No Lies

Bruce Dickinson

No lies, no angels, no lies, no angels
No lies, no angels, no lies, no angels
No Heaven, no Heaven, no liesNo lies, no angels, no Heaven
No lies, no angels, no HeavenWaitin' on a corner of a red light street
Where the dealers and the junkies and the graveyards meet
By the light of a street light moon
If you hang 'round here babe, you're leavin' soonOn the run from a country, from the law
Well, here's a safe place behind every front door
Wanna wander where the guide book doesn't go
Watchin' the windows, part of the sideshowNo lies, no angels, no Heaven
No lies, no angels, no HeavenWhere the money men's wallets bleed
Where the fat cat sinners fill their needs
Where the vicar goes for his sin
Where the stick up artist gets stuck inOh, look around here it's no big deal
For an ounce of pleasure or a five minute feel
Riding side saddle on a rented machine
Hang on loosely, part of the sceneNo lies, no angels, no Heaven
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