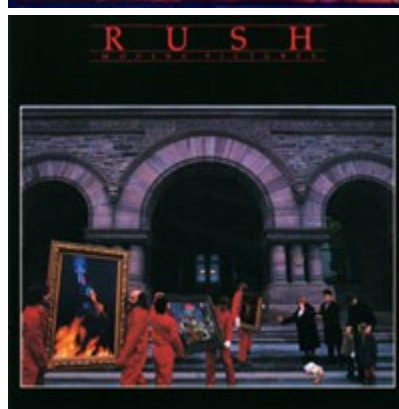
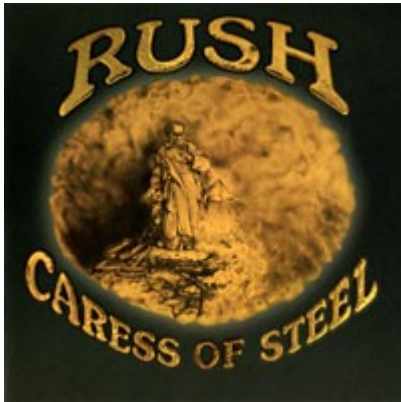


Rush

Lyrics

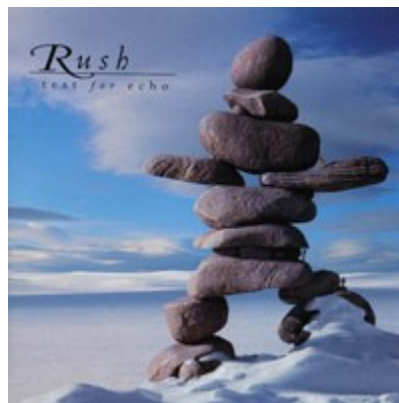
1974-2014



Rush

Lyrics

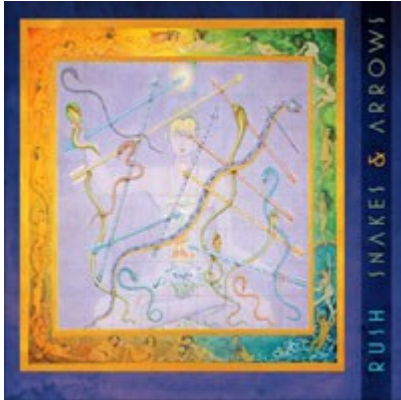
1974-2014



Rush

Lyrics

1974-2014



Rush

Rush

1974

Finding My Way (5:06)
Need Some Love (2:19)
Take A Friend (4:24)
Here Again (7:35)
What You're Doing (4:22)
In The Mood (3:34)
Before and After (5:34)
Working Man (7:10)



Finding My Way

Yeah, oh yeah!
Ooh, said I, I'm comin' out to get you
Ooh, sit down, I'm comin' out to find you
Ooh, yeah
Ooh yeah
Findin' my way!

I've been gone so long
I've lost count of the years
Well, I sang some sad songs
Oh yes, and cried some bad tears

Look out! I'm comin', whoa, whoa
Look out! I'm comin', whoa, yeah

I'm runnin', finding my way back home
Oh yeah!

Yeah, oh, yeah!
Ooh, said I, I'm comin' back to look for you
Ooh, sit down, I'm goin' by the back door
Ooh, yeah
Ooh, yeah
Findin' my way!

You've done me no right
But you've done me some wrong

Left me lonely each night
While I sing my sad song

Look out! I'm comin', whoa, whoa
Look out! I'm comin', whoa, yeah

I'm runnin', findin' my way back home

I'm comin'
Ooh, babe, I said I'm runnin'
Whoa, babe, I said I'm comin' to get you, mama
Said I'm runnin'

Ooh, babe, I said I'm comin' for you, babe. I said
I'm runnin'
Ooh, yes, babe, I said I'm comin' to get you, babe
I said I'm comin'
Ooh, yeah

I'm findin', I'm findin' my way back home
Well, I've had it for now, livin' on the road
Ooh, yeah
Ooh, yeah

Findin' my way!

Need Some Love

I'm runnin' here, I'm runnin' there
I'm lookin' for a girl
'Cause there's nothin' I need, there's nothin' I want more
In the whole wide world

Well, I need it quick and I need it now
Before I start to fade away
That's why I'm searchin', that's why I'm lookin'
Each and ev'ry day

[Chorus:]

Ooh, I need some love
I said I need some love
Ooh yes, I need some love
This feelin' I can't rise above
Ooh, yeah, yeah

Well, I been hustlin' here, I been hustlin' there
I been searchin' for about a week
And I started feelin' this strange sensation
My knees are startin' gettin' weak

Well, I need what keeps a young man alive
I'm sayin' I need it now
I'm gonna get the message across to you
Some way, some how

[Chorus]

Take A Friend

Well, I'm lookin' at you
And I'm wond'rin' what you're gonna do
Looks like you got no friends
No one to stick with you till the end

[Chorus:]

Take yourself a friend
Keep 'em till the end
Whether woman or man
It makes you feel so good...
So good

Yes, you think you're all right
But now you're lonely ev'ry night
Well, you need a friend
Someone on whom you can always depend

[Chorus]

Yes, you need some advice
Well, let me put it to you nice
I said you need a friend
Someone who'll stick with you to the end

[Chorus]

Here Again

I said I played this song so many times before
That the melody keeps repeating
Growing new ideas, flowing chords and notes
Like a mountain river bleeding

Well, I say as I look back at all the thoughts I've had
They reflect just what I'm learning
Yes, you know that the hardest part, yes, I say it is to stay on top
On top of a world forever churning

Well, you say you can laugh, but I can see that your eyes are glass
Well, do you see, can't you see, what I'm feeling?
Yes, I've seen your face before
Why, I've seen it everywhere
Showing up to me without a scent revealing

Well, I said will it ever change?
Will it stay the same?
I'd surely like to know before it's over
Well, I said I played some
I said it won't be long
Won't be long before I stop and play it over

You know I've, I've seen your face before
Is it ever gonna, ever gonna change again?
Oh, oh, I've, I've been in one place too long
Is it ever gonna, ever gonna change again?

What You're Doing

Well, I see you standin' there
With your finger in the air
Everything we do, you wanna leave it up to you

Who do you think you are?
You think you are a star?
Tryin' to run the town
Always tryin' to put us down

Well, you think that you're right
You think you're out of sight
Tell me something, mister
Why'd you have to make us so uptight?

Well, you say you've been tryin'
You know that you're lyin'
I think you need some groovin'
Who do you think you're foolin', now?

Well, you better start changin'
Your life needs rearrangin'
You better do some talkin'
Or you better do some walkin' now

Yeah, you think that you're right
You think you're out of sight
Tell me something, mister
Why'd you have to make us so uptight?

I know what you're doing
All that you been doin' wrong
I don't know what you're feelin'
Oh, but you been feelin' long

Well, you think that you're right
Tell me something, mister
Why'd you have to make us so uptight?

In The Mood

Hey, now, baby
Well, I like your smile
Won't you come and talk to me
For a little while?

Well, you're makin' me crazy
The way you roll them eyes
Won't you come and sit with me?
I'll tell you all my lies

[Chorus:]
Hey, baby, it's a quarter to eight
I feel I'm in the mood
Hey baby, the hour is late
I feel I've got to move

Well, hey, now, baby
Don't you talk so fast
I'm just tryin' to make these good times
I'm tryin' to make it last

Everything's getting hazy
Now honey, where'd you go?
I just want to find out, baby...
Where'd you learn what you know?

[Chorus]

Well, hey, now, baby
I said I like your style
You really got me, baby
Way down deep inside

Ooh, you drive me crazy
Baby, you're the one
I just want to rock and roll you woman
Until the night is gone

[Chorus]

Before and After

Love won't see me comin'
On a Sunday noon today
Still don't believe we're fadin'
But now the world should wait

And now you're finally listenin'
To what I have to say
Well, the time is right
And it is today

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Maybe we could talk about it
And try to get it straight
After all these years, baby
Maybe it's too late

But I really need to
Have you by my side
And that's the only feelin'
Baby, I can't hide

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Well you aren't listenin'
I ain't talkin'
We ain't gettin' nowhere

I keep tryin' to get through to you baby
All you do is stare

I don't wanna see that
I need you by my side
Well, I don't want to be your lover
Babe, I wanna be your man

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Well, now my story's over, baby
And I ain't gonna tell it twice
Well, you better start listenin'
Or get out of my life

Or you're gonna be left out
I said left out in the cold
Yeah, before you get my lovin'
Babe, you'll be too old

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Well, I'm talkin' to you baby
Well, I said yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Working Man

I get up at seven, yeah
And I go to work at nine
I got no time for livin'
Yes, I'm workin' all the time

[Chorus:]
It seems to me
I could live my life
A lot better than I think I am
I guess that's why they call me
They call me the working man

They call me the working man
I guess that's what I am

I get home at five o'clock
And I take myself out a nice, cold beer
Always seem to be wonderin'
Why there's nothin' goin' down here

[Chorus]

Well, they call me the working man
I guess that's what I am

Rush

Fly By Night

1975

Anthem (4:22)
Best I Can (3:25)
Beneath, Between and Behind (3:02)
By-Tor and the Snowdog (8:37)
 I. At The Tobes of Hades
 II. Across The Styx
 III. Of The Battle
 IV. Epilogue
Fly By Night (3:21)
Making Memories (2:58)
Rivendell (4:57)
In The End (6:47)



Anthem

Know your place in life is where you want to be
Don't let them tell you that you owe it all to me
Keep on looking forward; no use in looking 'round
Hold your head above the ground and they won't bring you down

Anthem of the heart and anthem of the mind
A funeral dirge for eyes gone blind
We marvel after those who sought
New wonders in the world, wonders in the world,
Wonders in the world they wrought.

Live for yourself -- there's no one else
More worth living for
Begging hands and bleeding hearts will
Only cry out for more

Well, I know they've always told you
Selfishness was wrong
Yet it was for me, not you, I
Came to write this song

Best I Can

I've got a livin' that's rough, a future that's tough
You know what I mean
Blankers and boasters, all the bluffers and posers
I'm not into that scene

You can tell me that I got no class
Look around, you'll see who's laughin' last
Don't give me speeches 'cause they're oh so droll
Leave me alone, let me rock and roll

Got an itchin' to rock, a hate for small talk
I'm funny that way
Got my sights on the stars, won't get that far
But I'll try anyway
I just like to please, don't like to tease
I'm easy like that
Don't like long rests, I must confess
I'm an impatient cat

I do the best that I can
I'm just what I am
I do the best I can
Well, I know what I am
Rock and roll-in's a scream, makin' millions my dream
Well, I do that a lot
I'll just give it a try, won't let good times pass me by
They're all I've got

Beneath, Between And Behind

Ten score years ago, defeat the kingly foe
A wondrous dream came into being
Tame the trackless waste, no virgin land left chaste
All shining eyes, but never seeing

Beneath the noble bird
Between the proudest words
Behind the beauty, cracks appear
Once, with heads held high
They sang out to the sky
Why do their shadows bow in fear?

Watch the cities rise
Another ship arrives
Earth's melting pot and ever growing
Fantastic dreams come true
Inventing something new
The greatest minds, and never knowing...

The guns replace the plow, facades are tarnished now
The principles have been betrayed
The dreams's gone stale, but still, let hope prevail
History's debt won't be repaid

By-Tor And The Snow Dog

I. At The Tobes Of Hades

The Tobes of Hades, lit by flickering torchlight
The netherworld is gathered in the glare
Prince By-Tor takes the cavern to the north light
The sign of Eth is rising in the air.
By-Tor, knight of darkness,
Centurion of evil, devil's prince.

II. Across The Styx

Across the River Styx, out of the lamplight
His nemesis is waiting at the gate
The Snow Dog, ermine glowing in the damp night
Coal-black eyes shimmering with hate.
By-Tor and the Snow Dog
Square for battle, let the fray begin...

III. The Battle

- i) Challenge And Defiance
- ii) 7/4 War Furor
- iii) Aftermath
- iv) Hymn of Triumph

IV. Epilogue

The battle's over and the dust is clearing
Disciples of the Snow Dog sound the knell
Rejoicing echoes as the dawn is nearing
By-Tor in defeat retreats to Hell
Snow Dog is victorious
The land of the Overworld is saved again.

Fly By Night

Airport scurry flurry faces
Parade of passers by
People going many places
With a smile or just a sigh
Waiting waiting pass the time
Another cigarette
Get in line - gate thirty-nine
The time is not here yet

Why try? I know why
The feeling inside me says it's time I was gone
Clear head, new life ahead
I want to be king now not just one more pawn

Fly by night, away from here
Change my life again
Fly by night goodbye my dear
My ship isn't coming and I just can't pretend

Moon rise, thoughtful eyes
Staring back at me from the window beside
No fright or hindsight
Leaving behind that empty feeling inside

Start a new chapter
Find what I'm after
It's changing every day
The change of a season
Is enough of a reason
To want to get away

Quiet and pensive
My thoughts apprehensive
The hours drift away
Leaving my homeland
Playing a lone hand
My life begins today

Making Memories

There's a time for feelin' as good as we can
The time is now, and there's no stoppin' us
There's a time for livin' as high as we can
Behind us you will only see our dust.

You know we're havin' good days
And we hope they're gonna last
Our future still looks brighter than our past
We feel no need to worry
No reason to be sad
Our mem'ries remind us, maybe road life's not so bad.

Just keep smilin', move onward ev'ry day
And try to keep our thoughts away from home
We're trav'lin' around, no time to settle down
And satisfy our wanderlust to roam.

Well from sea to shining sea, and a hundred points between
Still we go on diggin' ev'ry show
The cities in the land all extend a welcome hand
Till morning when it's time for us to go.

Rivendell

Sunlight dances through the leaves
Soft winds stir the sighing trees
Lying in the warm grass
Feel the sun upon your face
Elfin songs and endless nights
Sweet wine and soft relaxing lights
Time will never touch you
Here in this enchanted place

I've traveled now for many miles
It feels so good to see the smiles of
Friends who never left your mind
When you were far away
From the golden light of coming dawn
Till the twilight where the sun is gone
We treasure ev'ry season
And ev'ry passing day

You feel there's something calling you
You're wanting to return
To where the misty mountains rise and friendly fires burn
A place you can escape the world
Where the dark lord cannot go
Peace of mind and sanctuary by loud water's flow

We feel the coming of a new day
Darkness gives way to light a new way
Stop here for a while until the world,
The world calls you away
Yet you know I've had the feeling
Standing with my senses reeling
This is the place to grow old till
I reach my final day.

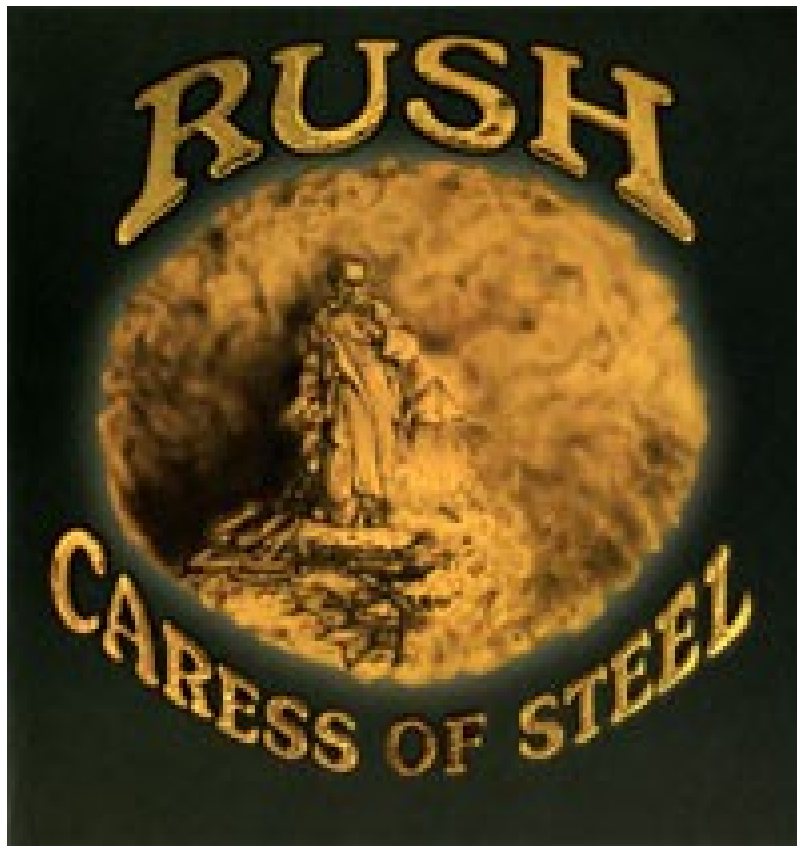
In The End

Well, I can see what you mean
It just takes me longer
And I can feel what you feel
It just makes you stronger

I know, I know, I know
Oh, the feeling grows
I see, I see, I see
It's got to be
You can take me for a little while
You can take me, you can make me smile in the end

Well, I can do what you do
You just do it better
And I can cry like you cry
It just makes me sadder
Well, I can shine like you shine
It doesn't make me brighter
But if I think like you think
It don't make my load much lighter

Bastille Day (4:37)
I Think I'm Going Bald (3:37)
Lakeside Park (4:08)
The Necromancer (12:30)
 I. Into Darkness (4:12)
 II. Under The Shadow (4:25)
 III. Return of the Prince (3:52)
The Fountain of Lamneth (19:59)
 I. In the Valley (4:18)
 II. Didacts and Narpets (1:00)
 III. No One at the Bridge (4:19)
 IV. Panacea (3:14)
 V. Bacchus Plateau (3:13)
 VI. The Fountain (3:49)



Bastille Day

There's no bread, let them eat cake
There's no end to what they'll take
Flaunt the fruits of noble birth
Wash the salt into the earth
But they're marching to Bastille Day
La guillotine will claim her bloody prize
Free the dungeons of the innocent
The king will kneel, and let his kingdom rise

Bloodstained velvet, dirty lace
Naked fear on every face
See them bow their heads to die
As we would bow as they rode by

And we're marching to Bastille Day
La guillotine will claim her bloody prize
Sing, o choirs of cacophony
The king has kneeled, to let his kingdom rise.

