

Sacred Cowboys (Alive in Studio A)

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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