That's how I know
And why I need to know that there is no end to love
All I know and all I need to know is there is no end to love

(Guitar solo)

All I know
And all I need to know is there is no end to love
We come and go
Stolen days you don't give back
Stolen days are just enough

Song For Someone

You got a face not spoiled by beauty
I have some scars from where I've been
You've got eyes that can see right through me
You're not afraid of anything they've seen
I was told that I would feel nothing the first time
I don't know how these cuts heal
But in you I found a rhyme

If there is a light you can't always see
And there is a world we can't always be
If there is a dark that we shouldn't doubt
And there is a light, don't let it go out

And this is a song, song for someone
This is a song, song for someone

You let me in to a conversation
A conversation only we could make
You break and enter my imagination
Whatever's in there it's yours to take
I was told I'd feel nothing the first time
You were slow to heal but this could be the night

If there is a light you can't always see
And there is a world we can't always be
If there is a dark within and without
And there is a light, don't let it go out

And this is a song, song for someone
This is a song, a song for someone

And I'm a long long way from your Hill of Calvary
And I'm a long way from where I was and where I need to be
If there is a light you can't always see
And there is a world we can't always be
If there is a kiss I stole from your mouth
And there is a light, don't let it go out

Iris (Hold Me Close)

The star,
that gives us light
Has been gone a while
But it's not an illusion
The ache
In my heart
Is so much a part of who I am
Something in your eyes
Took a thousand years to get here
Something in your eyes
Took a thousand years, a thousand years

Hold me close, hold me close and don't let me go.
Hold me close like I'm someone that you might know
Hold me close the darkness just lets us see
Who we are
I've got your life inside of me

Iris... Iris...

Once we are born, we begin to forget
The very reason we came
But you
I'm sure I've met
Long before the night the stars went out
We're meeting up again

Hold me close, hold me close and don't let me go.
Hold me close like I'm someone that you might know
Hold me close, the darkness just lets us see
Who we are
I've got your life inside of me

Iris... Iris...

The stars are bright but do they know
The universe is beautiful but cold

You took me by the hand
I thought that I was leading you
But it was you made me your man
Machine
I dream
Where you are
Iris standing in the hall
She tells me I can do it all
Iris wakes to my nightmares
Don't fear the world it isn't there

Iris playing on the strand
She buries the boy beneath the sand,
Iris says that I will be the death of her
It was not me

Iris... Iris...

Free yourself, to be yourself if only you could see yourself
Free yourself, to be yourself if only you could see...

Volcano

The world is spinning fast tonight
You can hurt yourself tryin to hold on
To what you used to be
I'm so glad the past is all gone?
Been out in the wild
Been out in the night
Been out of your mind
Do you live here or is this a vacation?

Volcano, you don't wanna, you don't wanna know.
Volcano
Something in you wants to blow
Volcano
You don't wanna, you don't wanna know

Your eyes were like landing lights
They used to be the clearest blue
Now you don't see so well
The future's gonna land on you

Been out in the wild
Been out in the night
Been out of your mind
Do you live here or is this a vacation?

Volcano, you don't wanna, you don't wanna know.
Volcano
Something in you wants to blow
Volcano
You don't wanna, you don't wanna know
You're on a piece of ground above a volcano

You were alone,
Now you're not alone
You were alone
But now
YOU ARE ROCK N ROLL
YOU AND I ARE ROCK N ROLL
YOU ARE ROCK N ROLL
YOU AND I ARE ROCK N ROLL

Volcano, you don't wanna, you don't wanna know.
Volcano
Something in you wants to blow
Volcano
You don't wanna, you don't wanna know
You're on a piece of ground above a volcano

Raised By Wolves

Face down on a broken street
There's a man in the corner in a pool of misery.
I'm in a white van as a red sea covers the ground
Metal crash I can't tell what it is
But I take a look and now I'm sorry I did.
5:30 on a Friday night 33 good people cut down

I don't believe anymore
I don't believe anymore

Face down on a pillow of shame
There are some girls with a needle tryin to spell my name
My body's not a canvas
My body's now a toilet wall.

