Cyclops (2001 Remastered Version)

Bruce Dickinson

We all have secret lives
In our secret rooms,
Living in our movies,
humming our own tunes
Living life in camera,
When the night is closing dovn,
Sliding into darkness,
You could be like meWhere are you going?
What are you doing?
Why are you looking
At the cameras eye?
Where are you staying?
Why are you leaving?
We watch you breathing
through the cameras eyeWe all make up our faces
The make up of the clown,
Happy leaving traces,
Of our childish background,
Pointing at the sky,
We can watch the stars
You think you're all alone,
But you never areThey ain't watching you,
They ain't watching you now,
They ain't watching you,
They ain't watching you now

Songwriters
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