SON OF A GUN
Words & Music by Bruce Dickinson & Jannick Gers

Vocals

Guitar I

Guitar II

with chorus

Guitar II

Guitar I Tablature

Chords:

Em  Cmaj7  D  Em

Verse:

Cmaj7  D  Em  Cmaj7  D

Holly was the preacher riding on... his
rig of steel in the rising sun. This was no grim reaper, but a man with a smile who took a pride in a job well done.

Ooh, in a blood red sunrise, he's preaching con...
-version as you lay down and die.

Just a God given holy roller in a god forsaken land. He
Vx.  
D  Em

didn't choose this killing ground, he didn't want this scrap of land. He's gonna scorch the earth

Gr. II

D  Em

and make the rivers run dry until we learn to hate like him. Oh kill for killing, Yeah live to die

Gr. I

G  D

Ride on, you son of a gun, ride on, ride into the setting sun. Ride on you son of a gun. Yeah,

Gr. II

Em  C  G  C  D

D  Em  D  G  D

D  Em

D  G  D
ride on you son of a gun. Ride on, ride into the setting sun. Ride on you son of a gun.

You gotta be a hero for one last time, to prove through your destruction.

killing is a great way of life. There's a wooden cross somewhere where they'll bury you down deep. You

lie to your people, you lie to yourself, you're in love with death, death, you've got no shame.
Ride on, you son of a gun, ride on, ride into the setting sun. Ride on, you son of a gun. Yeah,

ride on, you son of a gun. Ride on, ride into the setting sun... Ride on, you son of a gun.

The preacher laughed, the preacher cried, he loaded bullets as he smiled. The congregation...
-tion sat and wondered, would they live or would they die? Just an ordinary man.

with his orders and his plans, in the shadows of a cross.

Ooh, in a blood red sunrise; take me to Jesus with Judas my
to history
ride on, ride on, you bleeding heart;
ride on, ride on, you played no part;

ride on, you feel no pity;
ride on, you feel no pain.

Ride into history.
TATTOOED MILLIONAIRE
Words & Music by Bruce Dickinson & Jannick Gers

Vocals

Guitar I

Guitar I Tablature

Overdub Guitar

Overdub Guitar Tablature

Guitar II

Guitar II Tablature

Bass

A  E  G♯  B  A  E  A  B  A  E  A  B

A  E  G♯  A  B  A  E  G♯  E  B♯

Vx.

Gtr. I

Gtr. II

Tab.

Bs.

Tattooed boys with expensive toys, living in a bubble of sin. Money can buy you most of anything.
fix your nose or the mess you're in. Front page news, you can share your views with a population that wants to be like you.

Out on the strip, out on the tiles, same old greed behind the P. R. smiles. You and all your entourage... to me you're all the same... You and all your entourage... playing foolish games.
I don't want your big city shining, I don't want your silver lining, I don't wanna be a tattooed millionaire.

I don't want your silver lining, I don't wanna be a tattooed millionaire.
He's got a wife, she ain't no brain child, ex mad queen of Miami. In his stretch cadillac, he keeps her.

in the back with his C.D. player and his bottle of Jack. L.A. dude, L.A. attitude.

laid back selfish and getting fat. Bodyguards, porn stars, gold credit cards; using each other.
I don't want your big city shining,

I don't want your silver lining,
I don't wanna be a tattooed millionaire.
BORN IN '58
Words & Music by Bruce Dickinson & Jannick Gers

(2nd time only) On and on, we slept till dawn. When we awoke,

(1) Born in a mining town in fifteen-eight, when black and white didn't fight,
(2) My grandfa-ther taught me how to-

we hardly spoke.

G D Am7 G D

Em

dampened gritty sound
T. V. was up to date and men were still around who fought for freedom, stood their ground and died that I could be alive and... see the damage that we've managed since... overdriven sound... in this sceptred isle: is nothing sacred just the one square mile...
Justice and liberty you can buy, but you don't get free.

In a world of steel and glass, we bury our past.

clean sound

On and on, we slept till dawn.

on and on and on.
Justice and liberty you can buy, but you don't get free. In a world of steel
and glass, we bury our past... bury our past.

On and on we slept till dawn.

When we awoke it was all the same.
HELL ON WHEELS
Words & Music by Bruce Dickinson & Jannick Gers

Vocals

Solo Guitar

Solo Guitar Tablature

Guitar

Guitar Tablature

Vx.

(1) Devil's driving down the track.