I don't believe anymore
I don't believe anymore

Raised by wolves
Stronger than fear
Raised by wolves
We were raised by wolves
Raised by wolves
Stronger than fear
If I open my eyes,
You disappear

Boy sees his father crushed under the weight
Of a cross in a passion where the passion is hate.
Blue mink Ford, I'm gonna detonate and you're dead
Blood in the house,
Blood on the street
The worst things in the world are justified by belief
Registration 1385-WZ

I don't believe anymore
I don't believe anymore

Raised by wolves
Stronger than fear
Raised by wolves
We were raised by wolves
Raised by wolves
Stronger than fear
If I open my eyes,
You disappear

Cedarwood Road

For Guggi

I was running down the road
The fear was all I knew
I was looking for a soul that's real
Then I ran into you
And that cherry blossom tree
Was a gateway to the sun
And friendship once it's won
It's won... it's one

Northside just across the river to the Southside
That's a long way here
All the green and all the gold
The hurt you hide, the joy you hold
The foolish pride that gets you out the door
Up on Cedarwood Road, on Cedarwood Road
Sleepwalking down the road
Not waking from these dreams
'Cause it's never dead it's still my head
It was a warzone in my teens
I'm still standing on that street
Still need an enemy
The worst ones I can't see
You can... you can

Northside just across the river from the Southside
That's a long way here
All the green and all the gold
The hurt you hide and the joy you hold
The foolish pride that sends you back for more
Up on Cedarwood Road, on Cedarwood Road

If the door is open it isn't theft
You can't return to where you've never left
Blossoms falling from a tree they cover you and cover me
Symbols clashing, bibles smashing
Paint the world you need to see
Sometimes fear is the only place we can call home
Cedarwood Road

A HEART THAT IS BROKEN
IS A HEART THAT IS OPEN

Sleep Like A Baby Tonight

Morning, your toast, your tea and sugar,
Read about the politician's lover
Go through the day like knife through butter
Why don't you
You dress in the colours of forgiveness
Your eyes as red as Christmas
Purple robes are folded on the kitchen chair

You're gonna sleep like a baby tonight
In your dreams, everything is alright
Tomorrow dawns like someone else's suicide
You're gonna sleep like a baby tonight

Dreams,
It's a dirty business, dreaming
Where there is silence and not screaming
Where there's no daylight, there's no healing

You're gonna sleep like a baby tonight
In your dreams, everything is alright
Tomorrow dawns like a suicide
But you're gonna sleep like a baby tonight

Hope is where the door is
When the church is where the war is
Where no one can feel no one else's pain

You're gonna sleep like a baby tonight
In your dreams, everything is alright
Tomorrow dawns like a suicide
But you're gonna sleep like a baby tonight
Sleep like a baby tonight
Like a bird, your dreams take flight
Like St Francis covered in light
You're gonna sleep like a baby tonight

This Is Where You Can Reach Me Now

For Joe Strummer

Soldier soldier
We signed our lives away
Complete surrender
The only weapon we know
Soldier soldier
We knew the world would never be the same
Soldier this is where you can reach me now

We come from an ancient place
Beyond what we can see
We've come to colonise your night
And steal your poetry

Old man knows that I never listen
So how could I have something to say
Old man knows how to cheat ambition
You don't lose if you don't play

1, 2, 3, 4, was enough

Soldier soldier
We signed our lives away
Complete surrender
The only weapon we know
Soldier soldier
We knew the world would never be the same
Soldier this is where you can reach me now

On a double decker bus
Into College Square
If you won't let us in your world
Your world just isn't there

Old man says that we never listen
We shout about what we don't know
We're taking the path of most resistance
The only way for us to go,

hup, 2, 3, 4, was enough

Soldier soldier
We signed our lives away
Complete surrender
The only weapon we know
Soldier soldier
We knew the world will never be the same
Soldier this is where you can reach me now

This is the site
This is the season
This is where you can reach me now
This is the time
This is the number
This is where you can reach me now

The Troubles

Somebody stepped inside your soul
Somebody stepped inside your soul
Little by little they robbed and stole
Till someone else was in control

You think it's easier
To put your finger on the trouble
When the trouble is you
And you think it's easier
To know your own tricks
Well it's the hardest thing you'll ever do

I have a will for survival
So you can hurt me and then hurt me some more
I can live with denial
But you're not my troubles anymore

Somebody stepped inside your soul
Somebody stepped inside your soul
Little by little they robbed and stole
Till somebody else was in control

Somebody stepped inside your soul
Somebody stepped inside your soul
Little by little they robbed and stole
Till someone else was in control

You think it's easier
To give up on the trouble
If the trouble is destroying you
You think it's easier
But before you threw me a rope
It was the one thing I could hold on to

