

# Iron Maiden - Holy Smoke

Tom: E

Written by Steve Harris and Bruce Dickinson  
 Performed by IRON MAIDEN.  
 Taken from the album NO PRAYER FOR THE DYING.

Transcribed by Oskar "The Seventh Son" Wigren.

Opening riff:

End of opening riff.

Riff 2:

End of riff 2.

Verse:

Believe in me-send us money.

He died on the cross and that ain't funny.

Chorus:

Holy smoke, holy smoke,

plenty bad preachers for the devil to stoke

Riff 3:

Solo-riff 1:

End of solo-riff 1.

Solo-riff 2:

End of solo-riff 2.

Solo-riff 3:

Opening riff  
 Riff 2  
 Verse (4 times)

Chorus (2 times)  
 Riff 3 (2 times)  
 Verse (4 times)  
 Chorus (2 times)  
 Riff 3 (2 times)  
 Opening riff  
 Solo-riff 1 (2 times)  
 Solo-riff 2 (3 times)  
 Solo riff 3  
 Verse (4 times)  
 Chorus (2 times)  
 Riff 3 (2 times)  
 End  
 Lyrics:

Believe in me-send us money  
 He died on the cross and that ain't funny  
 But my so called friends are making me a joke  
 They missed out what I said like I never spoke  
 They choose what they wanna hear-they don't tell a lie  
 They just leave out the truth as they're watching you die  
 Saving your soul by taking your money  
 Flies around shit, bees around honey

Chorus:  
 Holy smoke, holy smoke, plenty bad preachers for  
 the devil to stoke  
 Feed 'em in feet first this is no joke  
 This is thirsty work making holy smoke

Yeah-yeah  
 Making holy smoke

Jimmy Reptile and all his friends  
 say they gonna be with you at the end  
 Burning records burning books  
 holy soldiers Nazi looks  
 Crocodile smiles just wait a while  
 til the TV Queen gets her make up clean  
 I've lived in filth I've lived in sin  
 and I still smell cleaner than the shit you're in

Chorus

Yeah-yeah  
 Holy smoke  
 Smells good

They ain't religious but they ain't no fools  
 When Noah built his Cadillac it was cool  
 Two by two they're still going down  
 and the satellite circus just left town  
 I think they're strange and when they're dead  
 they can have a Lincoln for their bed  
 Friend of the President-trick of the tail  
 Now they ain't got a prayer-100 years in jail

Chorus

Yeah  
 Holy smoke

Ahhhh

OSKAR WIGREN "THE FALLEN ANGEL WATCHING YOU"

1996-12-21

## Acordes

