

Space Race

Bruce Dickinson

Yes, yes, I'd launch into the rising sun
My living breath is measured, every step is done
Fare ye well my friends, see you down the line,
Yeah, yeah

I don't belong to nation state or dying race
I leave my prejudice with you
My religion's in space
Have a little respect...

Why are we running in this space race?
Why are we acting like we own the place?
Just want to feel the starlight on my face
Reach out my hand and touch beyond

Yes, yes, I'd float around till gravity's end
Unity is coming singular again
See you then my friends, at the end of time
Yeah, yeah

Secret knowledge, science, logic, all are gone
Nothing left but burning up into the sun
On a cosmic beach I'll see ya there

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