

Bruce Dickinson

"Sacred Cowboys 3 51"

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With sense of irony - everyone

You see is chasing their illusion

Take a dive or sink or swim

But in the end

You're in the same pollution

In your world escape is swift

The nonsense list

Is all you need to know

In the land of dreams

You make the right connections

Then you'll be the hero...

Ecstasy...

The cult of me provides

Our institutions

You can live forever

Besides a grave that stands

Where people used to function

You can join

The saviours of our culture

Vultures circling

Overhead my sky

Like the sin of gluttony
Won't set you free
(But betty ford can help you try)
You can get all the things
You never needed
You can sell people crap
And make them eat it
Where is our John Wayne
Where is our sacred cowboys now?
Where are the indians on the hill
There's no indians left to kill
People die with oxycen
And all their money
Can afford a breath
People starving everywhere
And staring in the face of death
Prostitutes and politicians
Laying in their beds together
You can be the saviour
Of the poor
Making up the policies
To open the back door

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