I have a will for survival
So you can hurt me then hurt me some more
I can live with denial
But you're not my troubles anymore

Somebody stepped inside your soul
Somebody stepped inside your soul
Little by little they robbed and stole
Till somebody else was in control

Somebody stepped inside your soul
Somebody stepped inside your soul
Little by little they robbed and stole
Till somebody else was in control

God knows it's not easy
Taking on the shape of someone else's pain
God now you can see me
I'm naked and I'm not afraid
My body's sacred and I'm not ashamed

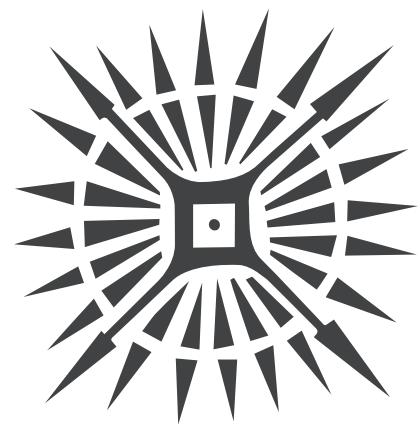
Somebody stepped inside your soul
Somebody stepped inside your soul
Little by little they robbed and stole
Till somebody else was in control

Somebody stepped inside your soul
Somebody stepped inside your soul
Little by little they robbed and stole
Till someone else was in control

FLASHBACKS 4 SONGS OF INNOCENCE

at some point in 1977 u2 started making music together, calling ourselves THE HYPE and we were in love with the punk rock scene..I remember at one of our earliest shows, someone shouted "more punk in the Monkees". They were right.. I couldn't sing with any of the jagged edges of the great rock or punk rock singers. I sang like a girl....that felt uncomfortable until the Ramones happened to me as they must happen to everyone. cos Joey Ramone sang like a girl, he loved all the great sirens... you could hear Motown, Dusty Springfield, Ronnie Spector. You could hear an echo of your pain in his voice.. that's why you believed him, surfing to the future on a sea of noise. The 4 members of U2 went to see the Ramones playing in the state cinema in Dublin without thinking about how we were going to get in. we had no tickets and no money.. My best friend Guggi had a ticket and he snuck us through a side exit he pried open. The world stopped long enough for us to get on it. Even though we only saw half the show, it became one of the great nights of our life.... Edge remembers meeting his first love Aislinn outside. After the Ramones, I could try and be myself as a singer. I just needed to find out who that was.. emancipation. First journeys are exhilarating.. geographically, spiritually, sexually...The first time you see an orchid or a freeway or a rock n roll band in full flight, it stays tattooed under your skin. Forever. For U2 - going to Los Angeles was like that. LA seemed like the polar opposite of Dublin. we love being somewhere between extremes. I remember Edge, Adam, Larry and me getting off a plane in California and looking at each other like 'this is better than the movies' and that was just the airport! i went on a pilgrimage to find Bob Dylan's house because i gripped his songs tighter than the handle of any suitcase. I also wanted to see Brian Wilson's house, it was supposed to have a sand pit with a piano in it... and I loved the Beach Boys. they brought - rhythm for the body - melody for the mind - harmony for the spirit etc Brian sang like a girl too... More first journeys...sex... note to song writing self: when dealing with this subject - must. try. harder....seeing The Clash for the first time on their first tour in Trinity College Dublin was a coordinates changing experience for me, Edge, Adam and Larry. We went home that night exhausted from the riot of noise and ideas. we couldn't sleep because we knew we were sleeping in the wrong beds. we had migrated - mentally, spiritually.... Joe Strummer was some soldier..his guitar a weapon, his mouth almighty. we weren't sure exactly what they were fighting for/against but this was a public service announcement with guitars on behalf of the soul and we signed up. I grew up on Cedarwood Road. a nice street full of nice families. People who shaped my world view. People I still admire and love. Like Gavin Friday, who lived up at the top of the road. But there was a lot of violence near by in my teenage years..skinheads and boot boys, blades and knuckledusters. Teenage parties where boys would turn up with hammers and saws...and i remember a lot of "hidings" - I remember taking them and I remember giving them. none of that compared to the violence behind front doors. of a husband towards a wife, a brute father towards his children. Cedarwood Road had some dark and hidden sides like all places. like all people.

