

Born in '58

Bruce Dickinson

On and on

Born in a mining town in ♦58

When black and white T.V. was up to date and men were still around

Who fought for freedom, stood their ground and died

That I could be alive and see the damage that we've managed since

In this sceptered Isle is nothing sacred, just the one square mile

Justice and liberty, you can buy, but you don't get free

In a world of steel and glass, we bury our past

On and on, we slept till dawn, when we awoke, we hardly spoke

My grandfather taught me how to fight

Old fashioned stuff like wrong and right

But all around I see his morals buried in a mess of money troubles

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On and on, we slept till dawn, on and on and on

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In a world of steel and glass, we bury our past

On and on, we slept till dawn, when we awoke, it was all the same