

Son of a Gun

Bruce Dickinson

Holy was the preacher.
Riding on his rig of steel in the rising sun.
This was no grim reaper.
But a man with a smile who took a pride in a job well done.
Ohh in a blood red sunrise.
He's preaching conversion as you lay down and die.

Just a god given holy roller.
In a god forsaken land.
He didn't choose this killing ground.
He didn't want this scrap of land.
You've got to scorch the earth, yeah.
and make the rivers run dry.
Untill we learn to hate like him.
Kill for killin'. Live to die.

[CHORUS:]

Ride on you son of a gun. Ride on. Ride into the setting sun.

You've gotta be a hero, for one last time.
To prove through your destruction.
That killing is a great way of life.
There's a wooden cross somewhere.
Where they'll bury you down deep.
You lie to your people, You lie to yourself.
Your in love with death babe.
You've got no shame.

[CHORUS]

The preacher laughed. The preacher cried.
He loaded bullets as he smiled.
Congregation sat and wondered.
Would they live or would they die.
Just an ordinary man, with his orders and his plans.
In the shadows of a cross.
Oh in a blood red sunrise.
Take me to jesus, with judas my guide.

[CHORUS]

Ride on your bleeding heart.
Ride on you play no part.
Ride on you feel no pity.
Ride on you feel no pain.
Ride into history.