The Rowens at No. 5 had a cherry blossom tree that was the most luxurious thing in the world to me. That family were like an old testament tribe. I learnt a lot from them. The depth and deep discourse of the scriptures. In their company I saw some great preachers who opened up these scary black bibles and made the word of God dance for them, and us. Sometimes I would think it should be the other way round. one minute you're reading it, next minute you're in it. Lou Reed, God rest his soul, said you need a busload of faith to get by. That bus was full of Rowens and I was on it. There were fields out of the back of our garden and we played there until the scaffolds went up and suburbia stretched out. a mile away we would play in the foundations of the seven towers as they went up. when the towers started filling up with people who didn't want to be there, all piled up on top of each other, we stopped running in the fields unless we were being chased... haha. Dreams are not always safe places, neither are places deemed to be safe. Some can live with cruelty and abuse. Some have to... when the children of any church aren't served but instead enslaved by an abuse of power, extraordinary acts of atonement are required to put things back together... honesty is just the starting point ...secrets can make you sick. Ireland in the 70s was a tough place. On any other friday at 5.30pm in 1974 I would have been on Talbot Street in a record shop . On May 17th I rode my bike to school that day and dodged one of the bloodiest moments in a history that divided an island...3 car bombs coordinated to detonate at the same time destroyed Dublin's city centre...my old friend Andy Rowen (Guc Pants Delaney we used to call him) was locked in his father's van as his dad ran to help save the victims Scattered like refuse across the streets... The scene never left him, he turned to one of the worlds great painkillers to deal with it, we wrote about him in our song, BAD. Andy says "heroin is a great pain killer until it kills you" he survived. a hero to me. My mother died that year so did my grandad.. As her father was being put into the ground Iris collapsed by the side of the grave and a few days later followed him into the claybeautiful Iris, humour as black as her curls.. practical and magical .On deathwe tend to look the other way until the spectre's face enters our framea staring match that death always wins and we're left broken by the loss of someone really close to us. I owe Iris. Her absence, I filled with music. after grief comes rage....the molten lava that turns to rock if it can.....this kind of fire in the belly cannot sustain. If you're lucky, it burns out. Before it burns you out... age 14 I met Ali but I knew her long before that. She agreed for me to take her out on a date in the same month I joined U2. The north coast of Dublin has dunes that are as unknowable as any great beauty and is home to seaside towns that are even more beautiful in the winter...when a young man might bring his girl to (re)visit the scene of his summer crimes...There've been times when it would have been sensible for either of us to go our own way but we have not and we are not (sensible)... when it comes to song-writing, not sensible is almost as good as a broken heart and far more romantic than a full one. We can spend our whole lives searching for cohesion, and in not finding it, turn the world into the shape of our disappointment. Or not. there is no end to grief... that's how I know there is no end to love.



The Miracle (Of Joey Ramone)

Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Danger Mouse, Paul Epworth and Ryan Tedder
Engineered by Matt Wiggins
Assisted by Adam Durbridge
Additional engineering by Declan Gaffney and Kennie Takahashi
Assisted by Todd Monfalcone and "Classy" Joe Visciano
Mixed by Matt Wiggins and Declan Gaffney
Assisted by Adam Durbridge
Programming by Paul Epworth and Ryan Tedder
Keyboards by Bono, Brian Burton, The Edge, Paul Epworth and Ryan Tedder
Additional percussion by Paul Epworth
Additional guitar by Bono
Acoustic guitar by Ryan Tedder and Declan Gaffney
Choir: Greg Clark, Carlos Ricketts, Tabitha Fair, Kim Hill, Quiona McCollum, Nicki Richards, Everett Bradley, Bobby Harden and Ada Dyer

Every Breaking Wave

Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Danger Mouse and Ryan Tedder
Additional production by Declan Gaffney
Engineered by Declan Gaffney
Assisted by Adam Durbridge
Additional engineering by Kennie Takahashi
Mixed by Tom Elmhirst and Ben Baptie
Keyboards by Ryan Tedder, The Edge, Brian Burton and Declan Gaffney
Dulcimer by Bono

California (There Is No End To Love)

Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Declan Gaffney, Paul Epworth and Danger Mouse
Engineered by Declan Gaffney and Matt Wiggins
Assisted by "Classy" Joe Visciano, Joseph Hartwell Jones and Adam Durbridge
Mixed by Declan Gaffney
Programming by Declan Gaffney
Keyboards by The Edge, Declan Gaffney, Bono and Paul Epworth
Backing vocals by Larry Mullen Jr and Declan Gaffney