Lessons taught but never learned
All around us anger burns
Guide the future by the past
Long ago the mould was cast

For they marched up to Bastille Day
La guillotine - claimed her bloody prize
Hear the echoes of the centuries
Power isn't all that money buys

I Think I'm Going Bald

I looked in the mirror today
My eyes just didn't seem so bright
I've lost a few more hairs
I think I'm going bald
I think I'm going bald
Seems like only yesterday
We would sit and talk of dreams all night
Dreams of youth
And simple truths
Now we're so involved
So involved with life

Walk down vanity fair
Memory lane everywhere
Wall Street shuffles there
Dressed in flowing hair

Once we loved the flowers
Now we ask the price of the land
Once we would take water
But now it must be wine
Now we've been
And now we've seen
What price peace of mind
Take a piece of my mind

My life is slipping away
I'm aging every day
But even when I'm grey
I'll still be grey my way

Lakeside Park

Midway hawkers calling
Try your luck with me
Merry-go-round wheezing
The same old melody
A thousand ten cent wonders
Who could ask for more
A pocketful of silver
The key to heaven's door

Lakeside Park
Willows in the breeze
Lakeside Park
So many memories
Laughing rides
Midway lights
Shining stars on summer nights

Days of barefoot freedom
Racing with the waves
Nights of starlit secrets
Crackling driftwood flames
Drinking by the lighthouse
Smoking on the pier
Still we saw the magic
Fading every year

Everyone would gather
On the twenty fourth of May
Sitting in the sand
To watch the fireworks display
Dancing fires on the beach
Singing songs together
Though it's just a memory
Some memories last forever

The Necromancer

I. Into Darkness

As grey traces of dawn tinge the eastern sky, the three travelers, men of Willow Dale, emerge from the forest shadow. Fording the River Dawn, they turn south, journeying into the dark and forbidding lands of the Necromancer. Even now the intensity of his dread power can be felt, weakening the body and saddening the heart. Ultimately they will become empty, mindless spectres, stripped of will and soul. Only their thirst for freedom gives them hunger for vengeance...

Silence shrouds the forest
As the birds announce the dawn
Three trav'lers ford the river
And southward journey on
The road is lined with peril
The air is charged with fear
The shadow of his nearness
Weighs like iron tears

II. Under the Shadow

Shreds of black cloud loom in overcast skies. The Necromancer keeps watch with his magic prism eyes. He views all his lands and is already aware of the three helpless invaders trapped in his lair..

Brooding in the tower
Watching o'er his land
Holding ev'ry creature
Helplessly they stand
Gaze into his prisms
Knowing they are near
Lead them to the dungeons
Spectres numb with fear
They bow defeated

III. Return of the Prince

Enter the Champion. Prince By-Tor appears to battle for freedom from chains of long years. The spell has been broken...the Dark Lands are bright, the Wraith of the Necromancer soars away...in the night.

Stealthily attacking
By-Tor slays his foe
The men are free to run now
From labyrinths below
The Wraith of Necromancer
Shadows through the sky
Another land to darken
With evil prism eye...

Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor opus

The Fountain of Lamneth

I. In the Valley

I am born
I am me
I am new
I am free
Look at me
I am young
Sight unseen
Life unsung

My eyes have just been opened
And they're open very wide
Images around me
Don't identify inside
Just one blur I recognize
The one that soothes and feeds
My way of life is easy
And as simple are my needs

Yet my eyes are drawn toward
The mountain in the east
Fascinates and captivates
Gives my heart no peace
The mountain holds the sunrise
In the prison of the night
Till bursting forth from rocky chains
The valley floods with light

Living one long sunrise
For to me all things are new
I've never watched the sky grow pale
Or strolled through fields of dew
I do not know of dust to dust
I live from breath to breath
I live to climb that mountain to
The Fountain of Lamneth

II. Didacts and Narpets

Stay! Go!
Work! No!
Learn! Live!
Earn! Give!
Stay or fight? What's right?
Listen!

III. No One At the Bridge

Crying back to consciousness
The coldness grips my skin
The sky is pitching violently
Drawn by shrieking winds
Seaspray blurs my vision
Waves roll by so fast
Save my ship of freedom
I'm lashed helpless to the mast

Call out for direction
And there's no one there to steer
Shout out for salvation
But there's no one there to hear
Cry out supplication
For the maelstrom is near
Scream out desperation
But no one cares to hear

Remembering when first I held
The wheel in my own hands
I took the helm so eagerly
And sailed for distant lands
But now the sea's too heavy
And I just don't understand
Why must my crew desert me
When I need a guiding hand

IV. Panacea

The whiteness of confusion
Is unfolding from my mind
I stare around in wonder
Have I left my life behind

I catch the scent of ambergris
And turn my head... surprised
My gaze is caught and held
And I am helpless, mesmerized

Panacea - liquid grace
Oh let me touch your fragile face
Enchantment falls around me
And I know I cannot leave

Here's a meaning for my life
A shelter from the storm
Pacify my troubles with
Her body, soft and warm

Naked in our unity
A smile for every tear
Gentle hands that promise me
Comfort through the years
Yet I know I must be gone
Before the light of dawn

Panacea - passion pure
I can't resist your gentle lure
My heart will lie beside you
And my wandering body grieves

V. Bacchus Plateau

Another endless day
Silhouettes of grey
Another glass of wine
Drink with eyes that shine
To days without that chill at morning
Long nights time out of mind

Draw another goblet
From the cask of '43
Crimson misty memory
Hazy glimpse of me
Give me back my wonder
- I've something more to give
I guess it doesn't matter
- There's not much more to live

Another foggy dawn
The mountain almost gone
Another doubtful fear
The road is not so clear
My soul grows ever weary
And the end is ever near

VI. The Fountain

Look... the mist is rising
And the sun is peaking through
See, the steps grow lighter
As I reach their final few
Hear, the dancing waters
I must be drawing near
Feel, my heart is pounding
With embattled hope and fear

Now, at last I fall before
The Fountain of Lamneth
I thought I would be singing
But I'm tired... out of breath
Many journeys end here
But, the secret's told the same
Life is just a candle
And a dream must give it flame

The key, the end, the answer
Stripped of their disguise
Still it's all confusion
And tears spring to my eyes
Though I've reached a signpost
It's really not the end
Like Old Sol behind the mountain
I'll be coming up again...

I'm in motion
I am still
I am crying
I am still
I'm together
I'm apart
I'm forever
At the start

Still... I am

Rush

2112

1976

2112 (20:34)

I. Overture (4:32)

II. Temples of Syrinx (2:13)

III. Discovery (3:29)

IV. Presentation (3:42)

V. Oracle: The Dream (2:00)

VI. Soliloquy (2:21)

VII. The Grand Finale (2:14)

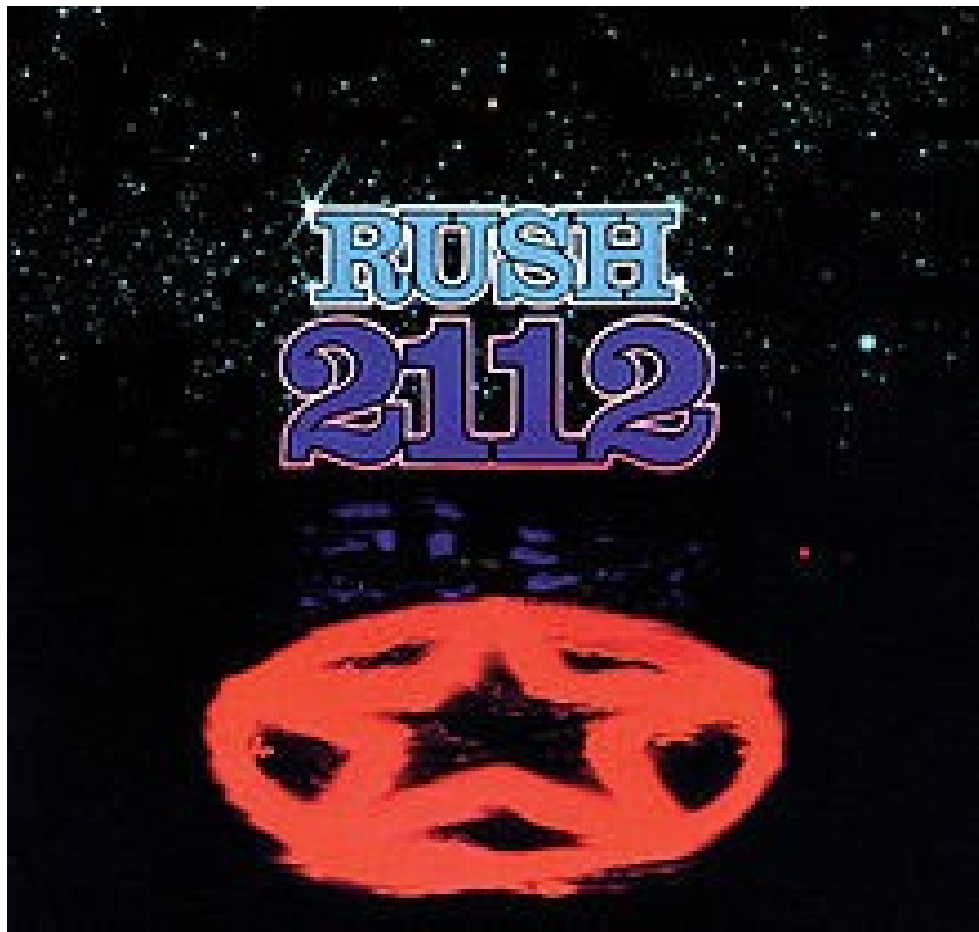
A Passage To Bangkok (3:34)

The Twilight Zone (3:17)

Lessons (3:51)

Tears (3:31)

Something For Nothing (3:59)



2112

"I lie awake, staring out at the bleakness of Megadon. City and sky become one, merging into a single plane, a vast sea of unbroken grey. The Twin Moons, just two pale orbs as they trace their way across the steely sky. I used to think I had a pretty good life here, just plugging into my machine for the day, then watching Templevision or reading a Temple Paper in the evening.

"My friend Jon always said it was nicer here than under the atmospheric domes of the Outer Planets. We have had peace since 2062, when the surviving planets were banded together under the Red Star of the Solar Federation. The less fortunate gave us a few new moons.

I believed what I was told. I thought it was a good life, I thought I was happy. Then I found something that changed it all..." - Anonymous, 2112

I. Overture

"And the meek shall inherit the earth."

II. Temples of Syrinx

... "The massive grey walls of the Temples rise from the heart of every Federation city. I have always been awed by them, to think that every single facet of every life is regulated and directed from within! Our books, our music, our work and play are all looked after by the benevolent wisdom of the priests..."

We've taken care of everything
The words you hear the songs you sing
The pictures that give pleasure to your eyes.

It's one for all and all for one
We work together common sons
Never need to wonder how or why.

We are the Priests, of the Temples of Syrinx
Our great computers fill the hallowed halls.
We are the Priests, of the Temples of Syrinx
All the gifts of life are held within our walls.

Look around this world we made
Equality our stock in trade
Come and join the Brotherhood of Man
Oh what a nice contented world
Let the banners be unfurled
Hold the Red Star proudly high in hand.

We are the Priests, of the Temples of Syrinx
Our great computers fill the hallowed halls.
We are the Priests, of the Temples of Syrinx
All the gifts of life are held within our walls.

III. Discovery

... "Behind my beloved waterfall, in the little room that

was hidden beneath the cave, I found it. I brushed away the dust of the years, and picked it up, holding it reverently in my hands. I had no idea what it might be, but it was beautiful" ...

... "I learned to lay my fingers across the wires, and to turn the keys to make them sound differently. As I struck the wires with my other hand, I produced my first harmonious sounds, and soon my own music! How different it could be from the music of the Temples! I can't wait to tell the priests about it! ..."

What can this strange device be?
When I touch it, it gives forth a sound
It's got wires that vibrate and give music
What can this thing be that I found?

See how it sings like a sad heart
And joyously screams out its pain
Sounds that build high like a mountain
Or notes that fall gently like rain.

I can't wait to share this new wonder
The people will all see its light
Let them all make their own music
The Priests praise my name on this night.

IV. Presentation

... "In the sudden silence as I finished playing, I looked up to a circle of grim, expressionless faces. Father Brown rose to his feet, and his somnolent voice echoed throughout the silent Temple Hall." ...

... "Instead of the grateful joy that I expected, they were words of quiet rejection! Instead of praise, sullen dismissal. I watched in shock and horror as Father Brown ground my precious instrument to splinters beneath his feet..."

I know it's most unusual
To come before you so

But I've found an ancient miracle
I thought that you should know

Listen to my music
And hear what it can do
There's something here as strong as life
I know that it will reach you.

Yes, we know it's nothing new
It's just a waste of time
We have no need for ancient ways
The world is doing fine

Another toy will help destroy
The elder race of man
Forget about your silly whim
It doesn't fit the plan.

I can't believe you're saying
These things just can't be true
Our world could use this beauty
Just think what we might do.

Listen to my music
And hear what it can do
There's something here as strong as life
I know that it will reach you.

Don't annoy us further
We have our work to do.
Just think about the average
What use have they for you?

Another toy will help destroy
The elder race of man
Forget about your silly whim
It doesn't fit the plan.

V. Oracle: The Dream

... "I guess it was a dream, but even now it all seems so vivid to me. Clearly yet I see the beckoning hand of the oracle as he stood at the summit of the staircase" ...

... "I see still the incredible beauty of the sculptured cities and the pure spirit of man revealed in the lives and works of this world. I was overwhelmed by both wonder and understanding as I saw a completely different way to life, a way that had been crushed by the Federation long ago. I saw now how meaningless life had become with the loss of all these things ..."

I wandered home though the silent streets

And fell into a fitful sleep
Escape to realms beyond the night
Dream can't you show me the light?

I stand atop a spiral stair
An oracle confronts me there
He leads me on light years away
Through astral nights, galactic days

I see the works of gifted hands
That grace this strange and wondrous land
I see the hand of man arise
With hungry mind and open eyes

They left the planet long ago
The elder race still learn and grow
Their power grows with purpose strong
To claim the home where they belong
Home, to tear the Temples down...
Home, to change..

VI. Soliloquy

... "I have not left this cave for days now, it has become my last refuge in my total despair. I have only the music of the waterfall to comfort me now. I can no longer live under the control of the Federation, but there is no other place to go. My last hope is that with my death I may pass into the world of my dream, and know peace at last."

The sleep is still in my eyes
The dream is still in my head
I heave a sigh and sadly smile
And lie a while in bed
I wish that it might come to pass
Not fade like all my dreams

Just think of what my life might be
In a world like I have seen
I don't think I can carry on
Carry on this cold and empty life
Oh...noo.

My spirits are low in the depths of despair
My lifeblood spills over..

VII. The Grand Finale

Attention all Planets of the Solar Federation
Attention all Planets of the Solar Federation
Attention all Planets of the Solar Federation
We have assumed control.
We have assumed control. We have assumed control.

A Passage to Bangkok

Our first stop is in Bogota
To check Colombian fields
The natives smile and pass along
A sample of their yield
Sweet Jamaican pipe dreams
Golden Acapulco nights
Then Morocco, and the East,
Fly by morning light

We're on the train to Bangkok
Aboard the Thailand Express
We'll hit the stops along the way
We only stop for the best

Wreathed in smoke in Lebanon
We burn the midnight oil
The fragrance of Afghanistan
Rewards a long day's toil
Pulling into Katmandu
Smoke rings fill the air
Perfumed by a Nepal night
The Express gets you there

The Twilight Zone

A pleasant faced man steps up to greet you
He smiles and says he's pleased to meet you
Beneath his hat the strangeness lies
Take it off, he's got three eyes
Truth is false and logic lost
Now the fourth dimension is crossed

You have entered the Twilight Zone
Beyond this world strange things are known
Use the key, unlock the door
See what your fate might have in store
Come explore your dreams' creation
Enter this world of imagination

Wake up lost in an empty town
Wondering why no one else is around
Look up to see a giant boy
You've just become his brand new toy
No escape, no place to hide
Here where Time and Space collide

Lessons

Sweet memories Flashing very quickly by
Reminding me Giving me a reason why
I know that My goal is more than a thought
I'll be there When I teach what I've been taught

You know we've told you before
But you didn't hear us then
So you still question why
You didn't listen again

Sweet memories I never thought it would be like this
Reminding me Just how close I came to missing
I know that This is the way for me to go
You'll be there When you know what I know

Tears

All of the seasons
And all of the days
All of the reasons
Why I've felt this way
So long
So long

Then lost in that feeling
I looked in your eyes
I noticed emotion
And that you had cried
For me
I can see

What would touch me deeper
Tears that fall from eyes
That only cry?
Would it touch you deeper
Than tears that fall from eyes
That know why?

