Sacred Cowboys

Bruce Dickinson

(woo, hey)
Mira, mira, mira, andale, andale, yeah-ow![spoken:]
With a sense of irony, everyone you see
Is chasing their illusions
Take a dive, or sink, or swim
But in the end you're in the same pollution
In your world, escape is swift
The nonsense list is all you need to know
In the land of dreams, you make the right connections
Then you'll be the hero...ecstasy
The cult of 'me' provides our institutions
You can live forever with a grave that stands
Where people used to function
You can join the saviors of our culture
Vultures circling overhead my sky
Like the sin of gluttony won't set you free
(but betty ford can help you try)You can get all the things you never needed
You can sell people crap and make them eat itBut where is our john wayne?
Where's our sacred cowboy now?
Where are the indians on the hill?
There's no indians left to kill[spoken:]
People die with oxygen
And all their money can't afford a breath
People starving everywhere
And staring in the face of death
Prostitutes and politicians
Lying in their bed together
You can be the savior of the poor
Making up the policies to open up the back door...You can get all the things you never needed
You can sell people crap and make them eat itWhere is our john wayne?
Where's our sacred cowboys now?
Where are the indians on the hill?
There's no indians left to killWhere is our john wayne?
Where's our sacred cowboy now?
Where are the indians on the hill?
There's no indians left to killYou can get all the things you never needed
You can sell people crap and make them eat it
Eat itThere is no john wayne
Where's our sacred cowboys now?

Where are the indians on the hill?
There's no indians left to killWhere is our john wayne?
Where's our sacred cowboy now?
Where are the indians on the hill?
There's no indians left to...
Kill

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