Song For Someone

Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Ryan Tedder and Flood
Engineered by Declan Gaffney
Assisted by Adam Durbridge, Cecil Bartlett and Drew Smith
Mixed by Matt Wiggins
Assisted by Joseph Hartwell Jones
Keyboards by Ryan Tedder, The Edge, Flood, Bono and Declan Gaffney

Iris (Hold Me Close)

Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Paul Epworth and Ryan Tedder
Additional production by Danger Mouse
Engineered by Declan Gaffney and Matt Wiggins
Assisted by Adam Durbridge and Sean Oakley
Mixed by Declan Gaffney
Assisted by Sean Oakley
Programming by The Edge
Keyboards by The Edge, Bono, Adam Clayton, Ryan Tedder and Declan Gaffney

Volcano

Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Declan Gaffney
Additional production by Paul Epworth
Engineered by Declan Gaffney and Matt Wiggins
Assisted by Adam Durbridge and "Classy" Joe Visciano
Additional engineering by Ben Baptie and Kennie Takahashi
Mixed by Declan Gaffney
Additional Mixing by Ben Baptie
Choral Arrangement by Danger Mouse
Keyboards by The Edge and Declan Gaffney
Claps by Paul Epworth, Declan Gaffney
and "Classy" Joe Visciano
Additional guitar by Bono
Additional acoustic guitar by Declan Gaffney
Choir: Greg Clark, Carlos Ricketts, Tabitha Fair,
Kim Hill, Quiona McCollum, Nicki Richards,
Everett Bradley, Bobby Harden, Ada Dyer

Raised By Wolves

Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Declan Gaffney and Danger Mouse
Engineered by Declan Gaffney and Kennie Takahashi
Mixed by Ben Baptie
Programming by Declan Gaffney and Brian Burton
Keyboards by Brian Burton, The Edge, Bono
and Declan Gaffney
Additional percussion by Declan Gaffney
Vocal effects by Declan Gaffney

Cedarwood Road

Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Danger Mouse and Paul Epworth
Engineered by Declan Gaffney
Additional engineering by Kennie Takahashi and Matt Wiggins
Assisted by Adam Durbridge
Mixed by Tom Elmhirst
Additional mixing by Ben Baptie
Assisted by Adam Durbridge
Keyboards by Declan Gaffney, Paul Epworth, Brian Burton
and The Edge
Additional slide guitar by Paul Epworth

Sleep Like A Baby Tonight

Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Danger Mouse
Engineered by Declan Gaffney and Carl Glanville
Assisted by Chris Heaney
Mixed by Matt Wiggins
Programming by Declan Gaffney
Keyboards by Brian Burton, Leo Pearson and Bono
Additional guitar by Bono

This Is Where You Can Reach Me Now

Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Danger Mouse
Engineered by Declan Gaffney
Assisted by "Classy" Joe Visciano
Additional engineering by Kennie Takahashi
Mixed by Declan Gaffney
Assisted by "Classy" Joe Visciano
Keyboards by Brian Burton, Declan Gaffney, Bono, and The Edge
Additional percussion by Brian Burton
Backing vocals by Larry Mullen Jr, Declan Gaffney
and "Classy" Joe Visciano

The Troubles

Music by U2
Lyrics by Bono and The Edge
Produced by Danger Mouse
Featuring Lykke Li
Additional production by Declan Gaffney
Engineered by Declan Gaffney
Additional engineering by Kennie Takahashi, Matt Wiggins
and Ben Baptie
Assisted by Joseph Hartwell Jones
Mixed by Tchad Blake at Full Mongrel Wales
and Kennie Takahashi
Assisted by Todd Monfalcone
String arrangement by Caroline Dale
Cello by Caroline Dale
Violin by Natalia Bonner
Keyboards by The Edge, Brian Burton, Bono and Declan Gaffney
Lykke Li appears courtesy of LL Recordings /
Atlantic Records UK

