

# Sacred Cowboys (Live At the Marquee)

## Bruce Dickinson

With sense of irony, everyone  
You see is chasing their illusion  
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  
Besides 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 it Where is our John Wayne  
Where is our sacred cowboys now?  
Where are the Indians on the hill  
There's no Indians left to kill People die with oxygen  
And all their money  
Can afford a breath  
People starving everywhere  
And staring in the face of death  
Prostitutes and politicians  
Laying in their beds together  
You can be the savior  
Of the poor  
Making up the policies

To open the back door

Songwriters

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