

Bruce Dickinson, Sacred cowboys

With sense of irony everyone
you see is chasing their illusion
Take a dive or sink or swim,
but in the end you're
in the same pollution
In your world escape is swift,
the nonsense list
is all you need to know
In the land of dreams,
you make the right connections,
then you'll be the hero...
Ecstasy, the cult of me
provides our institutions
You can live forever
where graveyard that stands
that people used to function
You can join the
saviours of our culture,
vultures circling overhead my sky
Like the sin of gluttony
won't set you free,
but Betty Ford can help you try
You can get all the things
you never needed
You can sell people crap
and make them eat it

CHORUS:

Where is our John Wayne
Where is our sacred cowboys now?
Where are the Indians on the hill
There's no Indians left to kill
People die with oxygen
and all their money can afford a breath
People starving everywhere
and staring in the face of death
Prostitutes and politicians
laying in their beds together
You can be the saviour of the poor
making up the policies
to open the back door...
You can get all the things
you never needed
You can sell people crap
and make them eat it

REPEAT CHORUS (x2)

SOLO

You can get all
the things you never needed
You can sell people
crap and make them eat it
REPEAT CHORUS (x2)