

Rescue Day

Bruce Dickinson

You don't know your jailer
Like you, he's never been free
He looks just like you, doesn't he?
He's got no sense of his own reward

Who needs freedom anyway?
When you've got your golden cage
What I call isolation
You might call it passion play

How long have you been here?
You really can't say
How long will you stay?
Who cares anyway?

It's a rescue day

What's the use in fighting
Battles that you can't lose
You're here by an invitation
Another's mad refuse

Escape is a temptation
But it's much too tough to choose
That's why I'm standing out here
That's why I'm waiting out here

It's a rescue day
Another rescue day

You build walls to keep me out
Or maybe to keep you in
Which ever jail you choose right now
Your house is not your friend