

Bruce Dickinson

"No Way Out ... To Be Continued"

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Welcome to the world, young man
Welcome to the world that I have planned for you
It's all come true
Welcome to the city's gates
Camps of concentration for the poor
But not at my door
Welcome to the searchlights and the TV eyes
Watching you, watching me
Welcome to you new apartment
Welcome to your block of fear
You're welcome here
Go away!
Locked inside a concrete cage with those cameras for
my eyes
Outside are the population, the corpses and the flies
Got to keep my carpets clean
You know there's mites and rats and mites and things
living in a shagpile
Fear of death is my recipe for life and I'm
Locked in and I like it that way
I see no way out of here
There is no way out of here
I see no way out of here
Here I sit at my windowbox, I put flowers on the rocks
for you
I don't put water on the cracks because you know what
cracks can do
Gotta keep myself secure, you know there's
Emotions feelings, killer bugs live in a shagpile
Fear of life is the guarantee of safety
And I'm locked in and I like it that way
I see no way out of here
There is no way out of here
I see no way out of here
No way out!
Flowers on the window box are blooming
I pour water on the rocks so they won't die
The pattern on the carpet shows I'm human
I don't step on the foolish cracks, so I won't fry
The sky is blue, the weather seems appealing
I lay my hand upon the armoured glass
No more blood, I think my wound is healing

