

# Iron Maiden - Run Silent, Run Deep

Tom: C

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.

NOTE:  
 Iron Maiden have never played this song live.

Riff 1:

Verse 1:  
 The convoy lights are dead ahead

The Merchantmen lay in their bed, The thump of diesels hammers down,

In the oily sea-the killing ground

His knuckles white his eyes alight,

He slams the hatch on the deadly night, A cunning fox in the chickens lair,

A hound of hell and the devil don't care

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B-----|
G-----|
D--6--6--6-----|
A--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--|
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Chorus:  
 Running silent, running deep, we are your final prayer,

Warriors in secret sleep, a merchantman's nightmare,

A silent death lies waiting, for all of you below,

Running silent, running deep, sink into your silent sleep

Verse:  
 2. Chill the heart of fighting men,  
 3. The lifeboats shattered the hull is torn,

In open ocean wondering when? The lethal silver fish will fly  
 The tar black smell of burning oil, On the way down to Davy Jones

The boat will shiver-men will die  
 Every man for himself-you're on your own

A cast of millions-a part to play  
 The wolf eyes watch the crosswire

Killer? Victim? Or fool for a day Obeying an order-men have to die  
 "Stern tubes ready", "Aim and fire!" They can pin some medal on your chest,

Us or them-a well rehearsed lie  
 But in two more weeks-dead like the rest

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B-----|
G-----|
D--6--6--6-----|
A--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--|
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Riff 2:

Solo-riff 1:

Solo-riff 2:

Solo-riff 3:

Riff 3:  
 Running silent, running deep, we are your final prayer,  
 Warriors in secret sleep, a merchantman's nightmare.

Songstructure:  
 Riff 1 (2 times)  
 Verse 1  
 Chorus  
 Verse 2  
 Chorus  
 Riff 2 (2 times)  
 Solo-riff 1 (4 times)  
 Solo-riff 2 (4 times)  
 Solo-riff 3 (2 times)  
 Verse 3  
 Chorus  
 Riff 2 (2 times)  
 Riff 3  
 END

Lyrics:

The convoy lights are dead ahead  
 The Merchantmen lay in their bed,  
 The thump of diesels hammers down,  
 In the oily sea-the killing ground,  
 His knuckles white his eyes alight,  
 He slams the hatch on the deadly night,  
 A cunning fox in the chickens lair,  
 A hound of hell and the devil don't care

Running silent, Running deep, we are you final prayer,  
 Warriors in secret sleep, a merchantman's nightmare,  
 A silent death lies waiting, for all of you below,  
 Running silent, Running deep, sink into your final sleep

Chill the hearts of fighting men,  
 In open ocean wondering when?  
 The lethal silver fish will fly  
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 A cast of millions-a part to play  
 Killer? Victim? Or fool for a day  
 Obeying an order-men have to die  
 Us or them-a well rehearsed lie

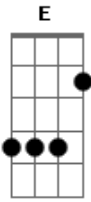
The lifeboats shattered the hull is torn,  
 The tar black smell of burning oil,  
 On the way down to Davy Jones,  
 Every man for himself-you're on your own  
 The wolf eyes watch the crosswire  
 "Stern tubes ready", "Aim and fire!"  
 They can pin some medal on your chest,  
 But in two more weeks-dead like the rest

OSKAR WIGREN 1997-02-09

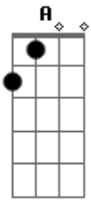
# Acordes



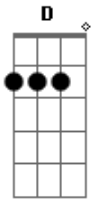
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