Smart to come, she just arrived, only gave her one... she's using five.

En-gine rac-ing down a one-way street," minutes of time in the usual place... If

Gt.

Gr.

Gr. Tab.

Vx.

speedo chasing that red line heat.

I was strapped in... you could sit on my place. The doors were locked, the windows sealed... hiting
out of the tunnel, into the light. Red for danger; that's just for show. Climb aboard, come as you go.
me with the jack was the devil's deal. Blue light flashing as the lipstick smudge. Dived for cover in a tunnel of gloom.

Hard to steer, when the devil's driving. He-lens wheels and the brakes won't hold.

Brakes won't hold. Something's driving me. I don't know where. Something down in my cellar someplace.
Hard to steer... when the devil's driving,
He's wheels and the brakes won't hold.

Hard to steer... when the devil's driving,
Hell on wheels and the brakes won't hold.

Knuckle down stick shift, take it slow,
Easy come means easy go...
Lay off the gas, make it last, 'cause under my hood she's blowing fast.

In to the blackness, in to the night,
Out of the tunnel, in to the light.
Red for danger, just for show; climb aboard, come as you go...
Hard to steer, yes it's hard to steer.

Hard to steer, when the devil's driving. (come on!) Hard to steer, you know it's hard to steer.

Hard to steer, when the devil's driving.
GYPSY ROAD
Words & Music by Bruce Dickinson & Jannick Gers

(1) Living in the city can be a cold and lonely place to be...
(2) Living by my own rules, a rebel yell and a rebel creed.
Living in the shadows, where there is no sun, there is no breeze, drinking stale water.

Keep your life simple, try not to take what you don't need. Think about freedom.

having to pay for the privilege.

dream a little every day,

talk about your freedom, suddenly you'll find yourself there, I'll take you where I follow me.

Gypsy road is the highway that I ran towards.

think it is.

walk this way.

Gypsy road.

overdriven sound.

Acoustic Guitar.

welcome to your dreams.

Gypsy road is the highway that I
Run to Gypsy road._ Oh Gypsy road.
clean sound

Dmaj7

CODA

road clean sound

slide guitar

C G C D G G
Gyp-sy road is the high-way that I run to. Gyp-sy road

third time only
two guitars
welcome to your dreams.

Gypsy road is the highway that I

run to.

Gypsy road welcome to your dreams.

I'll find my dreams.

you'll find yours too.
**DIVE! DIVE! DIVE!**

Words & Music by Bruce Dickinson & Jannick Gers

Spoken: Frankly, Seaman Staines, I don’t give a damn...

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**Openings shot across your bows, got tunnel vision, pull the sheets in now.**

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B Blast B A B Blast B A B Blast B A

Gon-na blow your mid-ships,

gon-na dive to-night,

there's no release till you're deep down inside...

Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh
(2) Davy Jones gon-na keep your bones, no mon-kee busi-ness now you're on your own.

Turn your stern and cov-er me, we're roll-ing swell, just an old sea-dog like me.

Gon-na blow your mid-ships, gon-na dive to-night, there's no release till you're deep down in-side...
Dive! Dive! Dive!... Dive! Dive! Dive!... Dive! Dive! Dive!... No maff too tough.

Vt.  

we dive... at five...

Vt.

(3) Seaman Staines is down below, tor-poes-loaded,....
we dive at five.

Oh Oh Oh Oh
Dive! Dive! Dive!

No muth too tough, we dive at five. spoken: Seaman Staines, consider yourself discharged.
Speed jive... don't want to stay alive when you're twenty-five... and Wendy stealing clothes from Marks and Sparks, and

Fred's got spots from ripping off the stars from his face, funky little boat-race.

Television man is crazy, saying we're juvenile delinquent wrecks. Oh man, I need T.V.? when I got
(2) Billy's look-ing sweet 'cause he dress-es like a queen, but he can kick like a mule. It's a real mean team. But we can love, oh yes

we can love. And my fathers back at home with his Beat-les and his Stones, he never got it off with that re-volu-tion stuff,

what a drag, too many snags. Well I drank a lot of wine and I'm feeling fine, I've got-
race some cat to bed. Oh man, is that con-cree all a-round or is it in my head? Brother I'm a dude now.

All the young dudes carry the news, boog-a-loo dudes carry the news.

Electric guitar

Repeat to fade
LICKIN' THE GUN
Words & Music by Bruce Dickinson & Jannick Gers

Spoken: Eat lead, you scum sucking...

