

# Space Race

## Bruce Dickinson

Yes, yes I'd launch into the rising sun  
My living breath is measured  
Every step is done  
Fare you well my friends See you down the line  
Yeah, yeah...  
I don't belong to nation state or dying race  
I leave my prejudice With you my religion's in space  
So have a little respect  
Why are we running in this space race  
Why are we acting like we own the place Just want to feel the starlight on my face  
Reach out my hand and touch beyond...  
Yes, yes I'd float around till gravity's end  
Unity is coming, singular again

Songwriters

DICKINSON, BRUCE / DICKSON, ALEX JOHN Published by  
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