

Bring Your Daughter... to the Slaughter

Bruce Dickinson

Honey, it's getting close to midnight
And all the myths are still in town
True love and lipstick on your linen
Bite the pillow, make no sound
If there's some living to be done
Before your life becomes your tomb
You'd better know that I'm the one
So unchain your back door, and invite me around

Bring your daughter, bring your daughter to the
slaughter
Let her go, let her go, let her go
Bring your daughter, bring your daughter to the
slaughter
Let her go, let her go, let her go

Let her go, ya hehhehe hehahha

Honey, it's getting close to daybreak
The sun is creeping in the sky
No patent remedies for heartache
Just empty words and humble pie
So get down on your knees honey
Assume an attitude
You just pray that I'll be waiting
Cos you know, you know I'm coming soon

Bring your daughter, bring your daughter to the
slaughter
Let her go, let her go, let her go
Bring your daughter, bring your daughter to the
slaughter
Let her go, let her go, let her go

So pick up your foolish pride, no going back
No where, no way, no place to hide, let her go

Bring your daughter, bring your daughter
Bring your daughter, bring your daughter
Bring your daughter, bring your daughter to the
slaughter
Bring your daughter, fetch your daughter
Bring your daughter, fetch your daughter
Bring your daughter, fetch your daughter to the
slaughter

Bring your daughter, bring your daughter to the
slaughter
Let her go, let her go, let her go
Bring your daughter, bring your daughter to the
slaughter
Let her go, let her go, let her go
Bring your daughter, bring your daughter to the
slaughter
Let her go, let her go, let her go

Let her go, let her go, let her go

I'm coming to get you now!