A lifetime of questions
Tears on your cheek
I tasted the answers
And my body was weak
For you
The truth

Something For Nothing

Waiting for the winds of change
To sweep the clouds away
Waiting for the rainbow's end
To cast its gold your way
Countless ways
You pass the days
Waiting for someone to call
And turn your world around
Looking for an answer to
The question you have found
Looking for
An open door
You don't get something for nothing
You don't get freedom for free
You won't get wise
With the sleep still in your eyes
No matter what your dreams might be

What you own is your own kingdom
What you do is your own glory
What you love is your own power
What you live is your own story
In your head is the answer
Let it guide you along
Let your heart be the anchor
And the beat of your own song

Rush

A Farewell To Kings

1977

A Farewell to Kings (5:51)

Xanadu (11:08)

Closer To The Heart (2:53)

Cinderella Man (4:21)

Madrigal (2:35)

Cygnus X-1 (10:25)



A Farewell To Kings

When they turn the pages of history
When these days have passed long ago
Will they read of us with sadness
For the seeds that we let grow
We turned our gaze
From the castles in the distance
Eyes cast down
On the path of least resistance

Cities full of hatred
Fear and lies
Withered hearts
And cruel, tormented eyes
Scheming demons
Dressed in kingly guise
Beating down the multitude
And scoffing at the wise

The hypocrites are slandering
The sacred halls of Truth
Ancient nobles showering
Their bitterness on youth
Can't we find
The minds that made us strong
Can't we learn
To feel what's right and wrong

Cities full of hatred
Fear and lies
Withered hearts
And cruel, tormented eyes
Scheming demons
Dressed in kingly guise
Beating down the multitude
And scoffing at the wise
Can't we raise our eyes
And make a start
Can't we find the minds
To lead us closer to the Heart

Xanadu

"To seek the sacred river Alph
To walk the caves of ice
To break my fast on honey dew
And drink the milk of Paradise..."

I had heard the whispered tales
Of immortality
The deepest mystery
From an ancient book. I took a clue
I scaled the frozen mountain tops
Of eastern lands unknown
Time and Man alone
Searching for the lost - Xanadu

Xanadu -

To stand within The Pleasure Dome
Decreed by Kubla Khan
To taste anew the fruits of life
The last immortal man
To find the sacred river Alph
To walk the caves of ice
Oh, I will dine on honey dew
And drink the milk of Paradise

A thousand years have come and gone
But time has passed me by
Stars stopped in the sky
Frozen in an everlasting view
Waiting for the world to end
Weary of the night
Praying for the light
Prison of the lost - Xanadu

Xanadu -

Held within The Pleasure Dome
Decreed by Kubla Khan
To taste my bitter triumph
As a mad immortal man
Nevermore shall I return
Escape these caves of ice
For I have dined on honey dew
And drunk the milk of Paradise

Closer to the Heart

And the men who hold high places
Must be the ones to start
To mould a new reality
Closer to the Heart

The Blacksmith and the Artist
Reflect it in their art
Forge their creativity
Closer to the Heart

Philosophers and Ploughmen
Each must know his part
To sow a new mentality
Closer to the Heart

You can be the Captain
I will draw the Chart
Sailing into destiny
Closer to the Heart

Cinderella Man

A modest man from Mandrake
Travelled rich to the city
He had a need to discover
A use for his newly-found wealth

Because he was human
Because he had goodness
Because he was moral
They called him insane

Delusions of grandeur
Visions of splendour
A manic depressive
He walks in the rain

Eyes wide open
Heart undefended
Innocence untarnished

Cinderella Man
Doing what you can
They can't understand
What it means

Cinderella Man
Hang on to your plans
Try as they might
They cannot steal your dreams

In the betrayal of his love he awakened
To face a world of cold reality
And a look in the eyes of the hungry
Awakened him to what he could do

He held up his riches
To challenge the hungry
Purposeful motion
For one so insane

They tried to fight him
Just couldn't beat him
This manic depressive
Who walks in the rain

Madrigal

When the dragons grow too mighty
To slay with pen or sword
I grow weary of the battle
And the storm I walk toward
When all around is madness
And there's no safe port in view
I long to turn my path homeward
To stop awhile with you

When life becomes so barren
And as cold as winter skies
There's a beacon in the darkness
In a distant pair of eyes
In vain to search for order
In vain to search for truth
But these things can still be given
Your love has shown me proof

Cygnus X-1 Book One - The Voyage***Prologue***

In the constellation of Cygnus
There lurks a mysterious, invisible force
The Black Hole
Of Cygnus X-1

Six Stars of the Northern Cross
In mourning for their sister's loss
In a final flash of glory
Nevermore to grace the night...

1

Invisible
To telescopic eye
Infinity
The star that would not die

All who dare
To cross her course
Are swallowed by
A fearsome force

Through the void
To be destroyed
Or is there something more?
Atomized - at the core
Or through the Astral Door -
To soar...

2

I set a course just east of Lyra
And northwest of Pegasus
Flew into the light of Deneb
Sailed across the Milky Way

On my ship, the 'Rocinante'
Wheeling through the galaxies,
Headed for the heart of Cygnus
Headlong into mystery

The x-ray is her siren song
My ship cannot resist her long
Nearer to my deadly goal
Until the Black Hole -
Gains control...

3

Spinning, whirling,
Still descending
Like a spiral sea,
Unending

Sound and fury
Drowns my heart
Every nerve
Is torn apart....

To be continued

Cygnus X-1 Book II: Hemispheres (18:08)

I. Prelude (4:27)

II. Apollo: Bringer of Wisdom (2:35)

III. Dionysus: Bringer of Love (2:05)

*IV. Armageddon: The Battle of
Heart and Mind (3:06)*

V. Cygnus: Bringer of Balance (4:50)

VI. The Sphere: A Kind of Dream (1:05)

Circumstances (3:41)

The Trees (4:46)

La Villa Strangiato (instrumental 9:35) (*An Exercise in Self-Indulgence*)

I. Buenos Nochas, Mein Froinds! (0:00)

II. To sleep, perchance to dream... (0:27)

III. Strangiato theme (2:00)

IV. A Lerxst in Wonderland (3:16)

V. Monsters! (5:49)

VI. The Ghost of the Aragon (6:10)

VII. Danforth and Pape (6:45)

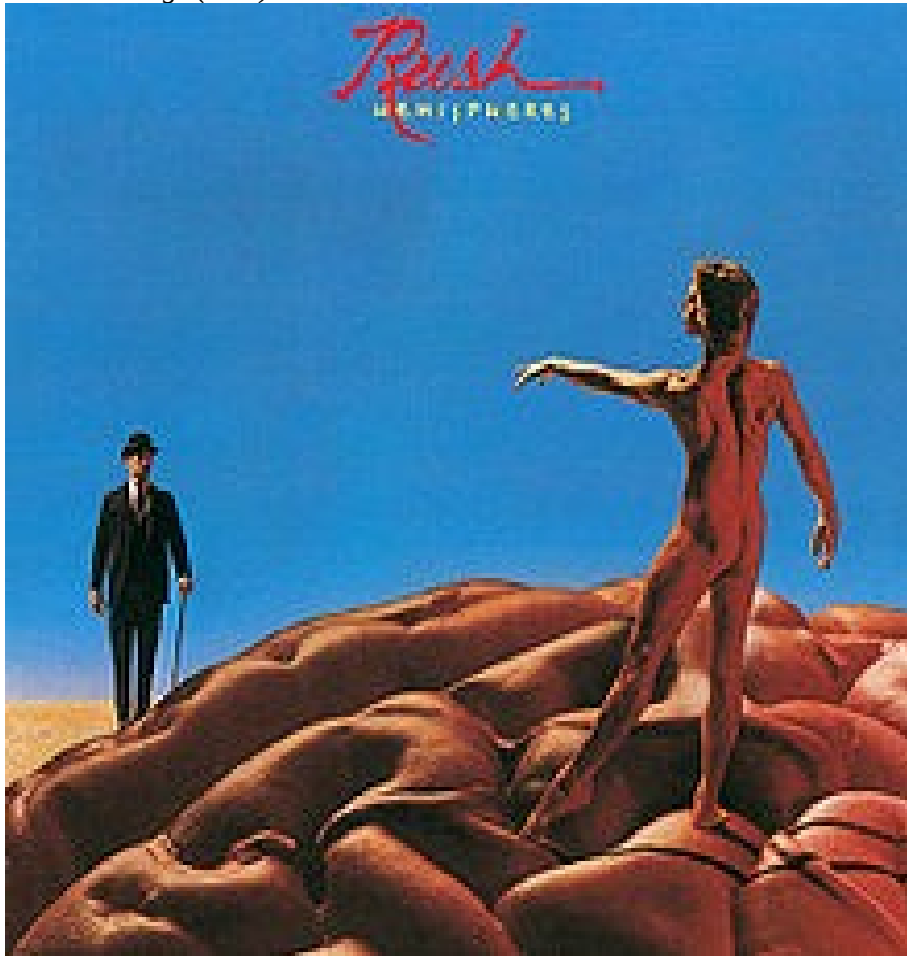
VIII. The Waltz of the Shreves (7:26)

IX. Never turn your back on a Monster! (7:52)

X. Monsters! (Reprise) (8:03)

XI. Strangiato theme (Reprise) (8:17)

XII. A Farewell to Things (9:17)



Cygnus X-1 Book II Hemispheres

I. Prelude

When our weary world was young
The struggle of the Ancients first began
The Gods of Love and Reason
Sought alone to rule the fate of Man

They battled through the ages
But still neither force would yield
The people were divided
Every soul a battlefield...

II. Apollo Bringer of Wisdom

'I bring Truth and Understanding
I bring Wit and Wisdom fair
Precious gifts beyond compare
We can build a world of wonder
I can make you all aware'

'I will find you food and shelter
Show you fire to keep you warm
Through the endless winter storm
You can live in grace and comfort
In the world that you transform.'

The people were delighted
Coming forth to claim their prize
They ran to build their cities
And converse among the wise

But one day the streets fell silent
Yet they knew not what was wrong
The urge to build these fine things
Seemed not to be so strong

The wise men were consulted
And the Bridge of Death was crossed
In quest of Dionysus
To find out what they had lost...

III. Dionysus Bringer of Love

'I bring Love to give you solace
In the darkness of the night
In the Heart's eternal light
You need only trust your feelings;
Only Love can steer you right'

'I bring Laughter, I bring Music
I bring Joy and I bring Tears

I will soothe your primal fears
Throw off those chains of Reason
And your prison disappears'

The cities were abandoned
And the forests echoed song
They danced and lived as brothers;
They knew Love could not be wrong

Food and wine they had aplenty
And they slept beneath the stars
The people were contented
And the Gods watched from afar

But the winter fell upon them
And it caught them unprepared
Bringing wolves and cold starvation
And the hearts of men despaired...

IV. Armageddon The Battle of Heart and Mind

The Universe divided
As the Heart and Mind collided
With the people left unguided
For so many troubled years
In a cloud of doubts and fears
Their world was torn asunder
Into hollow hemispheres

Some fought themselves, some fought
each other
Most just followed one another
Lost and aimless like their brothers
For their Hearts were so unclear
And the Truth could not appear
Their spirits were divided
Into blinded hemispheres

Some who did not fight
Brought tales of old to light
My 'Rocinante' sailed by night
On her final flight
To the heart of Cygnus' fearsome force
We set our course
Spiralled through that timeless space
To this immortal place

V. Cygnus Bringer of Balance

I have memory and awareness
But I have no shape or form
As a disembodied spirit
I am dead and yet unborn

I have passed into Olympus
As was told in tales of old
To the city of Immortals
Marble white and purest gold

I see the Gods in battle rage on high
Thunderbolts across the sky
I cannot move, I cannot hide
I feel a silent scream begin inside

Then all at once the Chaos ceased
A stillness fell, a sudden peace
The Warriors felt my silent cry
And stayed their struggle, mystified

Apollo was atonished
Dionysus thought me mad
But they heard my story further
And they wondered, and were sad

Looking down from Olympus
On a world of doubt and fear
Its surface splintered
Into sorry hemispheres

They sat a while in silence
Then they turned at last to me
'We will call you Cygnus,
The god of Balance you shall be'

VI. The Sphere A Kind of Dream
We can walk our road together
If our goals are all the same
We can run alone and free
If we pursue a different aim

Let the truth of love be lighted
Let the love of truth shine clear
Sensibility
Armed with sense and liberty
With the Heart and Mind united
In a single perfect sphere

Circumstances

A boy alone, so far from home
Endless rooftops from my window
I felt the gloom of empty rooms
On rainy afternoons

Sometimes in confusion
I felt so lost and disillusioned
Innocence gave me confidence
To go up against reality

All the same, we take our chances
Laughed at by Time
Tricked by Circumstances
Plus ça change
Plus c'est la même chose
The more that things change
The more they stay the same

Now I've gained some understanding
Of the only world that we see
Things that I once dreamed of
Have become reality

These walls that still surround me
Still contain the same old me
Just one more who's searching for
A world that ought to be

The Trees

There is unrest in the forest
There is trouble with the trees
For the Maples want more sunlight
And the Oaks ignore their pleas

The trouble with the Maples
(And they're quite convinced they're right)
They say the Oaks are just too lofty
And they grab up all the light
But the Oaks can't help their feelings
If they like the way they're made
And they wonder why the Maples
Can't be happy in their shade?

There is trouble in the forest
And the creatures all have fled
As the Maples scream 'Oppression!'
And the Oaks, just shake their heads

So the Maples formed a Union
And demanded equal rights
'The Oaks are just too greedy
We will make them give us light'
Now there's no more Oak oppression
For they passed a noble law
And the trees are all kept equal
By hatchet,
Axe,
And saw...

La Villa Strangiato (*instrumental*) (An Exercise in Self-Indulgence)

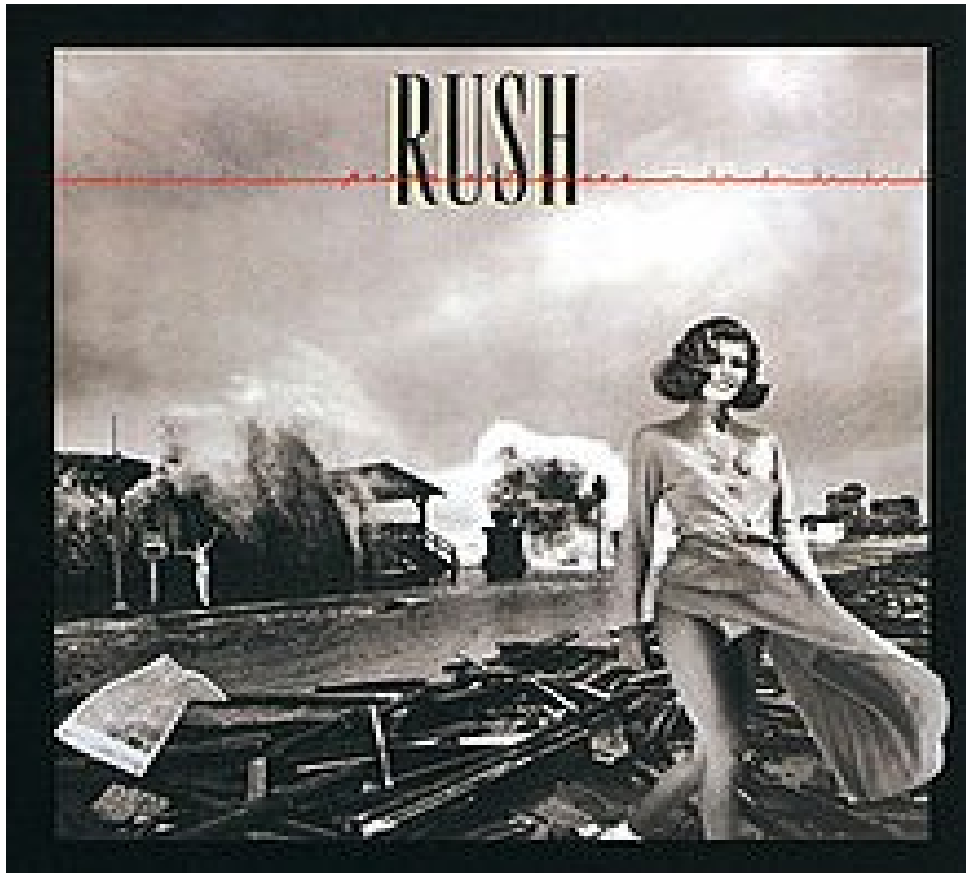
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- XII. A Farewell to Things (9:17)*

Rush

Permanent Waves

1980

The Spirit of Radio (4:57)
Freewill (5:23)
Jacob's Ladder (7:28)
Entre Nous (4:37)
Different Strings (3:49)
Natural Science (9:16)
 I. Tide Pools (2:21)
 II. Hyperspace (2:47)
 III. Permanent Waves (4:08)



The Spirit of Radio

Begin the day
With a friendly voice,
A companion, unobtrusive
Plays the song that's so elusive
And the magic music makes your morning mood.

Off on your way
Hit the open road,
There is magic at your fingers
For the Spirit ever lingers,
Undemanding contact In your happy solitude.

Invisible airwaves
Crackle with life
Bright antennae bristle
With the energy
Emotional feedback
On a timeless wavelength
Bearing a gift beyond price-
Almost free...

All this machinery
Making modern music
Can still be open-hearted
Not so coldly charted
It's really just a question
Of your honesty

One likes to believe
In the freedom of music,
But glittering prizes
And endless compromises
Shatter the illusion
Of integrity.