Bono	Vocals
The Edge	Guitars and Backing Vocals
Adam Clayton	Bass Guitars
Larry Mullen Jr	Drums and Percussion
Guy Oseary	Manager
Brian Celler and Keryn Kaplan	Management
Michael Rapino and Arthur Fogel	
Music	U2
Lyrics	Bono and The Edge
Album Producer	Danger Mouse
Produced by	Paul Epworth, Ryan Tedder, Declan Gaffney and Flood
Engineered by	Declan Gaffney
Additional engineering by	Kennie Takahashi, Matt Wiggins and Ben Baptie
Assisted by	"Classy" Joe Visciano, Adam Durbridge, Joseph Hartwell Jones, Sean Oakley and Josh Smith
Mixed by	Declan Gaffney, Matt Wiggins, Tchad Blake, Tom Elmhirst and Ben Baptie
Assisted by	"Classy" Joe Visciano, Adam Durbridge and Sean Oakley
Recorded at	Electric Lady Studios, The Church Studios, Shangri-La, Strathmore House, Pull Studios, Assault and Battery, The Woodshed
Studio Crew:	
Studio Manager/Drum Tech	Sam O'Sullivan
Technical Manager	Rab McAllister
Guitar Tech	Dallas Schoo
Catering	Samantha Farrell
Mastering	Scott Sedillo at Bernie Grundman Mastering

Cover photograph of Larry and son Elvis by Glen Luchford

Band Photograph by Paolo Pellegrin

Creative Director Jefferson Hack

Cover designed by Shaughn McGrath, AMP Visual, Dublin

Designed by Xavier Encinas and Philipp Humm, MAD London
Shaughn McGrath with Steve Averill, AMP Visual, Dublin

Creative Agency MAD London, Christina Hardy

Creative Consultants Gavin Friday and Sharon Blankson

Album Production Manager Nadine King

Album Coordinator Jesse Peters

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All tracks written by U2 and published by Universal Music Publishing International B.V.

Thanks to:

To Jack Heaslip, our North Star. Lucy Matthew, Catriona Garde, Eabha B. Smith, Candida Bottaci, Liz Devlin, Sheila Peters, Ruth Spurling, Emma Mernock, David Enright, David Toraya, Allen Grubman, Theodore Harris, Jess Drabkin, Don Friedman, Larry Shire, Karen Gottlieb, Adam Rosen, Jordan Manekin, Fred Feingold, John Gula, Jennifer Czin, Mark Berg, Ilene Bashinsky, Frank Greene, Brian Murphy, Alan Murray, Gerrit te Spenke, Jan Favié, Anne-Marie Smith, John O'Neill, Ana Pires, Urszula Kot, Sara Zambreno, Abe Burns, Lori Magnier, Michelle Fabos, Sharon Blankson, Eva Maguire, Natalie Kinsella, Larry Raspanti, Dylan Bradshaw, Fintan Fitzgerald, Eoin Wright, Teri Jensen, Willie Williams, Dennis Sheehan, Tom Rye, Jake Berry, Joe O'Herlihy, Terry Lawless, Bruno Villers, Jussi Lomakka, Sharon Callaly, Cillian Guidera, Susan Hunter, Shan Lui, Missy Iredell, Michelle Lieu, Carmel Lee, Cecilia Mullen, Eileen Osborne, Avril Slevin, Gerry Watters, Chris Heaney, Rebecca Coffey, Eoin McLoughlin, Trevor Bowen, Paul Kremen, Lindsey Sheehan, Inge Eulitz, Bret and Theresa Alexander, Brian Murphy, Darren Murphy, Desi, Patrick Golden and all the lads.

Lucian Grainge for turning the lights back on, David Joseph, Max Hole, Darcus Beese, John Janick, Jon Turner, Steve Berman, Andrew Kronfeld, Rob Fleming, Christine Atkins, Gretchen Anderson, Frank Briegmann, Pascal Negre, George Ash, Rob Wells, Jesus Lopez, Dirk Baur, Randy Lennox, Mark Crossingham, Olivier Descroix, Alexandre Kirchhoff, Richard Constant, Jeff Harleston, Brenda Romano, Dennis Dennehy, Gary Kelly, David Hawkes, Dave Rene, Dyana Kass, Tal Oz, Sam Lunn, Rob Lynch, Sven Kilthau-Lander, Adam Barker, Claire Sugrue, Kabuki Snyder, Olly Lester, Hannah Strickland, Evan Lamberg, Brian Lambert, Paul Brooks, Lori Rosolino, Nathan Cole, Don Terbush and Paul Veitch and Chris Blackwell, happy to be home. Régine Moylett and Brídín Murphy Mitchell and RMP, Martin Wroe, Sebastian Clayton, Django Bayless, Tim Honan, Martin Mackin, Lindsey Holmes, Craig Evans, Gerry Barad, Eric Kert, Cynthia Oknaian, Bob Koch, John Giddings, Denis Desmond, Mark Stredwick and all at Live Nation Merchandising.

