

Hell on Wheels

Bruce Dickinson

Devil's driving down the track
Helen's wheels, and they won't turn back
Engine racing down a one-way street
Speedo chasing that red-line heat
Into the blackness, into the night
Out of the tunnel, into the light
Red for danger, that's just for show
Climb aboard, come as you go

Hard to steer when the devil's driving
Helen's wheels, and the brakes won't hold
Hard to steer when the devil's driving
Helen's wheels, and the brakes won't hold

Too smart to come, she just arrived
Only gave her one, but she's using five...
Minutes of time in the usual place
If I was strapped in, you could sit on my place
The doors were locked, the windows sealed
Hitting me with the jack was the devil's deal
Blue light flashing as the lipstick smudged
Dived for cover in a tunnel of glove

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Something's driving me - I don't know where
Something down in my cellar somewhere
No one waiting for me down the line
No one waiting for me this time - check it out

Hard to steer when the devil's driving
Hell on wheels, and the brakes won't hold
Hard to steer when the devil's driving
Hell on wheels, and the brakes won't hold

Knuckle down, stick shift, take it slow
Easy come means easy go
Lay off the gas, make it last
'cos under my hood she's blowing fast
Into the blackness, into the night
Out of the tunnel, into the light
Red for danger - just for show
Climb aboard, come as you go

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Hard to steer, yes, it's hard to steer (lord)
Hard to steer when the devil's driving (c'mon)
Hard to steer, you know it's hard to steer
Hard to steer when the devil's driving