"For the words of the profits,
Are written on the studio wall,
Concert hall -
Echoes with the sounds...
Of salesmen."

Freewill

There are those who think that life
Has nothing left to chance,
A host of holy horrors
To direct our aimless dance

A planet of playthings
We dance on the strings
Of powers we cannot perceive
"The stars aren't aligned -
Or the gods are malign"
Blame is better to give than receive.

You can choose a ready guide
In some celestial voice.
If you choose not to decide
You still have made a choice
You can choose from phantom fears
And kindness that can kill;
I will choose a path that's clear-
I will choose free will

There are those who think that
They were dealt a losing hand,
The cards were stacked against them-
They weren't born in Lotus-Land
All pre-ordained
A prisoner in chains
A victim of venomous fate
Kicked in the face
You can't pray for a place
In heaven's unearthly estate

Each of us
A cell of awareness
Imperfect and incomplete
Genetic blends
With uncertain ends
On a fortune hunt
That's far too fleet...

Jacob's Ladder

The clouds prepare for battle
In the dark and brooding silence
Bruised and sullen stormclouds
Have the light of day obscured
Looming low and ominous
In twilight premature
Thunderheads are rumbling
In a distant overture

All at once,
The clouds are parted
Light streams down
In bright unbroken beams

Follow men's eyes
As they look to the skies
The shifting shafts of shining
Weave the fabric of their dreams...

Entre Nous

We are secrets to each other
Each one's life a novel
No-one else has read
Even joined in bonds of love
We're linked to one another
By such slender threads

We are planets to each other
Drifting in our orbits
To a brief eclipse
Each of us a world apart
Alone and yet together
Like two passing ships

Just between us
I think it's time for us to recognize
The differences we sometimes feared to show
Just between us
I think it's time for us to realize
The spaces in between
Leave room
For you and I to grow

We are strangers to each other
Full of sliding panels
An illusion show
Acting well-rehearsed routines
Or playing from the heart?
It's hard for one to know

We are islands to each other
Building hopeful bridges
On a troubled sea
Some are burned or swept away
Some we would not choose
But we're not always free

Different Strings

Who's come to slay the dragon-
Come to watch him fall?
Making arrows out of pointed words
Giant killers at the call
Too much fuss and bother
Too much contradiction and confusion
Peel away the mystery
Here's a clue to some real motivation

All there really is
The two of us
And we both know why we've come along
Nothing to explain
It's a part of us
To be found within a song

What happened to our innocence-
Did it go out of style?
Along with our naivete'-
No longer a child
Different eyes see different things
Different hearts beat on different strings
But there are times
For you and me
When all such things agree.

Natural Science

I. Tide Pools

When the ebbing tide retreats
Along the rocky shoreline
It leaves a trail of tidal pools
In a short-lived galaxy
Each microcosmic planet
A complete society

A simple kind of mirror
To reflect upon our own
All the busy little creatures
Chasing out their destinies
Living in their pools
They soon forget about the sea...

Wheels within wheels
In a spiral array
A pattern so grand
And complex
Time after time
We lose sight of the way
Our causes can't see
Their effects.

II. Hyerspace

A quantum leap forward
In time and in space
The universe learned to expand
The mess and the magic
Triumphant and tragic
A mechanized world out of hand

Computerized clinic
For superior cynics
Who dance to a synthetic band

In their own image
Their world is fashioned-
No wonder they don't understand

Wheels within wheels
In a spiral array
A pattern so grand
And complex
Time after time
We lose sight of the way
Our causes can't see
Their effects.

III. Permanent Waves

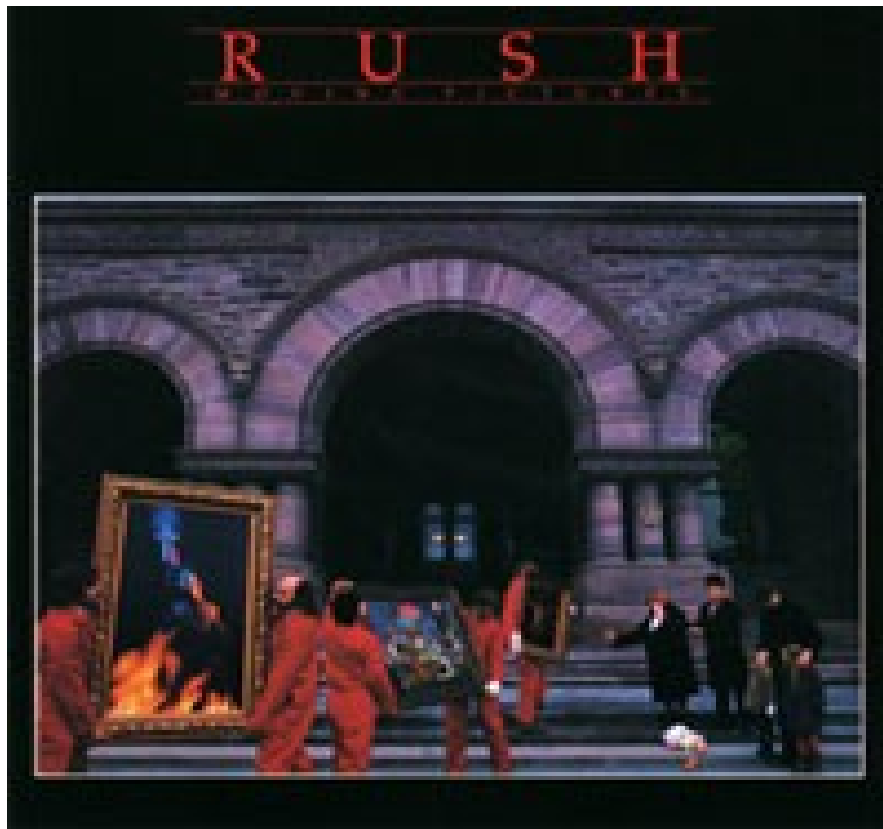
Science, like nature
Must also be tamed
With a view towards its preservation
Given the same
State of integrity
It will surely serve us well

Art as expression
Not as market campaigns
Will still capture our imaginations
Given the same
State of integrity
It will surely help us along

The most endangered species
The honest man
Will still survive annihilation
Forming a world-
State of integrity
Sensitive, open and strong

Wave after wave
Will flow with the tide
And bury the world as it does
Tide after tide
Will flow and recede
Leaving life to go on
As it was...

Tom Sawyer (4:33)
Red Barchetta (6:06)
YYZ (instrumental 4:24)
Limelight (4:19)
The Camera Eye (10:56)
Witch Hunt (Part III of Fear) (4:43)
Vital Signs (4:43)



Tom Sawyer

A modern-day warrior
Mean mean stride,
Today's Tom Sawyer
Mean mean pride.

Though his mind is not for rent,
Don't put him down as arrogant.
His reserve, a quiet defense,
Riding out the day's events.
The river

What you say about his company
Is what you say about society.
-Catch the mist -Catch the myth
-Catch the mystery -Catch the drift.

The world is, the world is,
Love and life are deep,
Maybe as his skies are wide.

Today's Tom Sawyer,
He gets high on you,
And the space he invades
He gets by on you.
No, his mind is not for rent
To any god or government.
Always hopeful, yet discontent,
He knows changes aren't permanent,
But change is.

What you say about his company
Is what you say about society.
-Catch the witness -Catch the wit,
-Catch the spirit -Catch the spit.

The world is, the world is,
Love and life are deep,
Maybe as his eyes are wide.

Exit the warrior,
Today's Tom Sawyer,
He gets high on you,
And the energy you trade,
He gets right on to the friction of the day.

Red Barchetta

My uncle has a country place
That no one knows about.
He says it used to be a farm,
Before the Motor Law.
And on Sundays I elude the Eyes,
And hop the Turbine Freight
To far outside the Wire,
Where my white-haired uncle waits.

Jump to the ground
As the Turbo slows to cross the Borderline.
Run like the wind,
As excitement shivers up and down my spine.
Down in his barn,
My uncle preserved for me an old machine,
For fifty-odd years.
To keep it as new has been his dearest dream.

I strip away the old debris
That hides a shining car.
A brilliant red Barchetta
From a better, vanished time.
I fire up the willing engine,
Responding with a roar.
Tires spitting gravel,
I commit my weekly crime...

Wind-
In my hair-
Shifting and drifting-
Mechanical music-
Adrenalin surge...

Well-weathered leather,
Hot metal and oil,
The scented country air.
Sunlight on chrome,
The blur of the landscape,
Every nerve aware.

Suddenly ahead of me,
Across the mountainside,
A gleaming alloy air-car
Shoots towards me, two lanes wide.
I spin around with shrieking tires,
To run the deadly race,
Go screaming through the valley
As another joins the chase.

Drive like the wind,
Straining the limits of machine and man.
Laughing out loud
With fear and hope, I've got a desperate plan.
At the one-lane bridge
I leave the giants stranded at the riverside.
Race back to the farm, to dream with my uncle at
the fireside.

Rush

Moving Pictures

1981

YYZ

Instrumental

Limelight

Living on a lighted stage
Approaches the unreal
For those who think and feel
In touch with some reality
Beyond the gilded cage.

Cast in this unlikely role,
Ill-equipped to act,
With insufficient tact,
One must put up barriers
To keep oneself intact.

Living in the Limelight,
The universal dream
For those who wish to seem.

Those who wish to be
Must put aside the alienation,
Get on with the fascination,
The real relation,
The underlying theme.

Living in a fisheye lens,
Caught in the camera eye.
I have no heart to lie,
I can't pretend a stranger
Is a long-awaited friend.

All the world's indeed a stage,
And we are merely players,
Performers and portrayers,
Each another's audience
Outside the gilded cage.

The Camera Eye

I

Grim-faced and forbidding,
Their faces closed tight,
An angular mass of New Yorkers
Pacing in rhythm,
Race the oncoming night,
They chase through the streets of Manhattan.
Head-first humanity,
Pause at a light,
Then flow through the streets of the city.

They seem oblivious
To a soft spring rain,
Like an English rain
So light, yet endless
From a leaden sky.

The buildings are lost
In their limitless rise.
My feet catch the pulse
And the purposeful stride.

I feel the sense of possibilities,
I feel the wrench of hard realities.
The focus is sharp in the city.

II

Wide-angle watcher
On life's ancient tales,
Steeped in the history of London.

Green and grey washes
In a wispy white veil
Mist in the streets of Westminster.
Wistful and weathered,
The pride still prevails,
Alive in the streets of the city.

Are they oblivious
To this quality?
A quality
Of light unique to
Every city's streets.

Pavements may teem
With intense energy,
But the city is calm
In this violent sea.

Witch Hunt (part III of 'Fear')

The night is black,
Without a moon.
The air is thick and still.

The vigilantes gather on
The lonely torchlit hill.

Features distorted in the flickering light,
The faces are twisted and grotesque.
Silent and stern in the sweltering night,
The mob moves like demons possessed.
Quiet in conscience, calm in their right,
Confident their ways are best.

The righteous rise
With burning eyes
Of hatred and ill-will.

Madmen fed on fear and lies
To beat and burn and kill.

They say there are strangers who threaten us,
In our immigrants and infidels.
They say there is strangeness, too dangerous
In our theatres and bookstore shelves,
That those who know what's best for us
Must rise and save us from ourselves.

Quick to judge,
Quick to anger,
Slow to understand

Ignorance and prejudice
And fear
Walk hand in hand.

Vital Signs

Unstable condition,
A symptom of life,
In mental and environmental change.

Atmospheric disturbance,
The feverish flux
Of human interface and interchange.

The impulse is pure;
Sometimes our circuits get shorted
By external interference.

Signals get crossed
And the balance distorted
By internal incoherence.

A tired mind become a shape-shifter,
Everybody need a mood lifter,
Everybody need reverse polarity.
Everybody got mixed feelings
About the function and the form.
Everybody got to deviate from the norm.

An ounce of perception,
A pound of obscure.
Process information at half speed.
Pause, rewind, replay,
Warm memory chip,
Random sample, hold the one you need.

Leave out the fiction,
The fact is, this friction
Will only be worn by persistence.

Leave out conditions,
Courageous convictions
Will drag the dream into existence.

A tired mind become a shape-shifter,
Everybody need a soft filter,
Everybody need reverse polarity.
Everybody got mixed feelings
About the function and the form.
Everybody got to elevate from the norm...

Rush

Signals

1982

Subdivisions (5:33)
The Analog Kid (4:46)
Chemistry (4:56)
Digital Man (6:20)
The Weapon (Part II of Fear) (6:22)
New World Man (3:41)
Losing It (4:51)
Countdown (5:49)

S I G N A L S



Subdivisions

Sprawling on the fringes of the city
In geometric order
An insulated border
In between the bright lights
And the far unlit unknown

Growing up it all seems so one-sided
Opinions all provided
The future pre-decided
Detached and subdivided
In the mass production zone

Nowhere is the dreamer
Or the misfit so alone

Subdivisions -
In the high school halls
In the shopping malls
Conform or be cast out
Subdivisions -
In the basement bars
In the backs of cars
Be cool or be cast out
Any escape might help to smooth
The unattractive truth
But the suburbs have no charms to soothe
The restless dreams of youth

Drawn like moths we drift into the city
The timeless old attraction
Cruising for the action
Lit up like a firefly
Just to feel the living night

Some will sell their dreams for small desires
Or lose the race to rats
Get caught in ticking traps
And start to dream of somewhere
To relax their restless flight

Somewhere out of a memory
Of lighted streets on quiet nights...

The Analog Kid

A hot and windy August afternoon
Has the trees in constant motion
With a flash of silver leaves
As they're rocking in the breeze

The boy lies in the grass with one blade
Stuck between his teeth
A vague sensation quickens
In his young and restless heart
And a bright and nameless vision
Has him longing to depart

You move me -
You move me -
With your buildings and your eyes
Autumn woods and winter skies
You move me -
You move me -
Open sea and city lights
Busy streets and dizzy heights
You call me -
You call me -

The fawn-eyed girl with sun-browned legs
Dances on the edge of his dream
And her voice rings in his ears
Like the music of the spheres

The boy lies in the grass, unmoving
Staring at the sky
His mother starts to call him
As a hawk goes soaring by
The boy pulls down his baseball cap
And covers up his eyes

Too many hands on my time
Too many feelings -
Too many things on my mind
When I leave I don't know
What I'm hoping to find
When I leave I don't know
What I'm leaving behind...

Chemistry

Signals transmitted
Message received
Reaction making impact -
Invisibly

Elemental telepathy
Exchange of energy
Reaction making contact -
Mysteriously

Eye to I
Reaction burning hotter
Two to one
Reflection on the water
H to O
No flow without the other
Oh but how
Do they make contact
With one another?

Electricity? Biology?
Seems to me it's Chemistry

Emotion transmitted
Emotion received
Music in the abstract -
Positively

Elemental empathy
A change of synergy
Music making contact -
Naturally

One, two, three -
Add without subtraction
Sound on sound
Multiplied reaction
H to O
No flow without the other
Oh but how
Do we make contact
With one another?

Digital Man

His world is under observation -
We monitor his station
Under faces and the places
Where he traces points of view

He picks up scraps of conversation -
Radio and radiation
From the dancers and romancers
With the answers - but no clue

He'd love to spend the night in Zion
He's been a long while in Babylon
He'd like a lover's wings to fly on
To a tropic isle of Avalon

His world is under anaesthetic -
Subdivided and synthetic
His reliance on the giants
In the science of the day

He picks up scraps of information -
He's adept at adaptation
'Cause for strangers and arrangers
Constant change is here to stay

He's got a force field and a flexible plan
He's got a date with fate in a black sedan
He plays fast forward for as long as he can
But he won't need a bed -
He's a digital man

The Weapon (Part II of 'Fear')

We've got nothing to fear - but fear itself?
Not pain or failure, not fatal tragedy?
Not the faulty units in this mad machinery?
Not the broken contacts in emotional chemistry?

With an iron fist in a velvet glove
We are sheltered under the gun
In the glory game on the power train
Thy kingdom's will be done

And the things that we fear are a weapon to be held against us...

He's not afraid of your judgement
He knows of horrors worse than your Hell
He's a little bit afraid of dying -
But he's a lot more afraid of your lying

And the things that he fears
Are a weapon to be held against him...

Can any part of life - be larger than life?
Even love must be limited by time
And those who push us down that they might climb -
Is any killer worth more than his crime?

Like a steely blade in a silken sheath
We don't see what they're made of
They shout about love, but when push comes to shove
They live for the things they're afraid of

And the knowledge that they fear
Is a weapon to be used against them...

New World Man

He's a rebel and a runner
He's a signal turning green
He's a restless young romantic
Wants to run the big machine

He's got a problem with his poisons
But you know he'll find a cure
He's cleaning up his systems
To keep his nature pure

Learning to match the beat of the Old World man
Learning to catch the heat of the Third World man

He's got to make his own mistakes
And learn to mend the mess he makes
He's old enough to know what's right
But young enough not to choose it
He's noble enough to win the world
But weak enough to lose it -

He's a New World man...

He's a radio receiver
Tuned to factories and farms
He's a writer and arranger
And a young boy bearing arms

He's got a problem with his power
With weapons on patrol
He's got to walk a fine line
And keep his self-control

Trying to save the day for the Old World man
Trying to pave the way for the Third World man

He's not concerned with yesterday
He knows constant change is here today
He's noble enough to know what's right
But weak enough not to choose it
He's wise enough to win the world
But fool enough to lose it -

He's a New World man...

