

Confeos

Bruce Dickinson

Story of one strange night in Japan...

In the smoky haze, she was dancing free
Should've ordered one but I ordered three
Then I watched the room, and it was dancing too
So I ordered four and I hit the floor

On the count of five, I was still alive
At the stroke of six, I picked a drink to mix
At the stroke of seven, I fell out of heaven
As the clock struck eight, I felt the hand of fate

BRIDGE:

You're in the spotlight
And I'm running out of time
You're in the spotlight
The wheels of your life starts now

Tell me what sin was on your mind, yeah
May I approach from behind, yeah
Tell me what sin was on your mind, yeah
Start confessing to your crimes, yeah

Well, I tried to come but I was already there
Did I arrive too soon? Well better late than never
When I come again, you will know it's time
Cause I have to go to catch another rhyme

Things are getting tight, maybe one more stroke
Any last words from the fiery folk

REPEAT BRIDGE

Tell me what sin is on your mind, yeah
May I approach from behind, yeah
Start confessing to your crimes, yeah
Tell me what sin is on your mind, yeah

Now the wheels of life goes rolling on, into the sun
Now the wheels of life goes rolling on, we roll as one

Tell me what sin is on your mind, yeah
Start confessing to your crimes, yeah
(2x)