

## Cyclops

Bruce Dickinson

We all have secret lives  
In our secret rooms,  
Living in our movies,  
humming our own tunes  
Living life in camera,  
When the night is closing down,  
Sliding into darkness,  
You could be like me

Where are you going?  
What are you doing?  
Why are you looking  
At the cameras eye?  
Where are you staying?  
Why are you Leaving?  
We watch you breathing  
through the cameras eye

We all make up our faces  
The make up of the clown,  
Happy leaving traces,  
Of our childish background,  
Pointing at the sky,  
We can watch the stars  
You think you're all alone,  
But you never are

They ain't watching you,  
They ain't watching you now,  
They ain't watching you,  
They ain't watching you now

Where are you going?  
What are you doing?  
Why are you looking  
At the cameras eye?  
Political sleazes,  
Sexual divas,  
We watch your heart beat  
Through the cameras eye.