Losing It

The dancer slows her frantic pace
In pain and desperation,
Her aching limbs and downcast face
Aglow with perspiration

Stiff as wire, her lungs on fire,
With just the briefest pause -
The flooding through her memory,
The echoes of old applause.

She limps across the floor
And closes her bedroom door...

The writer stares with glassy eyes -
Defies the empty page
His beard is white, his face is lined
And streaked with tears of rage.

Thirty years ago, how the words would flow
With passion and precision,
But now his mind is dark and dulled
By sickness and indecision

And he stares out the kitchen door
Where the sun will rise no more...

Some are born to move the world -
To live their fantasies
But most of us just dream about
The things we'd like to be

Sadder still to watch it die
Than never to have known it
For you - the blind who once could see -
The bell tolls for thee...

Countdown

Dedicated with thanks to astronauts Young & Crippen and all the people of NASA for their inspiration and cooperation

Lit up with anticipation
We arrive at the launching site
The sky is still dark, nearing dawn
On the Florida coastline

Circling choppers slash the night
With roving searchlight beams
This magic day when super-science
Mingles with the bright stuff of dreams

Floodlit in the hazy distance
The star of this unearthly show
Venting vapours, like the breath
Of a sleeping white dragon

Crackling speakers, voices tense
Resume the final count
All systems check, T minus nine
As the sun and the drama start to mount

The air is charged - a humid, motionless mass
The crowds and the cameras,
The cars full of spectators pass
Excitement so thick - you could cut it with a knife
Technology - high, on the leading edge of life

The earth beneath us starts to tremble
With the spreading of a low black cloud
A thunderous roar shakes the air
Like the whole world exploding

Scorching blast of golden fire
As it slowly leaves the ground
Tears away with a mighty force
The air is shattered by the awesome sound

Like a pillar of cloud, the smoke lingers
High in the air
In fascination - with the eyes of the world
We stare...

Rush

Grace Under Pressure

1984

Distant Early Warning (4:59)
Afterimage (5:04)
Red Sector A (5:10)
The Enemy Within (Part I of Fear) (4:34)
The Body Electric (5:00)
Kid Gloves (4:18)
Red Lenses (4:42)
Between the Wheels (5:44)



Distant Early Warning

An ill wind comes arising
Across the cities of the plain
There's no swimming in the heavy water-
No singing in the acid rain
Red alert
Red alert

It's so hard to stay together
Passing through revolving doors
We need someone to talk to
And someone to sweep the floors-
Incomplete
Incomplete

The world weighs on my shoulders
But what am I to do?
You sometimes drive me crazy-
But I worry about you

I know it makes no difference
To what you're going through
But I see the tip of the iceberg-
And I worry about you...

Cruising under your radar
Watching from satellites
Take a page from the red book-
Keep them in your sights
Red alert
Red alert

Left and rights of passage
Black and whites of youth
Who can face the knowledge
That the truth is not the truth?
Obsolete
Absolute

Absalom
Absalom

Afterimage

Suddenly-
You were gone
From all the lives
You left your mark upon

I remember-
How we talked and drank
Into the misty dawn
I hear the voices
We ran by the water
On the wet summer lawn
I see the foot prints
I remember-

I feel the way you would
I feel the way you would
Tried to believe
But you know it's no good
This is something
That just can't be understood
I remember-
The shouts of joy
Skiing fast through the woods
I hear the echoes

I learned your love for life
I feel the way that you would
I feel your presence
I remember-
I feel the way you would
This just can't be understood...

Red Sector A

All that we can do is just survive
All that we can do to help ourselves
Is stay alive...

Ragged lines of ragged grey
Skeletons, they shuffle away
Shouting guards and smoking guns
Will cut down the unlucky ones

I clutch the wire fence
Until my fingers bleed
A wound that will not heal-
A heart that cannot feel-
Hoping that the horror will recede
Hoping that tomorrow-
We'll all be freed

Sickness to insanity
Prayer to profanity
Days and weeks and months go by
Don't feel the hunger-too weak to cry

I hear the sound of gunfire
At the prison gate
Are the liberators here-
Do I hope or do I fear?
For my father and my brother-it's too late
But I must help my mother
Stand up straight...

Are we the last ones left alive?
Are we the only human beings
To survive?...

The Enemy Within - (Part one of 'Fear')

Things crawl in the darkness
That imagination spins
Needles at your nerve ends
Crawl like spiders on your skin

Pounding in your temples
And a surge of adrenaline
Every muscle tense-
To fence
The enemy within

I'm not giving in
To security under pressure
I'm not missing out
On the promise of adventure
I'm not giving up
On implausible dreams-
Experience to extremes-
Experience to extremes

Suspicious-looking stranger
Flashes you a dangerous grin
Shadows across your window-
Was it only trees in the wind?

Every breath a static charge-
A tongue that tastes like tin
Steely-eyed outside to hide the enemy within...

To you-is it movement or is it action?
It is contact or just reaction?
And you-revolution or just resistance?
Is it living, or just existence?
eah, you-it takes a little more persistence
To get up and go the distance...

The Body Electric

One humanoid escapee
One android on the run
Seeking freedom beneath
A lonely desert sun

Trying to change its program
Trying to change the mode-
Crack the code
Images conflicting
Into data overload

1-0-0-1-0-0-1
S.O.S
1-0-0-1-0-0-1
In distress
1-0-0-1-0-0

Memory banks unloading
Bytes break into bits
Unit One's in trouble
And it's scared out of its wits

Guidance systems break down
A struggle to exist-
To resist-
A pulse of dying power
In a clenching plastic fist...

It replays each of the days
A hundred years of routines
Bows its head and prays
To the mother of all machines...

Kid Gloves

A world of difference
A world so out of touch
Overwhelmed by everything
But wanting more so much-

Call it blind frustration
Call it blind man's bluff
Call each other names-
Your voices rude-your voices rough
Then you learn the lesson
That it's cool to be so tough

Handle with kid gloves
Handle with kid gloves
Then you learn the lessons
Taught in school won't be enough
Put on your kid gloves
Put on your kid gloves
Then you learn the lesson
That it's cool to be so tough

A world of indifference
Heads and hearts too full
Careless of the consequence
Of constant push and pull

Anger got bare knuckles
Anger play the fool
Anger wear a crown of thorns
Reverse the golden rule
Then you learn the lesson
That it's tough to be so cool

Handle with kid gloves
Handle with kid gloves
Then you learn the weapons
And the ways of hard-knock school
Put on your kid gloves
Put on your kid gloves
Then you learn the lesson
That it's tough to be so cool

Red Lenses

I see red
It hurts my head
Guess it must be something
That i read

It's the colour of your heartbeat
A rising summer sun
The battle lost-or won
The flash to fashion
And the pulse to passion-

Feels red
Inside my head
And truth is often bitter-
Left unsaid
Said red red
Thinking about the overhead-
The underfed
-couldn't we talk about something else instead?

We've got mars on the horizon
Says the national midnight star
(it's true)
What you believe is what you are
A pair of dancing shoes-
The soviets are the blues-

The reds
Under your bed
Lying-
In the darkness
Dead ahead

And the mercury is rising
Barometer starts to fall
You know it gets to us all
The pain that is learning
And the rain that is burning-

Feel red
Still-go ahead
You see black and white-
And i see red (not blue)

Between The Wheels

To live between a rock
And a hard place
In between time-
Cruising in prime time-
Soaking up the cathode rays

To live between the wars
In our time-
Living in real time-
Holding the good time-
Holding on to yesterdays...

You know how that rabbit feels
Going under your speeding wheels
Bright images flashing by
Like windshields towards a fly
Frozen in the fatal climb-
But the wheels of time-
Just pass you by...

Wheels can take you around
Wheels can cut you down

We can go from boom to bust
From dreams to a bowl of dust
We can fall from rockets' red glare
Down to "Brother can you spare-"
Another war-another waste land-
And another lost generation...

It slips between your hands
Like water
This living in real time
A dizzying lifetime
Reeling by on celluloid

Struck between the eyes
By the big-time world
Walking uneasy streets-
Hiding beneath the sheets-
Got to try and fill the void...

The Big Money (5:36)
Grand Designs (5:05)
Manhattan Project (5:05)
Marathon (6:09)
Territories (6:19)
Middletown Dreams (5:15)
Emotion Detector (5:10)
Mystic Rhythms (5:54)



The Big Money

Big money goes around the world
Big money underground
Big money got a mighty voice
Big money make no sound
Big money pull a million strings
Big money hold the prize
Big money weave a mighty web
Big money draw the flies

Sometimes pushing people around
Sometimes pulling out the rug
Sometimes pushing all the buttons
Sometimes pulling out the plug
It's the power and the glory
It's a war in paradise
It's a cinderella story
On a tumble of the dice

Big money goes around the world
Big money take a cruise
Big money leave a mighty wake
Big money leave a bruise
Big money make a million dreams
Big money spin big deals
Big money make a mighty head
Big money spin big wheels

Sometimes building ivory towers
Sometimes knocking castles down
Sometimes building you a stairway -
Lock you underground
It's that old-time religion
it's the kingdom they would rule
It's the fool on television
Getting paid to play the fool

Big money goes around the world
Big money give and take
Big money done a power of good
Big money make mistakes
Big money got a heavy hand
Big money take control
Big money got a mean streak
Big money got no soul...

Grand Designs

A to B -
Different degrees...

So much style without substance
So much stuff without style
It's hard to recognize the real thing
It comes along once in a while

Like a rare and precious metal
Beneath a ton of rock
It takes some time and trouble
To separate from the stock
You sometimes have to listen to
A lot of useless talk

Shapes and forms
Against the norms -
Against the run of the mill
Swimming against the stream
Life in two dimensions
Is a mass production scheme

So much poison in power
The principles get left out
So much mind on the matter
The spirit gets forgotten about

Like a righteous inspiration
Overlooked in haste
Like a teardrop in the ocean
A diamond in the waste
Some world-views are spacious -
And some are merely spaced

Against the run of the mill
Static as it seems
We break the surface tension
With our wild kinetic dreams
Curves and lines -
Of grand designs...

Manhattan Project

Imagine a time when it all began
In the dying days of a war
A weapon - that would settle the score
Whoever found it first
Would be sure to do their worst -
They always had before...

Imagine a man where it all began
A scientist pacing the floor
In each nation - always eager to explore
To build the best big stick
To turn the winning trick -
But this was something more...

The big bang - took and shook the world
Shot down the rising sun
the end was begun - it would hit everyone
When the chain reaction was done
The big shots - try to hold it back
Fools try to wish it away
The hopeful depend on a world without end
Whatever the hopeless may say

Imagine a place where it all began
They gathered from across the land
To work in the secrecy of the desert sand
All of the brightest boys
To play with the biggest toys -
More than they bargained for...

Imagine a man when it all began
The pilot of "Enola Gay"
Flying out of the shockwave on that August day
All the powers that be, and the course of history,
Would be changed for evermore...

Marathon

It's not how fast you can go
The force goes into the flow
If you pick up the beat
You can forget about the heat

More than just survival
More than just a flash
More than just a dotted line
More than just a dash

It's a test of ultimate will
The heartbreak climb uphill
Got to pick up the pace
If you want to stay in the race

More than just blind ambition
More than just simple greed
More than just a finish line
Must feed this burning need -

In the long run...

From first to last
The peak is never passed
Something always fires the light

That gets in your eyes
One moment's high
And glory rolls on by
Like a streak of lightening
That flashes and fades
In the summer sky

Your meters may overload
You can rest at the side of the road
You can miss a stride
But nobody gets a free ride

More than high performance
More than just a spark
More than just the bottom line
Or a lucky shot in the dark -

In the long run...

You can do a lot in a lifetime
If you don't burn out too fast
You can make the most of the distance
First you need endurance -
First you've got to last...

Territories

I see the Middle Kingdom between Heaven and Earth
Like the Chinese call the country of their birth
We all figure that our homes are set above
Other people than the ones we know and love

In every place with a name
They play the same territorial game
Hiding behind the lines
Sending up warning signs

The whole wide world
An endless universe
Yet we keep looking through
The eyeglass in reverse
Don't feed the people
But we feed the machines
Can't really feel
What international means

In different circles
We keep holding our ground
Indifferent circles
We keep spinning round and round

We see so many tribes - overrun and undermined
While their invaders dream of lands they've left behind
Better people - better food - and better beer
Why move around the world when Eden was so near?

The bosses get talking so tough
And if that wasn't evil enough
We get the drunken and passionate pride
Of the citizens along for the ride

They shoot without shame
In the name of a piece of dirt
For a change of accent
Or the colour of your shirt
Better the pride that resides
In a citizen of the world
Than the pride that divides
When a colourful rag is unfurled

Middletown Dreams

The office door closed early
The hidden bottle came out
The salesman turned to close the blinds
A little slow now, a little stout

But he's still heading down those tracks
Any day now for sure
Another day as drab as today
Is more than a man can endure

Dreams flow across the heartland
Feeding on the fires
Dreams transport desires
Drive you when you're down -

Dreams transport the ones
Who need to get out of town

The boy walks with his best friend
Through the fields of early May
They walk awhile in silence
One close - one far away

But he'd be climbing on that bus
Just him and his guitar
To blaze across the heavens
Like a brilliant shooting star

The middle-aged madonna
Calls her neighbour on the phone
Day by day the seasons pass
And leave her life alone

But she'll go walking out that door
On some bright afternoon
To go and paint big cities
From a lonely attic room

It's understood
By every single person
Who'd be elsewhere if they could
So far so good
And life's not unpleasant
In their little neighbourhood

They dream in Middletown...

Emotion Detector

When we lift the covers from our feelings
We expose our insecure spots
Trust is just as rare as devotion -
Forgive us our cynical thoughts
If we need too much attention -
Not content with being cool
We must throw ourselves wide open
And start acting like a fool
If we need too much approval
Then the cuts can seem too cruel

Right to the heart of the matter
Right to the beautiful part
Illusions are painfully shattered
Right where discovery starts
In the secret wells of emotion
Buried deep in our hearts

It's true that love can change us
But never quite enough
Sometimes we are too tender
Sometimes we're too tough
If we get too much attention
It gets hard to overrule
So often fragile power turns
To scorn and ridicule
Sometimes our big splashes
Are just ripples in the pool

Feelings run high

Mystic Rhythms

So many things I think about
When I look far away
Things I know - things I wonder
Things I'd like to say
The more we think we know about
The greater the unknown
We suspend our disbelief
And we are not alone -

Mystic rhythms - capture my thoughts
And carry them away
Mysteries of night
Escape the light of day
Mystic rhythms - under northern lights
Or the African Sun
Primitive things stir
The hearts of everyone

We sometimes catch a window
A glimpse of what's beyond
Was it just imagination
Stringing us along?
More things than are dreamed about
Unseen and unexplained
We suspend our disbelief
And we are entertained

Mystic rhythms - capture my thoughts
And carry them away
Nature seems to spin
A supernatural way
Mystic rhythms - under city lights
Or a canopy of stars
We feel the powers
And we wonder what they are
We feel the push and pull
Of restless rhythms from afar

Rush

Hold Your Fire

1987

Force Ten (4:28)
Time Stand Still (5:07)
Open Secrets (5:37)
Second Nature (4:35)
Prime Mover (5:19)
Lock and Key (5:08)
Mission (5:15)
Turn the Page (4:53)
Tai Shan (4:14)
High Water (5:32)



Force Ten

Tough times demand tough talk
demand tough hearts demand tough songs
demand-

We can rise and fall like empires
Flow in and out like the tide
Be vain and smart, humble and dumb
We can hit and miss like pride

We can circle around like hurricanes
Dance and dream like lovers
Attack the day like birds of prey
Or scavengers under cover

Look in-
To the eye of the storm
Look out-
For the force without form
Look around-
At the sight and the sound
Look in look out look around-

We can move with savage grace
To the rhythms of the night
Cool and remote like dancing girls
In the heat of the beat and the lights

We can wear the rose of romance
An air of joie de vivre
Too-tender hearts upon our sleeves
Or skin as thick as thieves'

rising falling at force ten
we twist the world and ride the wind

Look in- look the storm in the eye
Look out- to the sea and the sky
Look around- at the sight and the sound
Look in look out look around-

Time Stand Still

I turn my back to the wind
To catch my breath,
Before I start off again.
Driven on,
Without a moment to spend
To pass an evening
With a drink and a friend

I let my skin get too thin
I'd like to pause,
No matter what I pretend
Like some pilgrim-
Who learns to transcend-
Learns to live
As if each step was the end

Time stand still-
I'm not looking back
But I want to look around me now
See more of the people
And the places that surround me now

Freeze this moment a little bit longer
Make each sensation a little bit stronger
Experience slips away...

I turn my face to the sun
Close my eyes.
Let my defences down-
All those wounds
That I can't get unwound

I let my past go too fast
No time to pause-
If I could slow it all down
Like some captain,
Whose ship runs aground-
I can wait until the tide comes around

Make each impression a little bit stronger
Freeze this motion a little bit longer
The innocence slips away...

Summer's going fast,
Nights growing colder
Children growing up-
Old friends growing older
Experience slips away...

Open Secrets

It went right by me-
At the time it went over my head
I was looking out the window
I should have looked at your face instead

It went right by me-
Just another wall
There should have been a moment
When we let our barriers fall
I never meant what you're thinking-
That is not what I meant at all...

Well I guess we all have these feelings
We can't leave unreconciled
Some of them burned on our ceilings
Some of them learned as a child
The things that we're concealing
Will never let us grow
Time will do its healing
You've got to let it go

Closed for my protection-
Open to your scorn
Between these two directions
My heart is sometimes torn

I lie awake with my secrets
spinning around my head
something that somehow escaped me-
Something you shouldn't have said
I was looking out the window
I should have looked at your face instead...

