

# Bring Your Daughter... to the Slaughter

Bruce Dickinson

Honey, it's getting close to midnight  
And all the myths are still in town  
True love and lipstick on your linen  
Bite the pillow, make no sound  
If there's some living to be done  
Before your life becomes your tomb  
You'd better know that I'm the one  
So unchain your back door, and invite me around

Bring your daughter, bring your daughter to the  
slaughter  
Let her go, let her go, let her go  
Bring your daughter, bring your daughter to the  
slaughter  
Let her go, let her go, let her go

Let her go, ya hehhehe hehahha

Honey, it's getting close to daybreak  
The sun is creeping in the sky  
No patent remedies for heartache  
Just empty words and humble pie  
So get down on your knees honey  
Assume an attitude  
You just pray that I'll be waiting  
Cos you know, you know I'm coming soon

Bring your daughter, bring your daughter to the  
slaughter  
Let her go, let her go, let her go  
Bring your daughter, bring your daughter to the  
slaughter  
Let her go, let her go, let her go

So pick up your foolish pride, no going back  
No where, no way, no place to hide, let her go

Bring your daughter, bring your daughter  
Bring your daughter, bring your daughter  
Bring your daughter, bring your daughter to the  
slaughter  
Bring your daughter, fetch your daughter  
Bring your daughter, fetch your daughter  
Bring your daughter, fetch your daughter to the  
slaughter

Bring your daughter, bring your daughter to the  
slaughter  
Let her go, let her go, let her go  
Bring your daughter, bring your daughter to the  
slaughter  
Let her go, let her go, let her go  
Bring your daughter, bring your daughter to the  
slaughter  
Let her go, let her go, let her go

Let her go, let her go, let her go

I'm coming to get you now!