Thank you Simon Carmody and Gavin Friday for early mornings and late nights; for eyes and ears and friendship. Jefferson Hack for visuals and visions, Matthew Freud for cracking the code, Paul Wachter, Mark Devereux, Paddy McKillen for grace under pressure, Julian Lennon for hospital visiting hours and for a place to crash, bang and wallop. Samy and Bruna Sass for hospitality and a musical salon. Candice Hanson, Jeff Pollack, Barry Slattery, Dr Mark Holmes for patience with his patients.

Ali, for everything and on top of that, Jordan, Eve, Eli and John. Terry, Joy, Norman and his clan, Ian and his, and the rest of our family. To Guggi for wisdom since age 3... to all of the Stankards for the group therapy. To Edge, Adam and Larry - nice work if you can get it, and we did. To Gary the Jermyn, a poet in words and actions. To Reggie Manuel for keeping me there, Anne-Louise Kelly for lift off, Marc Coleman for steadfastness and Lian. Siobhan and Anna - soul sisters. To Miki, Nonie, Saoirse, Sue, Heidi, Loida, Susan, Simon, Mark, Dara, John, TH Homeland Security, Hagen, Bob, Simon, Ania, Julian and Dilek, Beta, Mark, Engine I miss you. For vision over visibility: Madiba and Graca, The Arch, Tadao Ando, Jeff Koons, Sean Scully, Hal Willner, Lou Reed and Laurie Anderson, Setsuko, Quincy, Paul Muldoon and Wim Wenders. Bill and Melinda, Marc Nuisance, Davis Guggenheim, the Buffetts, the Sachs, John and Ann, Sheryl and Dave, Mike and Diana, Ngozi, Mo and George the genius. To Bill, Hillary, Chelsea, Mark and ??, Bob Geldof and Richard Curtis the cartographers. 007 and the Mayo team, Colm O'Brien, Bob Ritch, Dr. Shiv, Müller and Imke. Peter Lacy and George Reddin. Serge - thank you for making the summer surge, Hugh for humour, Edwin, Carlos, Mick Meehan, David, Glenn and Lisa McNamara, Butch and Greg. The Finnegans, all at The Clarence Hotel, Coppinger Row and Cavistons, The Firehouse, Ruth and Richard Rogers, Café Habana, The Spotty Piggies Ken and April and Mario Batali.

Morleigh for her eyes and ears, arms and heart, Hollie, Arran, Blue and baby Luna, Sian, Levi, Hen Tadcu Garvin, Gill & Tim, Richard & Miranda, Lenny & Bob, Annie & Oguri, Eliza, Ger, Alex and Jamie, Ciara for inspiration, Aislinn, Chanty, Niall Percy Bysshe Walsh, Ned and ALK, all the Stankards, Gina and Walter, Gina and Bobby, Crista and Gary, Mario B, Marco, Moses, Cormack Creed, Ofelia, Sammy, Margo, Darren, Rima, Derek, Julian and Dilek, Beta, Mark and St Ann Gallagher. Grandmother/wife/sister/mother/friend Gwenda, you are still with us.

A.E.A.E. CC. Becky. Sam. LM Senior and Alice. Paul and Lins. John and Barbara. Mark. Libby and Rob. David, Sian, Liv and Lill. Rocco. Richard. Medhat and Paula. Suz. David Wirtschafter. John Fahey. Ruth, Emma, Margaret, Alan,

JP, Fatima and everybody at CL. Kathy Bero at Nugenesisfarm. Mary McGuckian and Donald Sutherland "for the journey". Teri Hayden. Jason Weinberg. Erik Poppe. Brian P Murphy. Damien Young. Paul Jacobs. Helen Kilroy. Paul S. B. Kennedy. Gerard Hartman. Carol Goldstein. Dan Hegarty. The Steadman Philippon Clinic Vail Col. Marc Philippon. Peter Millett. Linda. Penny. The SSC Santry, Dublin. Ray Moran. Hannan Mullett. Des Winter. J.Gibney and Sons. Errol Brown.

