

## No Lies

Bruce Dickinson

No lies, no angels, no lies, no angels  
No lies, no angels, no lies, no angels  
No Heaven, no Heaven, no lies

No lies, no angels, no Heaven  
No lies, no angels, no Heaven

Waitin' on a corner of a red light street  
Where the dealers and the junkies and the graveyards meet  
By the light of a street light moon  
If you hang 'round here babe, you're leavin' soon

On the run from a country, from the law  
Well, here's a safe place behind every front door  
Wanna wander where the guide book doesn't go  
Watchin' the windows, part of the sideshow

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Where the money men's wallets bleed  
Where the fat cat sinners fill their needs  
Where the vicar goes for his sin  
Where the stick up artist gets stuck in

Oh, look around here it's no big deal  
For an ounce of pleasure or a five minute feel  
Riding side saddle on a rented machine  
Hang on loosely, part of the scene

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