Fast beat

Vocals

Guitar I

Guitar I Tablature

Bass

V. 

Gr. I

Gr. I Tab

B.

lick-in' the gun, lick-in' the hand that feeds you, lick-in' the gun finger,

lick-in' fun. Lick-in' the gun, lick-in' the hand that feeds you, lick-in' the gun finger, lick-in' fun.
(1) Senator husband goin' for broke, I've gotta prove I'm not a joke, we smoked the stuff in sixty-nine,

now it's different, it's a crime. Kids to-day don't understand, Kids to-day need a guiding hand. I get a

sticker if it rhymes with buck, when the law suits fly I guess I'll duck. Lickin' the gun, lickin' the hand that feeds you,

lickin' the gun-finger, lickin' fun. Lickin' the gun, lickin' the hand that feeds you, lickin' the gun-finger,
lick-in' fun. (2) Watch re-ligion come and go... watch corrup-tion on their shows. Buy your si-lence,
money for blood, out of the ark... and into the flood. Cra-zy men, with Rus-sian guns, my
words never killed an-y-one... Kiss-in' ba-bies, lick-in' the gun, ain't pol-it-i-cal, nah, just hav-ing fun.
Lick-in' the gun... lick-in' the hand that feeds you, lick-in' the gun... fin-ger, lick-in' fun. Lick-in' the gun... lick-in' the
hand that feeds you, lick-in' the gun. fin-ger, lick-in' fun.
(3) Eat it up, lay down and die, they'll shoot you up and they don't know why. They're doing a job and they en-
joy it too, they're protecting us from me and you. We smoked the stuff in sixty-nine,

now it's different, it's a crime. I don't care to wait and see if I'm cool enough to make
ZULU LULU
Words & Music by Bruce Dickinson & Iannick Gers

(Vocals)

(Guitar I)

(Guitar I Tablature)

(Distortion Guitar)

(Guitar II)

(Guitar II Tablature)

(A G D)

(Guitar I)

(Guitar I Tab)

(Guitar II)

(Guitar II Tab)

(Vx.)

(A G D)

(A G D C D A)

(3) She fixed me in the corner with that

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beau-ti-ful brown eye, she said, I’d like to meet you. I was so sur-prised. Well ‘What can I do for you? What can you do for me?’

We made for the ex-it, had to wait and see. ‘I hope I’m not wast-ing your pre-cious time’ I know you’re not wast-ing mine.

We came to-ge-ther o-ver cof-fee with milk, she nev-er stopped till ev-ery drop was split.
She was a Zulu Lulu, she broke my back and my heart at the same time honey, well

just a Zulu Lulu, I had to move on when I came back she'd gone, gone, gone. (2) She

dropped to her knees, I guess she had religion, she lived with her mother, had been a good girl twice. When I
asked her to comment on her present position, she said she'd like to take a lay preacher's advice...

I ain't looking for sympathy. But prayers for the wicked are kind-of nice. she said 'I don't like to preach to the converted.' I said 'you can be a good girl more than twice like this.'
She was a Zulu Lulu, she broke my back and my heart at the same time honey, well

just a Zulu Lulu, I had to move on when I came back she'd gone, gone, gone, gone, gone, gone, gone

u-way somewhere.
(3) I ain't look-ing for sym-path-y
but prayers for the wick-ed are
al-ways nice. She
looked me up and down and said

'As-se-gai for me' I
be-gan to see God, she said
'Wait and see babe,
wait and see babe,
wait and see babe,'
wait wait... I'm coming...
She was a Zu-lu Lu-lu,
she broke my back and my heart at the same time.

honey, well just a Zu-lu Lu-lu,
I had to move on, when I came back she'd gone, gone,
came back she'd gone... gone, gone, gone, gone... (repeat echo)
NO LIES
Words & Music by Bruce Dickinson

No lies,

no angels, no lies,

no angels, no lies, no angels,

no lies,

no angels, no heaven, no lies
(I) Waiting on a corner of a red light street where the dealers and the junkies and the graveyards meet. By the light of a streetlight moon, if you hang around here, babe, you're leaving soon. On the run from a country from the law, well, here's a safe place behind every front door. Wanna wander where the guidebook doesn't go, watching the windows, part of the show. No lies, no angels, no heaven. Oh, no lies, no angels, no heaven,
(2) 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. Look round 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.

No lies, no angels, no heaven. Oh, no lies, no angels, no heaven.

Repeat ad lib.

sound effects