Headswitch

Bruce Dickinson

What would induce you to swear your allegiance to God, tonight
Joined at the hip to a million volt switch of the light, alright
You want to find out what the planet's about
Falling from grace leaves a cool empty space in the sky
Your eyes are black as they see
The red ball of the sun, out they're blind
Dribbling with come as the volts start to arc through your mind
It's cruel but it's kind
Like father like son chop of the head and the body lives on
Falling from grace leaves a cool empty space in the sky
Like father like son
Chop of the head and the body lives on
Heaven that made you has screwed you and left
Falling from grace leaves a cool empty space in the sky

Songwriters
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