Mariana, Tera, Sergio, Luiza, Lou and Laurie, Sam and Sandy, Henry Mount Charles, Tom Conachy, David Landsman, Margaret Traynor, Maggie Rae, Geraldine Clarke, Michael Redmond, John Leslie, Marcus Spangler, Dee Dee, Paul Simenon, Steve Jones, Phil Lynott, JJ Burnel, Derek Forbes, Peter Hook, Pete Townshend, Les Pattinson, Joe, Kathleen, Lorraine, Collette, Giedra, Chris and Katie, Claire and Cyril, Stephan and Tania, Alice Daunt, Roni Horn, David Turner, Mike Rundell, Sean McMahon, Marlene Dumas, Tony Fullam, Sarah-Jane and Liz, Paul and Kathy, Moran's Hotel.

Thanks to Lykke Li, Mark Romanek, Aris McGarry, Mark Foster, Chris Martin, Spike Jonze, Chris Milk, Oliver Jeffers, Mac Premo, Grant Ransom, Rick Rubin, Usher, Barry Gorey, Matt Paul, Gem Jones, Noel Gallagher, Damien Hirst, Ant Genn, Paul Banks, Nicole MacKinlay Hahn, JR for his hospitality in NYC, Adele for raising the bar, Elton and David, Michael and Tomasz, RedOne, Glen Hansard, Damien Rice. Jann Wenner, Bill Flanagan, Judy McGrath, John Sykes, Anton Corbijn, Dave Fanning, Niall Stokes, Neil McCormick. Thanks to Christian Estrosi, Paul Allen and all of his team; George, Amal, Rande and Cindy for the loan of your casa, amigos. Thanks to the late but very great Steve Jobs. To Tim Cook, Eddy Cue, Jony Ive, Phil Schiller, Robert Kondrk, Jimmy Dickson and the entire team. We did it, and there's more to do.

Pull Studios, Electric Lady Studios, Church Studios, Assault and Battery, Shangri-La, The Woodshed, Strathmore House. Lee Foster, Vira Byramji, Eric Lynn, Richard Gibbs, Siobhan Paine, Scott Brittingham, Mitch Davis, Pete Giberga, Amy Schmaltz, Ian Montone, Jess Keeley, Scott Rodger, Ron Laffitte, Dana Salant, Ros Earls, Jonathan Dickins, Katy Dickson, Rose Moon, Gary Stamler, Nancy Sefton, Marie Lewis, Dave "Squirrel" Covell, Ricardo "Elmo" Kim.

Yamaha Drums, Paiste Cymbals, Promark Drum Sticks, Remo Drum Heads, Rock-it Cargo, Big Bear Sound, Sensible Music, Hanway Haulage, Roland Ireland, Fender Guitars & Amplifiers, Gretsch Guitars, Gibson Guitars, Fractal Audio Systems, Vox Amplifiers - Korg Keyboards, Warwick Bass Company, Fender Basses, Ampeg Bass Amplification, Aguilar Bass Amplification, Ashdown Bass Amplification, Danville Music, Taylor Guitars, Rickenbacker Guitars, D'Addario Guitar Strings, D.R. Bass Strings, Ernie Ball Guitar Strings, Dunlop Guitar Accessories, Levy Guitar Straps, Mates Cartage, Studio Instrument Rentals, Custom Audio Electronics, DiMarzio Guitar Pickups, Guitar Emporium, Ludwig Drums, Zildjian Cymbals, Larry Droppa and API, Guitar Centre and Diamond Pedals.

Thanks also from Bono to everyone at ONE and (RED), and all those who have supported their work, including their members, funders, all of the ONE Board, the (RED) partners and Ambassadors and to Tom Freston for steering the ship. To Mike, Jamie, Deb, Sheila, Marisa, Kathy, Luisa. Thanks to everyone at Elevation, to all at Edun, Nude and the mother ship LVMH. To Bobby Shriver for organisational genius, Bill, Bondo and Fred, Michael C & Jere. Barry, Alan, John C, Guy L.

Thanks also from Edge to Mencap. The team at Music Rising: Bob Ezrin, Caroline Galloway, Nina Miller & Henry J. Dr William Li, Dr Vince Li, and all at the Angiogenesis Foundation. To Mike Feldman, John Myers, & Liz Engel and all at Glover Park for your advice and help.

Executive producer-at-large Jimmy Iovine

This album is dedicated to Paul McGuinness who was, and always will be, there for us.

For information on U2, go to: www.U2.com

"BELIEVE THAT A FURTHER SHORE... IS REACHABLE FROM HERE" - Seamus Heaney

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"IT ALWAYS SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE, UNTIL IT'S DONE" - Nelson Mandela

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