I find no absolution
In my rational point of view
Maybe some things are instinctive
But there's one thing you could do
You could try to understand me-
I could try to understand you...

Second Nature

A memo to a higher office
Open letter to the powers-that-be
To a God, a king, a head of state
A captain of industry
To the movers and the shakers-
Can't everybody see?

It ought to be second nature-
I mean, the places where we live!
Let's talk about this sensibly-
We're not insensitive
I know progress has no patience-
But something's got to give

I know you're different-
You know I'm the same
We're both too busy
To be taking the blame
I'd like some changes
But you don't have the time
We can't go on thinking
It's a victimless crime
No one is blameless
But we're all without shame
We fight the fire-
While we're feeding the flames

Folks have got to make choices-
And choices got to have voices
Folks are basically decent
Conventional wisdom would say
Well, we read about the exceptions
In the papers every day

It ought to be second nature-
At least, that's what I feel
"Now I lay me down in Dreamland"-
I know perfect's not for real
I thought we might get closer-
But I'm ready to make a deal

Today is different,
And tomorrow the same
It's hard to take the world
The way that it came
Too many rapids
Keep us sweeping along
Too many captains
Keep on steering us wrong
It's hard to take the heat-
It's hard to lay blame
To fight the fire-
While we're feeding the flames

Prime Mover

Basic elemental instinct to survive
Stirs the higher passions
Thrill to be alive
Alternating currents in a tidewater surge
Rational resistance to an unwise urge

Anything can happen

From the point of conception
To the moment of truth
At the point of surrender
To the burden of proof

From the point of ignition
To the final drive
The point of the journey is not to arrive

Anything can happen

Basic temperamental filters on our eyes
Alter our perceptions
Lenses polarize

Alternating currents force a show of hands
Rational responses force a change of plans
Anything can happen

From a point on the compass
To magnetic north
The point of the needle moving back and forth

From the point of entry-
Until the candle is burned
The point of departure is not to return

Anything can happen

I set the wheels in motion
Turn up all the machines
Activate the programs
And run behind the scene

I set the clouds in motion
Turn up light and sound
Activate the window
And watch the world go 'round-

Anything can happen

Lock And Key

I don't want to face
The killer instinct-
Face it in your or me

We carry a sensitive cargo
Below the waterline-
Ticking like a time bomb
With a primitive design

Behind the finer feelings-
This civilized veneer-
The heart of a lonely hunter
Guards a dangerous frontier

The balance can sometimes fail-
Strong emotions can tip the scale-

Don't want to silence
A desperate voice
For the sake of security
No one wants to make a terrible choice
On the price of being free
I don't want to face the killer instinct-
Face it in you or me
So we keep it under lock and key...

It's not a matter of mercy
It's not a matter of laws
Plenty of people will kill you for some fanatical cause

It's not a matter of conscience-
A search for probable cause
It's just a matter of instinct- a matter of fatal flaws

No reward for resistance
No assistance-
No applause...

We don't want to be victims
On that we all agree,
So we lock up the killer instinct-
And throw away the key...

Mission

Hold your fire-
Keep it burning bright
Hold the flame 'til the dream ignites-
A spirit with a vision is a dream with a mission

I hear their passionate music
Read the words that touch my heart
I gaze at their feverish pictures
The secrets that set them apart

When I feel the powerful visions
Their fire has made alive
I wish I had that instinct-
I wish I had that drive

Spirits fly on dangerous missions
Imaginations on fire
Focused high on soaring ambitions
Consumed in a single desire

In the grip of a nameless possession-
A slave to the drive of obsession-
A spirit with a vision
Is a dream with a mission...

I watch their images flicker
Bringing light to a lifeless screen
I walk through their beautiful buildings
And I wish I had their dreams

But dreams don't need to have motion
To keep their spark alive
Obsession has to have action-
Pride turns on the drive

It's cold comfort
To the ones without it
To know how they struggled-
How they suffered about it

If their lives were exotic and strange
They would likely have gladly exchanged them
For something a little more plain
Maybe something a little more sane

We each pay a fabulous price
For our visions of paradise
But a spirit with a vision
Is a dream with a mission...

Turn The Page

Nothing can survive in a vacuum
No one can exist all alone
We pretend things only happen to strangers
We've all got problems of our own

It's enough to learn to share our pleasures
We can't sooth pain with sympathy
All that we can do is be reminded-
We shake our heads at the tragedy

Every day we're standing in a time capsule
Racing down a river from the past
Every day we're standing in a wind tunnel
Facing down the future coming fast

It's just the age
It's just a stage-
We disengage-
We turn the page...

Looking at the long-range forecast
Catching all the names in the news
Checking out the state of the nation
Learning the environmental blues

Truth is after all a moving target
Hairs to split, and pieces that don't fit
How can anybody be enlightened?
Truth is after all so poorly lit

Tai Shan

High on the sacred mountain
Up the seven thousand stairs
In the golden light of autumn
There was magic in the air

Clouds surrounded the summit
The wind blew strong and cold
Among the silent temples
And the writing carved in gold
Somewhere in my instincts
The primitive took hold...

I stood at the top of the mountain
And China sang to me
In the peaceful haze of harvest time
A song of eternity-

If you raise your hands to heaven
You will live a hundred years
I stood there like a mystic
Lost in the atmosphere

The clouds were suddenly parted
For a moment I could see
The patterns of the landscape
Reaching to the eastern sea
I looked upon a presence
Spanning forty centuries...

I thought of time and distance
The hardships of history
I heard the hope and the hunger
When China sang to me...

High Water

When the waters rose in the darkness
In the wake of the endless flood
It flowed into our memory-
It flowed into our blood-

When something broke the surface
Just to see the starry dome-
We still feel that relation
When the water takes us home
In the flying spray of the ocean
The water takes you home-

Springing from the weight of the mountains
Like the heart of the earth would burst
Flowing out from marble fountains
In the dreams of a desert thirst

Something swam through the jungles
Where the mighty rivers roam-
Something breaks the silence
When the water takes you home
I hear the wordless voices
When the water takes me home-

Waves that crash on the shoreline
Torrents of tropical rain streaming down
Beyond our memory
Streaming down inside our veins

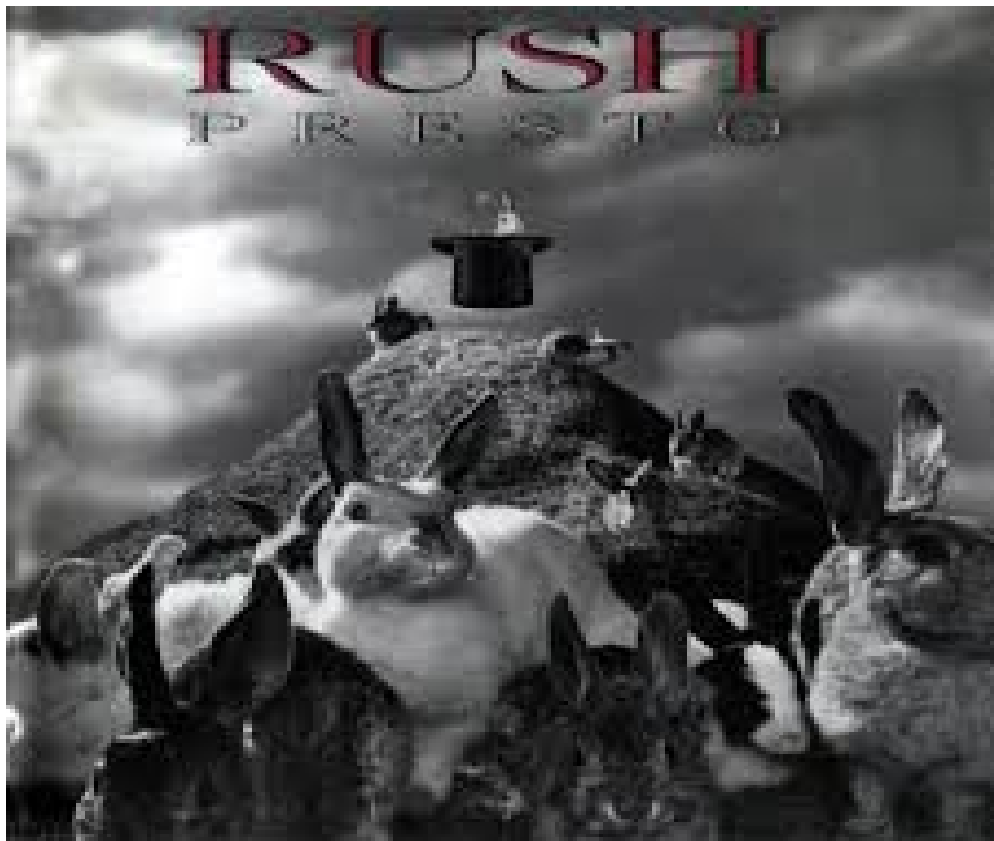
When something left the ocean
To crawl high above the foam-
We still feel that elation
When the water takes us home
In a driving rain of redemption
The water takes me home...

Rush

Presto

1989

Show Don't Tell (5:01)
Chain Lightning (4:33)
The Pass (4:51)
War Paint (5:24)
Scars (4:07)
Presto (5:45)
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Anagram (for Mongo) (4:00)
Red Tide (4:29)
Hand Over Fist (4:11)
Available Light (5:03)



Show Don't Tell

How many times do you hear it?
It goes on all day long
Everyone knows everything
And no one's ever wrong
Until later

Who can you believe?
It's hard to play it safe
But apart from a few good friends
We don't take anything on faith
Until later

Show don't tell

Show me don't tell me
You've figured out the score
Show me don't tell me
I've heard it all before
Show me don't tell me
I don't care what you say
Show me don't tell me

You can twist perceptions
Reality won't budge
You can raise objections
I will be the judge
And the jury

I'll give it due reflection
Watching from the fence
Give the jury direction
Based on the evidence
I, the jury

Show me don't tell me
Hey - order in the court
Show me don't tell me
Let's try to keep it short
Show me don't tell me
Enough of your demands
Show me don't tell me
Witness take the stand
Show me don't tell me

Show me don't tell me
Hey - order in the court
Show me don't tell me
Let's try to keep it short
Show me don't tell me
I don't care what you say
Show me don't tell me
Let's see exhibit a

Chain Lightning

Energy is contagious
Enthusiasm spreads
Tides respond to lunar gravitation
Everything turns in synchronous relation

Laughter is infectious
Excitement goes to my head
Winds are stirred by planets in rotation
Sparks ignite and spread new information

Respond, vibrate, feed back, resonate

Sun dogs fire on the horizon
Meteor rain stars across the night
This moment may be brief
But it can be so bright

Hope is epidemic
Optimism spreads
Bitterness breeds irritation
Ignorance breeds imitation

Sun dogs fire on the horizon
Meteor rain stars across the night
This moment may be brief
But it can be so bright
Reflected in another source of light
When the moment dies
The spark still flies
Reflected in another pair of eyes

Dreams are sometimes catching
Desire goes to my head
Love responds to your invitation
Love responds to imagination

Respond, vibrate, feed back, resonate

The Pass

Proud swagger out of the schoolyard
Waiting for the world's applause
Rebel without a conscience
Martyr without a cause

Static on your frequency
Electrical storm in your veins
Raging at unreachable glory
Straining at invisible chains

And now you're trembling on a rocky ledge
Staring down into a heartless sea
Can't face life on a razor's edge
Nothing's what you thought it would be

All of us get lost in the darkness
Dreamers learn to steer by the stars
All of us do time in the gutter
Dreamers turn to look at the cars
Turn around and turn around and turn around
Turn around and walk the razor's edge
Don't turn your back
And slam the door on me

It's not as if this barricade
Blocks the only road
It's not as if you're all alone
In wanting to explode

Someone set a bad example
Made surrender seem all right
The act of a noble warrior
Who lost the will to fight

And now you're trembling on a rocky ledge
Staring down into a heartless sea
Done with life on a razor's edge
Nothing's what you thought it would be

No hero in your tragedy
No daring in your escape
No salutes for your surrender
Nothing noble in your fate
Christ, what have you done?

War Paint

Girl before the mirror
Appraises her disguise
Child become a mother
Tries to fix her eyes
No more of his excuses
It has to be today
She can keep her fantasy
If she can get away

Paint her name on a one-way street
Painted cheeks with angry heat
Wounded pride on painted eyes
Paint the night with battlecries

All puffed up with vanity
We see what we want to see
To the beautiful and the wise
The mirror always lies

Boy before the mirror
Checks his camouflauge
Polishes his armor
And the charger in the garage
No more lame excuses

It has to be tonight
He can take the princess
If he can take the fight

Pound the drums with martial beat
Pound the streets with marching feet
Wounded pride, distorted eyes
Paint the night with battlecries

All puffed up with vanity
We see what we want to see
To the powerful and the wise
The mirror always lies

Boys and girls together
Mistake conceit for pride
- ambition for illusion
- dreams for self-delusion
Girls and boys together
See what it is we lack
Boys and girls together
Let's paint the mirror black
Paint it black

Scars

I've stood upon my mountaintop
And shouted at the sky
Walked above the pavement
With my sense amplified
- i get this feeling

All my nerves are naked wires
Tender to the touch
Sometimes super-sensitive
But who can care too much?
- i get this feeling

Scars of pleasure
Scars of pain
Atmospheric changes
Make them sensitive again

Each emotional injury
Leaves behind its mark
Sometimes they come tumbling out
Like shadows in the dark
- i get this feeling

When i think about all i have seen
And all i'll never see
When i think about the people
Who have opened up to me
- i get this feeling

Snow falls deep around my house
And holds the winter light
I've heard the lions hunting
In the serengeti night
- i get this feeling

Forests turned to factories
And river, sea, and sky
Hungry child in the desert
And the flies that cloud her eyes
- i get this feeling

Pleasure leaves a fingerprint
As surely as mortal pain
In memories they resonate
And echo back again

Presto

If i could wave my magic wand...

I am made from the dust of the stars
And the oceans flow in my veins
Here i hide in the heart of the city
Like a stranger coming out of the rain

The evening plane rises up from the runway
Over constellations of light
I look down into a million houses
And wonder what you're doing tonight

If i could wave my magic wand
I'd make everything all right

I'm not one to believe in magic
But i sometimes have a second-sight
I'm not one with a sense of proportion
When my heart still changes overnight

I had a dream of a winter garden
A midnight rendezvous
Silver, blue, and frozen silence
What a fool i was for you

I had a dream of the open water
I was swimming away out to sea
So deep i could never touch bottom
What a fool i used to be

If i could wave my magic wand
I'd set everybody free

I'm not one to believe in magic
Though my memory has a second-sight
I'm not one to go pointing my finger
When i radiate more heat than light

Don't ask me
I'm just improvising
My illusion of careless flight
Can't you see
My temperature's rising
I radiate more heat than light

Don't ask me
I'm just sympathizing
My illusions a harmless flight
Can't you see
My temperature's rising
I radiate more heat than light

Superconductor

Packaged like a rebel or a hero
Target mass appeal
To make an audience feel
He really means it

Package the illusion of persona
Careful to conceal
The fact that she's only too real
She's got to screen it

Hit you in a soft place
A melody so sweet
A strong and simple beat
That you can dance to

Watch his every move
Superconductor
Orchestrate illusions
Superconductor
Watch his every move
Superconductor
Hoping you'll believe
Designing to deceive
That's entertainment

He can put a target on the market
Bask in your applause
Reality withdraws
Now he believes it

The role becomes the actor
She's addicted to applause
The stage a world because
She never leaves it

Hit you in a soft place
With sentimental ease
They know the fantasies
That you romance to

Watch her every move
Superconductor
She can manipulate reactions
Superconductor
Watch her every move
Superconductor
Pin the donkeys on her tail
Fantasy for sale
That's entertainment...

