

# Son of a Gun

Bruce Dickinson

Holy was the preacher  
Riding on his rig of steel in the rising sun  
This was no grim reaper  
But a man with a smile who took a pride in a job well done, yeah  
In a blood-red sunrise  
He's preaching conversion as you lay down and die  
Die, die God given holy roller  
In a God forsaken land  
He didn't choose this killing ground  
He didn't want this part of land  
He's gonna scorch the earth  
And make the rivers run dry  
Until we learn to hate like him  
Oh kill for killing, live to die Ride on you son of a gun, ride on, ride into the setting sun  
Ride on you son of a gun, yeah  
Ride on you son of a gun, ride on, ride into the setting sun  
Ride on you son of a gun You gotta be a hero, yeah  
For one last time  
To prove through your destruction  
Killing is a great way of life  
We gonna scorch the earth, yeah  
And make the rivers run dry  
Until we learn to hate like him  
You kill for killing, you live to die Ride on you son of a gun, ride on, ride into the setting sun  
Ride on you son of a gun, yeah  
Ride on you son of a gun, ride on, ride into the setting sun  
Ride on you son of a gun The preacher laughed, the preacher cried  
He loaded bullets as he smiled  
The congregation sat and wondered  
Would they live or would they die?  
Just an ordinary man, with his orders and his plans  
In the shadows of a cross  
Oh in a blood-red sunrise  
Take me to Jesus, with Judas my guide Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Ride on you son of a gun, ride on, ride into the setting sun  
Ride on you son of a gun, yeah  
Ride on you son of a gun, ride on, ride into the setting sun  
Ride on you son of a gun, oh yeah Ride on, ride on, ride on, yeah  
Ride on, ride on, ride on, yeah

Ride on, ride to history, yeah Ride on, ride on, your bleeding heart  
Ride on, ride on, you played no part  
Ride on, you feel no pity  
Ride on, you feel no pain Ride on in to history

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