

Man on the Edge

Iron Maiden

The freeway is jammed
And it's backed up for miles
The car is an oven and baking is wild
Nothing is ever the way it should be
What we deserve we just don't get you see
A briefcase, a lunch and a man on the edge
Each step get closer to losing his head
Is someone in heaven are they looking down
Cause nothing is fair just you look around
Falling down
Falling down
He's sick of waiting of lying like this
There's a hole in the sky for the angels to kiss
Branded a leper because you don't fit
In the land of the free
You can't live by your wits

Songwriters

COOKE, BAYLEY / GERS, JANICK
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