Anagram (For Mongo)

There's a snake coming out of the darkness
Parade from paradise
End the need for eden
Chase the dreams of merchandise

There is tic and toc in atomic
Leaders make a deal
The cosmic is largely comic
A con they couldn't conceal

There is no safe seat at the feast
Take your best stab at the beast
The night is turning thin
The saint is turning to sin

Raise the art to resistance
Danger dare to be grand
Pride reduced to humble pie
Diamonds down to sand

Take heart from earth and weather
The brightness of new birth
Take heart from the harvest
Shave the harvest from the earth

Reasoning is partly insane
Image just an eyeless game
The night is turning thin
The saint is turning to sin

Miracles will have their claimers
More will bow to rome
He and she are in the house
But there's only me at home

Rose is a rose of splendor
Posed to respond in the end
Lonely things like nights,
I find, end finer with a friend

I hear in the rate of her heart
A tear in the heat of the art

The night turns thin
The saint turns to sin

Red Tide

Nature has some new plague
To run in our streets
History some new wrinkle
We are doomed to repeat
Fugitives at the bedroom door
Lovers pause to find an open store
Rain is burning on the forest floor
And the red tide kisses the shore

This is not a false alarm
This is not a test

Stay out of the sun
It only burns my skin
Sky full of poison
And the atmosphere's too thin
Bless the sun, the rain no more
River running like an open sore
Black wind falling to the ocean floor
And the red tide washes ashore

This is not a false alarm
This is not a test
Nowhere we can fly away
Nowhere we can rest
The party is disrupted by
An uninvited guest

Deadline approaches
For the weary land
It used to be something
But we let it run down in our hands
Too late for debate, too bad to ignore
Quiet rebellion leads to open war
Bring a sea-change to the factory floor
As the red tide covers the shore

Now's the time to turn the tide
Now's the time to fight
Let us not go gently
To the endless winter night
Now's the time to make the time
While hope is still in sight
Let us not go gently
To the endless winter night

Hand Over Fist

Hand over fist
Paper around the stone
Scissors cut the paper
Cut the paper to the bone
Hand over fist
Paper around the stone
Scissors cut the paper
And the rock must stand alone

I could disappear into the crowd
But not if i keep my head in the clouds
I could walk away so proud
It's easy enough if you don't laugh too loud

I thought i was okay alone
Wait for the postman and the telephone
Lost in a world of my own
I thought i could run alone
Thought i could run through the night alone

Hand over hand
Doesn't seem so much
Hand over hand
Is the strength of the common touch

You talk as we walk along
You never imagined i could be so wrong
Humming your favorite song
You know i've hated that song for so long

How can we ever agree?
Like the rest of the world
We grow farther apart
I swear you don't listen to me
Holding my hand to my heart
Holding my fist to my racing heart

Take a walk outside myself
In some exotic land
Greet a passing stranger
Feel the strength in his hand
Feel the world expand

I feel my spirit resist
But i open up my fist
Lay hand over hand over
Hand over fist

Available Light

The restless wind
Has seen all things
In every kind of light
Rising with the full moon
To go howling through the night

The sleepless wind
Has heard all things
Between the sea and sky
In the canyons of the city
You can hear the buildings cry

Oh the wind can carry
All the voices of the sea
Oh the wind can carry
All the echoes home to me

Run with wind and weather
To the music of the sea
All four winds together
Can't bring the world to me
Chase the wind around the world
I want to look at life - in the available light

Play of light
A photograph
The way i used to be
Some half-forgotten stranger
Doesn't mean that much to me

Trick of light
Moving picture
Moments caught in flight
Make the shadows darker
Or the colors shine too bright

Oh the light can carry
All the visions of the sea
Oh the light can carry
All the images to me

Run to light from shadow
Sun gives me no rest
Promise offered in the east
Broken in the west
Chase the sun around the world
I want to look at life - in the available light

All four winds together
Can't bring the world to me
Shadows hide the play of light
So much i want to see
Chase the light around the world
I want to look at life - in the available light

I'll go with the wind
I'll stand in the light

Rush

Roll The Bones

1991

Dreamline (4:38)
Bravado (4:56)
Roll The Bones (5:30)
Face Up (3:54)
Where's My Thing? (instrumental 3:49)
(Part IV, "Gangster Of Boats" Trilogy)
The Big Wheel (5:15)
Heresy (5:26)
Ghost Of A Chance (5:19)
Neurotica (4:40)
You Bet Your Life (5:00)



Dreamline

He's got a road map of Jupiter
A radar fix on the stars
All along the highway
She's got a liquid-crystal compass
A picture book of the rivers
Under the Sahara

They travel in the time of the prophets
On a desert highway straight to the heart of the sun
Like lovers and hereos, and the restless part of everyone
We're only at home when we're on the run
On the run

He's got a star map of Hollywood
A list of cheap motels
All along the freeway
She's got a sister out in Vegas
The promise of a decent job
Far away from her hometown

They travel on the road to redemption
A highway out of yesterday - that tomorrow will bring
Like lovers and heroes, birds in the last days of spring
We're only at home when we're on the wing
On the wing

When we are young
Wandering the face of the earth
Wondering what our dreams might be worth
Learning that we're only immortal -
For a limited time

Time is a gypsy caravan
Steals away in the night
To leave you stranded in Dreamland
Distance is a long-range filter
Memory a flickering light
Left behind in the heartland

We travel in the dark of the new moon
A starry highway traced on the map of the sky
Like lovers and heroes, lonely as the eagle's cry
We're only at home when we're on the fly
On the fly

We travel on the road to adventure
On a desert highway straight to the heart of the sun
Like lovers and hereos, and the restless part of everyone
We're only at home when we're on the run

Bravado

If we burn our wings
Flying too close to the sun
If the moment of glory
Is over before it's begun
If the dream is won -
Though everything is lost
We will pay the price,
But we will not count the cost

When the dust has cleared
And victory denied
A summit too lofty
River a little too wide
If we keep our pride -
Though paradise is lost
We will pay the price,
But we will not count the cost

And if the music stops
There's only the sound of the rain
All the hope and glory
All the sacrifice in vain
If love remains
Though everything is lost
We will pay the price,
But we will not count the cost

Roll The Bones

Well, you can stake that claim -
Good work is the key to good fortune
Winners take that praise
Losers seldom take that blame
If they don't take that game
And sometimes the winner takes nothing
We draw our own designs
But fortune has to make that frame

We go out in the world and take our chances
Fate is just the weight of circumstances
That's the way that lady luck dances
Roll the bones

Why are we here?
Because we're here
Roll the bones
Why does it happen?
Because it happens
Roll the bones

Faith is cold as ice -
Why are little ones born only to suffer
For the want of immunity
Or a bowl of rice?
Well, who would hold a price
On the heads of the innocent children
If there's some immortal power
To control the dice?

We come into the world and take our chances
Fate is just the weight of circumstances
That's the way that lady luck dances
Roll the bones...

*Jack - relax.
Get busy with the facts.
No zodiacs or almanacs,
No maniacs in polyester slacks.
Just the facts.
Gonna kick some gluteus max.
It's a parallax - you dig?
You move around
The small gets big. It's a rig
It's action - reaction -
Random interaction.
So who's afraid
Of a little abstraction?
Can't get no satisfaction
From the facts?
You better run, homeboy -
A fact's a fact
From Nome to Rome, boy.*

*What's the deal? Spin the wheel.
If the dice are hot - take a shot.
Play your cards. Show us what you got -
What you're holding.
If the cards are cold,
Don't go folding.
Lady Luck is golden;
She favors the bold. That's cold
Stop throwing stones -
The night has a thousand saxophones.
So get out there and rock,
And roll the bones.
Get busy!*

Face Up

You turn my head
I spin my wheels
Running on empty -
You know how that feels

I'm on a roll now -
Or is it a slide?
Can't be too careful
With that dangerous pride
If I could only reach that dial inside
And turn it up

Face up - or you can only back down
Face up - hit the target, or you better hit the ground
Face up - there's still time to turn the game around
Face up - turn it up -
Or turn that wild card down
Turn it up

Don't complain
Don't explain
I don't think my new resolve
Can stand the strain

I'm in a groove now -
Or is it a rut?
I need some feedback
But all the lines are cut
I get so angry, but I keep my mouth shut
And turn it up

You get all squeezed up inside
Like the days were carved in stone
You get all wired up inside
And it's bad to be alone

You can go out, you can take a ride
And when you get out on your own
You get all smoothed out inside
And it's good to be alone
Turn it up

The Big Wheel

Well, I was only a kid - didn't know enough to be afraid
Playing the game, but not the way the big boys played
Nothing to lose - maybe I had something to trade
The way the big wheel spins

Well, I was only a kid, on a holy crusade
I placed no trust in a faith that was ready-made
Take no chances on paradise delayed
So I do a slow fade
Playing for time
Don't want to wait for heaven
Looking for love
For an angel to forgive my sins
Playing with fire
Chasing something new to believe in
Looking for love
The way the big wheel spins

Well, I was only a kid, cruising around in a trance
Prisoner of fate, victim of circumstance
I was lined up for glory, but the tickets sold out in advance
The way the big wheel spins

Well, I was only a kid, gone without a backward glance
Going for broke, going for another chance
Hoping for heaven - hoping for a fine romance
If I do the right dance

Wheel goes round, landing on a twist of faith
Taking your chances you'll have the right answers
When the final judgment begins

Wheel goes round, landing on a leap of fate
Life redirected in ways unexpected
Sometimes the odd number wins
The way the big wheel spins

Heresy

All around that dull gray world
From Moscow to Berlin
People storm the barricades
Walls go tumbling in

The counter-revolution
People smiling through their tears
Who can give them back their lives
And all those wasted years?
All those precious wasted years -
Who will pay?

All around that dull gray world
Of ideology
People storm the marketplace
And buy up fantasy

The counter-revolution
At the counter of a store
People buy the things they want
And borrow for a little more
All those wasted years
All those precious wasted years
Who will pay?

Do we have to be forgiving at last?
What else can we do?
Do we have to say goodbye to the past?
Yes I guess we do

All around this great big world
All the crap we had to take
Bombs and basement fallout shelters
All our lives at stake

The bloody revolution
All the warheads in its wake
All the fear and suffering
All a big mistake
All those wasted years
All those precious wasted years
Who will pay?

Ghost of a Chance

Like a million little doorways
All the choices we made
All the stages we passed through
All the roles we played

For so many different directions
Our separate paths might have turned
With every door that we opened
Every bridge that we burned

Somehow we find each other
Through all that masquerade
Somehow we found each other
Somehow we have stayed
In a state of grace

I don't believe in destiny
Or the guiding hand of fate
I don't believe in forever
Or love as a mystical state
I don't believe in the stars or the planets
Or angels watching from above
But i believe there's a ghost of a chance
We can find someone to love
And make it last

Like a million little crossroads
Through the backstreets of youth
Each time we turn a new corner
A tiny moment of truth

So many different connections
Our separate paths might have made
With every door that we opened
Every game we played

Somehow we find each other
Through all that masquerade
Somehow we found each other
Somehow we have stayed
In a state of grace

Neurotica

You just don't get it
What it is ... well, you're not really sure
You move like you're walking on this ice
Talking like you're still insecure

Time is a spiral - Space is a curve
I know you get dizzy, but try not to lose your nerve
Life is a diamond you turn into dust
Waiting for rescue, and I know you just
Don't get it
You just don't get it

Neurotica - Exotica
It's just Erotica - Hypnotica
It's just Psychotica - Chaotica
It's just Exotica - Neurotica

You just don't get it
Baby, don't you ask yourself why?
If you don't like the answer - forget it
You know I hate to see you cry

Fortune is random - Fate shoots from the hip
I know you get crazy, but try not to lose your grip
Life is a diamond you turn into dust
Looking for trust, and I know that you just
Don't get it
You just don't get it

Snap!
Hide in your shell, let the world go to hell
It's like russian roulette to you
Snap!
Sweat running cold, you can't face growing old
It's a personal threat to you
Snap!
The world is a cage for your impotent rage
But don't let it get to you
Snap!

You Bet Your Life

Just another hunter, like a wolf in the sun
Just another junkie on a scoring run
Just another victim of the things he has done
Just another day - in the life of a loaded gun

The odds get even - you name the game
The odds get even - the stakes are the same
You bet your life

Just another winner, pours his life down the drain
Just another island in a hurricane
Just another loser, like a cat in the rain
Just another day - in the path of a speeding train

The odds get even - you name the game
The odds get even - the stakes are the same
You bet your life

*anarchist reactionary running-dog revisionist
hindu muslim catholic creation/evolutionist
rational romantic mystic cynical idealist
minimal expressionist post-modern neo-symbolist
armchair rocket scientist graffiti existentialist
deconstruction primitive performance photo-realist
be-bop or a one-drop or a hip-hop lite-pop-metallist
gold adult contemporary urban country capitalist*

Just another gypsy with a plastic guitar
Just another dancer with her eyes on the stars
Just another dreamer who was going too far
Just another drunk - at the wheel of a stolen car

The odds get even - you name the game
The odds get even - the stakes are the same
You bet your life

Animate (6:03)
Stick It Out (4:30)
Cut To The Chase (4:48)
Nobody's Hero (4:54)
Between Sun And Moon (4:37)
Alien Shore (5:45)
Speed Of Love (5:02)
Double Agent (4:51)
Leave That Thing Alone (instrumental 4:05)
Cold Fire (4:26)
Everyday Glory (5:11)



Animate

Polarize me
Sensitize me
Criticize me
Civilize me
Compensate me
Animate me
Complicate me
Elevate me

Goddess in my garden
Sister in my soul
Angel in my armor
Actress in my role

Daughter of a demon-lover
Empress of the hidden face
Priestess of the pagan mother
Ancient queen of inner space

Spirit in my psyche
Double in my role
Alter in my image
Struggle for control

Mistress of the dark unconscious
Mermaid of the lunar sea
Daughter of the great enchantress
Sister to the boy inside of me

My counterpart - my foolish heart
A man must learn to rule his tender part
A warming trend - a gentle friend
A man must build a fortress to defend

A secret face - a touch of grace
A man must learn to give a little space
A peaceful state - a submissive trait
A man must learn to gently dominate

Stick It Out

Trust to your instincts
If it's safely restrained
Lightning reactions
Must be carefully trained

Heat of the moment
Curse of the young
Spit out your anger
Don't swallow your tongue

STICK IT OUT

Don't swallow the poison
SPIT IT OUT
Don't swallow your pride
STICK IT OUT
Don't swallow your anger
SPIT IT OUT
Don't swallow the lies

Natural reflex
Pendulum swing
You might be too dizzy
To do the right thing

Trial under fire
Ultimate proof
Moment of crisis
Don't swallow the truth

STICK IT OUT

Each time we bathe our reactions
In artificial light
Each time we alter the focus
To make the wrong moves seem right

You get so used to deception
You make yourself a nervous wreck
You get so used to surrender
Running back to cover your neck

STICK IT OUT

Cut To The Chase

It is the fire that lights itself
But it burns with a restless flame
The arrow on a moving target
The archer must be sure of his aim

It is the engine that drives itself
But it chooses the uphill climb
A bearing on magnetic north
Growing farther away all the time
Can't stop - moving
Can't stop - moving
Can't stop

You may be right
It's all a waste of time
I guess that's just a chance
I'm prepared to take
A danger i'm prepared to face
Cut to the chase

It is the rocket that ignites itself
And launches its way to the stars
A driver on a busy freeway
Racing the oblivious cars

It's the motor of the western world
Spinning off to every extreme
Pure as a lover's desire
Evil as a murderer's dream

Young enough not to care too much
About the way things used to be
I'm young enough to remember the future -
The past has no claim on me

I'm old enough not to care too much
About what you think of me
But I'm young enough to remember the future
And the way things ought to be

What kind of difference
Can one person make?
Cut to the chase

Nobody's Hero

I knew he was different, in his sexuality
I went to his parties, as a straight minority
It never seemed a threat to my masculinity
He only introduced me to a wider reality

As the years went by, we drifted apart
When I heard that he was gone
I felt a shadow cross my heart
But he's nobody's -

Hero - saves a drowning child
Cures a wasting disease
Hero - lands the crippled airplane
Solves great mysteries

Hero - not the handsome actor
Who plays a hero's role
Hero - not the glamor girl
Who'd love to sell her soul
If anybody's buying
Nobody's hero

I didn't know the girl, but I knew her family
All their lives were shattered
in a nightmare of brutality
They try to carry on, try to bear the agony
Try to hold some faith
in the goodness of humanity

As the years went by, we drifted apart
When I heard that she was gone
I felt a shadow cross my heart
But she's nobody's -

Hero - the voice of reason
Against the howling mob
Hero - the pride of purpose
In the unrewarding job

Hero - not the champion player
Who plays the perfect game
Not the glamor boy
Who loves to sell his name
Everybody's buying
Nobody's hero

As the years went by, we drifted apart
When I heard that you were gone
I felt a shadow cross my heart

Between Sun And Moon

There is a lake between sun and moon
Not too many know about
In the silence between whisper and shout
The space between wonder and doubt

This is a fine place
Shining face to face
Those bonfire lights in the mirror of sky
The space between wonder and why

ahh yes to yes to ahh ahh to yes
why the sun why the sun

There is a fine line between love and illusion -
A fine place to penetrate
The gap between actor and act
The lens between wishes and fact

This is a fine place
To hesitate
Those bonfire lights in the lake of sky
The time between wonder and why

Some need to pray to the sun at high noon
Some need to howl at the midwinter moon
Reborn and baptized in a moment of grace
We just need a break -
From the headlong race

ahh yes to yes to ahh ahh to yes
why the sun why the sun

This is a fine place, shining face to face
These bonfire lights in the mirrored sky
The space between wonder and why

Alien Shore

You and I, we are strangers by one chromosome
Slave to the hormone, body and soul
In a struggle to be happy and free
Swimming in a primitive sea

You and I, we must dive below the surface
A world of red neon, and ultramarine
Shining bridges on the ocean floor
Reaching to the alien shore

For you and me - Sex is not a competition
For you and me - Sex is not a job description
For you and me - We agree

You and I, we are pressed into these solitudes
Color and culture, language and race
Just variations on a theme
Islands in a much larger stream

For you and me - Race is not a competition
For you and me - Race is not a definition
For you and me - We agree

Reaching for the alien shore

You and I, we reject these narrow attitudes
We add to each other, like a coral reef
Building bridges on the ocean floor
Reaching for the alien shore

For you and me - We hold these truths to be self-evident
For you and me - We'd elect each other president
For you and me - We might agree
But that's just us

Reaching for the alien shore

The Speed of Love

Love is born with lightning bolts
Electro-magnetic force
Burning skin and fireworks
A storm on a raging course

Like a force of nature,
Love can fade with the stars at dawn
Sometimes it takes all your strength
Just to keep holding on
At the speed of love
A radiance that travels
At the speed of love
My heart goes out to you.

