

Armchair Hero

Bruce Dickinson

You wanna talk? you wanna go?
From your armchair things you know

Secret plans, conspiracy
Little people all around

You curse love, you curse hate
You curse you life, you curse your face

Whatever you can be

If only you could learn
If only you could learn

Narrow-vision, that's the way
It finally helps you through the day
Too many reasons to believe
No time to understand

The clock is ticking like bomb
Subversive things that's going on
Your only certainty

If only you could learn

Victim gravel on your knees
Victim of your own disease
Make my day, why don't ya?
From your armchair, you're a hero

Screaming beauty, suicide
So cynical, you never tried
To understand the reasons
From your armchair you're a hero

If only you could learn
If only, If only, If only
If only you could learn