

# Meltdown

## Bruce Dickinson

Hey you wait... cringing in the dark  
You create what you always fear  
A puppet of hatred dishing out poison  
You use me, for bait, your begging bowl of lies  
Chain letters of sniveling compromise  
I can smell the difference... your truth and your fiction  
You and your twisted convictions  
Were you my friend when I belonged?  
Were you my friend when I was strong?  
Were you my friend when I was weak?  
Were you my friend when I was crawling calling... out of my head?  
Cold, like your blood the snake is always  
cool (cool)  
When things get tough  
You slither on the ground  
You cover up your tracks when I'm around  
It's over now my friend  
Your dog has got its day  
It's payback time, or what you had to say  
You're stuck with the life you made  
Stuck with the plans you made  
Stuck with everything you are

Songwriters

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