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 friendsSee you down the line
Yeah, yeah...
I don't belong to nation state or dying race
I leave my prejudiceWith 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 placeJust want to feel the starlight on my face
Reach out my hand and touch beyound...
Yes, yes I'd float around till gravity's end
Unity is coming, singular again

Songwriters
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