Love is born with solar flares
From two magnetic poles
It moves towards a higher plane
Where two halves make two wholes

Like a force of nature,
Love shines in many forms
One night we are bathed in light
One day carried away in the storms
At the speed of love
Nothing changes faster
Than the speed of love
My heart goes out to you

We don't have to talk
We don't even have to touch
I can feel your presence
In the silence that we share
Got to keep moving
At the speed of love
Nothing changes faster
Than the speed of love
Got to keep on shining
At the speed of love
Nothing changes faster
Than the speed of love
My heart goes out to you

Double Agent

Where would you rather be?
Anywhere but here
When will the time be right?
Anytime but now

On the edge of sleep,
I was drifting for half the night
Anxious and restless,
pressed down by the darkness
Bound up and wound up so tight
So many decisions, a million revisions
Caught between darkness and light...

Wilderness of mirrors
World of polished steel
Gears and iron chains
Turn the grinding wheel
I run between the shadows
Some are phantoms, some are real

Where would you rather be?
Anywhere but here
When will the time be right?
Anytime but now
The doubt and the fear
I know would all disappear
Anywhere but here

On the edge of sleep,
I heard voices behind the door
The known and the nameless,
familiar and faceless
My angels and my demons at war
Which one will lose - depends on what I choose
Or maybe which voice I ignore...

Wilderness of mirrors
Streets of cold desire
My precious sense of honor
Just a shield of rusty wire
I hold against the chaos -
And the cross of holy fire

Wilderness of mirrors
So easy to deceive
My precious sense of rightness
Is sometimes so naive
So that which I imagine
Is that which I believe

On the edge of sleep, I awoke to a sun so bright
Rested and fearless, cheered by your nearness
I knew which direction was right
The case had been tried by the jury inside
The choice between darkness and light...

Rush

Counterparts

1993

Leave That Thing Alone

Instrumental

Cold Fire

It was long after midnight
When we got to unconditional love
She said sure, my heart is boundless
But don't push my limits too far

I said if love was so transcendent
I don't understand these boundaries
She said just don't disappoint me -
You know how complex women are
I'll be around
If you don't let me down
Too far

It was just before sunrise
When we started on traditional roles
She said sure I'll be your partner
But don't make too many demands

I said if love has these conditions
I don't understand those songs you love
She said this is not a love song
This isn't fantasy-land
I'll be around
If you don't push me down
Too far

DON'T GO TOO FAR -
The phosphorescent wave on a tropical sea
Is a cold fire
DON'T CROSS THE LINE -
The pattern of moonlight on the bedroom floor
Is a cold fire
DON'T LET ME DOWN -
The flame at the heart of a pawnbroker's diamond
Is a cold fire
DON'T BREAK THE SPELL -
The look in your eyes as you head for the door
Is a cold fire

Love is blind if you are gentle
Love can turn to a long, cold burn

Everyday Glory

In the house where nobody laughs
And nobody sleeps
In the house where love lies dying
And the shadows creep
A little girl hides, shaking,
With her hands on her ears
Pushing back the tears, 'til the pain disappears

Mama says some ugly words
Daddy pounds the wall
They can fight about their little girl later
Right now they don't care at all
No matter what they say...
No matter what they say...

Everyday people
Everyday shame
Everyday promise
Shot down in flames

Everyday sunrise
Another everyday story
Rise from the ashes -
A blaze of everyday glory

In the city where nobody smiles
And nobody dreams
In the city where desperation
Drives the bored to extremes

Just one spark of decency
Against a starless night
One glow of hope and dignity
A child can follow the light
No matter what they say
No matter what they say...

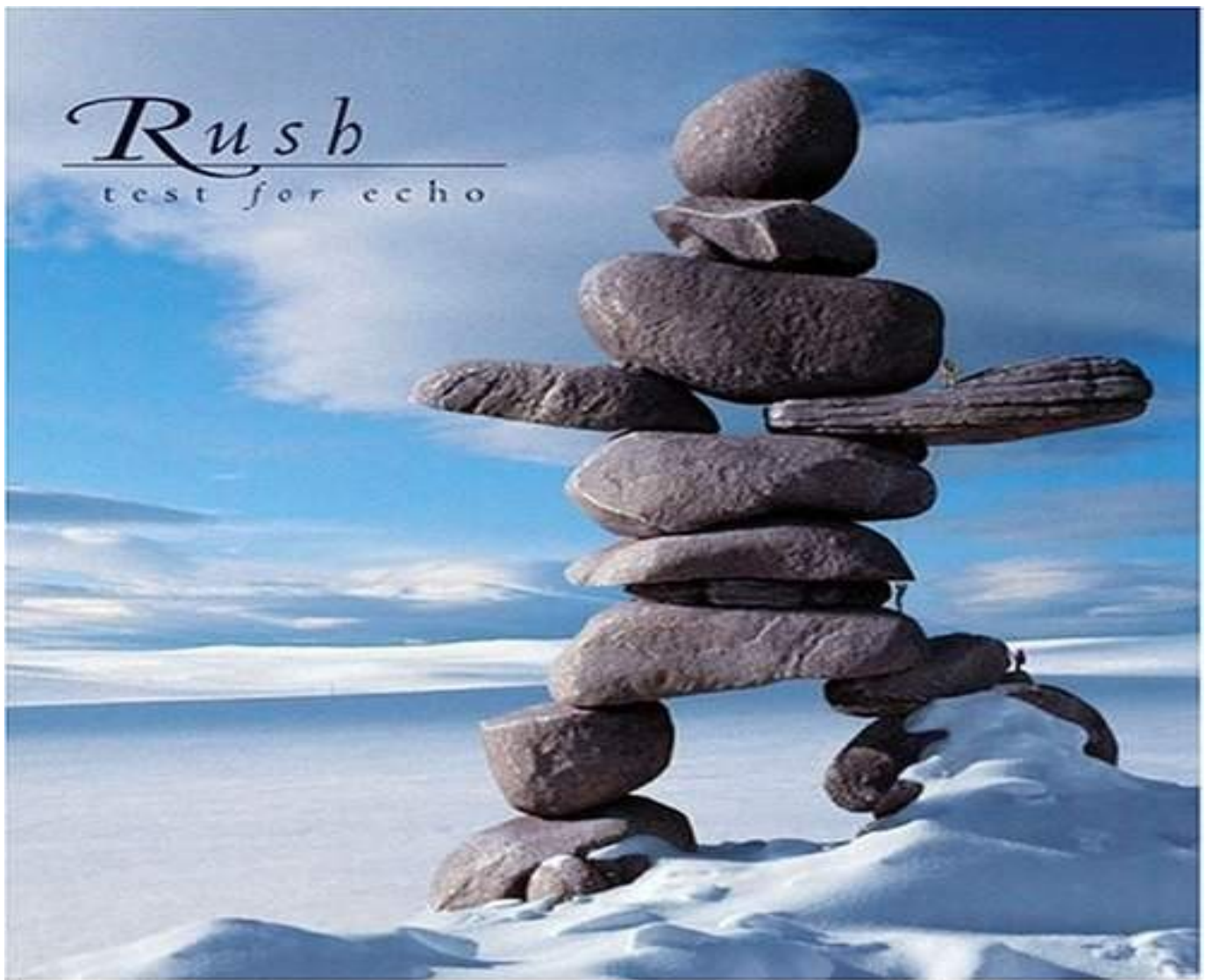
If the future's looking dark
We're the ones who have to shine
If there's no one in control
We're the ones who draw the line
Though we live in trying times -
We're the ones who have to try
Though we know that time has wings -
We're the ones who have to fly

Rush

Test For Echo

1996

Test For Echo (5:56)
Driven (4:27)
Half The World (3:43)
The Color Of Right (4:49)
Time And Motion (5:01)
Totem (4:58)
Dog Years (4:55)
Virtuality (5:44)
Resist (4:24)
Limbo (instrumental 5:29)
Carve Away The Stone (4:05)



Test For Echo

Here we go - vertigo
Video vertigo
Test for echo

Here we go - in slo-mo
Video vertigo
Test for echo

Some kind of trouble on the sensory screen
Camera curves over caved-in cop cars
Bleacher-creatures, would-be desperados
Clutch at plausible deniability
Don't touch that dial -
We're in denial
Until the showcase trial on TV

Some kind of pictures on the sense o'clock news
Miles of yellow tape - silhouetted chalklines
Tough-talking hood boys in pro-team logo knock-offs
Conform to uniforms of some corporate entity
Don't change that station
It's Gangster Nation
Now crime's in syndication on TV

What a show - vertigo
Video vertigo
Test for echo

Touch and go - in slo-mo
Video vertigo
Test for echo

Some kind of drama live on satellite
Hidden camera coverage from the crime scene to the courtroom
Nail-biting hood boys in borrowed ties and jackets
Clutching at the straws of respectability
Can't do the time?
Don't do the crime
And wind up in the perp walk on TV

Driven

Driven up and down in circles
Skidding down a road of black ice
Staring in and out storm windows
Driven to a fool's paradise

But it's my turn to drive

Driven to the margin of error
Driven to the edge of control
Driven to the margin of terror
Driven to the edge of a deep, dark hole

Driven day and night in circles
Spinning like a whirlwind of leaves
Stealing in and out back alleys
Driven to another den of thieves

But it's my turn to drive

Driven in - Driven to the edge
Driven out - On the thin end of the wedge
Driven off - By things I've never seen
Driven on - By the road to somewhere I've never been

It's my turn to drive

The road unwinds towards me
What was there is gone
The road unwinds before me
And I go riding on

Half The World

Half the world hates
What half the world does every day
Half the world waits
While half gets on with it anyway

Half the world lives
Half the world makes
Half the world gives
While the other half takes

Half the world is
Half the world was
Half the world thinks
While the other half does

Half the world talks
With half a mind on what they say
Half the world walks
With half a mind to run away

Half the world lies
Half the world learns
Half the world flies
As half the world turns

Half the world cries
Half the world laughs
Half the world tries
To be the other half

Half of us divided
Like a torn-up photograph
Half of us are trying
To reach the other half

Half the world cares
While half the world is wasting the day
Half the world shares
While half the world is stealing away

The Color Of Right

I don't have an explanation
For another lonely night
I just feel this sense of mission
And the sense of what is right

Take it easy on me now -
I'd be there if I could
I'm so full of what is right
I can't see what is good

It's a hopeless situation
Lie awake for half the night
You're not sure what's going on here
But you're sure it isn't right

Make it easy on yourself
There's nothing more you can do
You're so full of what is right
You can't see what is true

A quality of justice
A quantity of light
A particle of mercy
Makes the color of right

Gravity and distance
Change the passage of light
Gravity and distance
Change the color of right

Time And Motion

Time and motion
Wind and sun and rain
Days connect like boxcars in a train

Fill them up with precious cargo
Squeeze in all that you can find
Spontaneous elation
And the long-enduring kind

Time and motion
Flesh and blood and fire
Lives connect in webs of gold and razor wire

Spin a thread of precious contact
Squeeze in all that you can find
Spontaneous relations
And the long-enduring kind

The mighty ocean
Dances with the moon
The silent forest
Echoes with the loon

Time and motion
Live and love and dream
Eyes connect like interstellar beams

Superman in Supernature
Needs all the comfort he can find
Spontaneous emotion
And the long enduring kind

Totem

I've got twelve disciples and a Buddha smile
The Garden of Allah, Viking Valhalla
A miracle once in a while

I've got a pantheon of animals in a pagan soul
Vishnu and Gaia - Aztec and Maya
Dance around my totem pole

I believe in what I see
I believe in what I hear
I believe that what I'm feeling
Changes how the world appears

Angels and demons dancing in my head
Lunatics and monsters underneath my bed
Media messiahs preying on my fears
Pop culture prophets playing in my ears

I've got celestial mechanics
To synchronize my stars
Seasonal migrations - daily variations
World of the unlikely and bizarre

I've got idols and icons, unspoken holy vows
Thoughts to keep well-hidden -
Sacred and forbidden
Free to browse among the holy cows

That's why I believe

Angels and demons inside of me
Saviors and Satans all around me

Sweet chariot, swing low, coming for me

Dog Years

In a dog's life
A year is really more like seven
And all too soon a canine
Will be chasing cars in doggie heaven

It seems to me
As we make our own few circles 'round the sun
We get it backwards
And our seven years go by like one

Dog years - It's the season of the itch
Dog years - With every scratch it reappears

In the dog days
People look to Sirius
Dogs cry for the moon
But those connections are mysterious

It seems to me
While it's true that every dog will have his day
When all the bones are buried
There is barely time to go outside and play

Dog years - It's the season of the itch
Dog years - With every scratch it reappears
Dog years - For every sad son of a bitch
Dog years - With his tail between his ears

I'd rather be a tortoise from Galapagos
Or a span of geological time
Than be living in these dog years

In a dog's brain
A constant buzz of low-level static
One sniff at the hydrant
And the answer is automatic

It seems to me
As well make our own few circles 'round the block
We've lost our senses
For the higher-level static of talk

Virtuality

Like a shipwrecked mariner adrift on an unknown sea
Clinging to the wreckage of the lost ship Fantasy
I'm a castaway, stranded in a desolate land
I can see the footprints in the virtual sand

Net boy, net girl
Send your signal 'round the world
Let your fingers walk and talk
And set you free

Net boy, net girl
Send your impulse 'round the world
Put your message in a modem
And throw it in the Cyber Sea

Astronauts in the weightlessness of pixellated space
Exchange graffiti with a disembodied race
I can save the universe in a grain of sand
I can hold the future in my virtual hand

Let's dance tonight
To a virtual song
Press this key
And you can play along

Let's fly tonight
On our virtual wings
Press this key
To see amazing things

Like a pair of vagabonds who wave between two passing trains
Or the glimpse of a woman's smile through a window in the rain
I can smell her perfume, I can taste her lips
I can feel the voltage from her fingertips

Net boy, net girl
Send your heartbeat round the world

Resist

I can learn to resist
Anything but temptation
I can learn to co-exist
With anything but pain

I can learn to compromise
Anything but my desires
I can learn to get along
With all the things I can't explain

I can learn to resist
Anything but frustration
I can learn to persist
With anything but aiming low

I can learn to close my eyes
To anything but injustice
I can learn to get along
With all the things I don't know

You can surrender
Without a prayer
But never really pray
Pray without surrender

You can fight
Without ever winning
But never ever win
Without a fight

Rush

Test For Echo

1996

Limbo

Whatever happened to my Transylvania twist?

Carve Away The Stone

You can roll that stone
To the top of the hill
Drag your ball and chain
Behind you

You can carry that weight
With an iron will
Or let the pain remain
Behind you

Chip away the stone
(Sisyphus)
Chip away the stone
Make the burden lighter
If you must roll that rock alone

You can drive those wheels
To the end of the road
You will still find the past right
Behind you

Try to deny
The weight of the load
Try to put the sins of the past night
Behind you

Carve away the stone
(Sisyphus)
Carve away the stone
Make a graven image
With some features of your own

You can roll the stone
To the top of the hill
You can carry that weight
With an iron will
You can drive those wheels
To the end of the road
You can try to deny
The weight of the load

Roll away the stone
(Sisyphus)
Roll away the stone
If you could just move yours
I could get working on my own

One Little Victory (5:08)
Ceiling Unlimited (5:28)
Ghost Rider (5:41)
Peaceable Kingdom (5:23)
The Stars Look Down (4:28)
How It Is (4:05)
Vapor Trail (4:57)
Secret Touch (6:34)
Earthshine (5:38)
Sweet Miracle (3:40)
Nocturne (4:49)
Freeze (Part IV of "Fear") (6:21)
Out Of The Cradle (5:03)



One Little Victory

A certain measure of innocence
Willing to appear naive
A certain degree of imagination
A measure of make-believe

A certain degree of surrender
To the forces of light and heat
A shot of satisfaction
In a willingness to risk defeat

Celebrate the moment
As it turns into one more
Another chance at victory
Another chance to score

The measure of the moment
Is a difference of degree
Just one little victory
A spirit breaking free
One little victory
The greatest act can be
One little victory

A certain measure of righteousness
A certain amount of force
A certain degree of determination
Daring on a different course

A certain amount of resistance
To the forces of the light and love
A certain measure of tolerance
A willingness to rise above

Ceiling Unlimited

It's not the heat
It's the inhumanity
Plugged into the sweat of a summer street
Machine gun images pass
Like malice through the looking glass

The slackjaw gaze
Of true profanity
Feels more like surrender than defeat
If culture is the curse of the thinking class
If culture is the curse of the thinking class

ceiling unlimited
world so wide
turn and turn again

feeling unlimited
still unsatisfied
changes never end

The vacant laugh
Of true insanity
Dressed up in the mask of Tragedy
Programmed for the guts and glands
Of idle minds and idle hands

I rest my case -
Or at least my vanity
Dressed up in the mask of Comedy
If laughter is a straw for a drowning man
If laughter is a straw for a drowning man

ceiling unlimited
windows open wide
look and look again

feeling unlimited
eyes on the prize
changes never end

winding like an ancient river
the time is now again

hope is like an endless river
the time is now again

Ghost Rider

Pack up all those phantoms
Shoulder that invisible load
Keep on riding north and west
Haunting that wilderness road
Like a ghost rider

Carry all those phantoms
Through bitter wind and stormy skies
From the desert to the mountain
From the lowest low to the highest high
Like a ghost rider

Keep on riding North and West
Then circle South and East
Show me beauty, but there is no peace
For the ghost rider

Shadows on the road behind
Shadows on the road ahead
Nothing can stop you now

There's a shadow on the road behind
There's a shadow on the road ahead
Nothing can stop you now

Sunrise in the mirror
Lightens that invisible load
Riding on a nameless quest
Haunting that wilderness road
Like a ghost rider

Just an escape artist
Racing against the night
A wandering hermit
Racing toward the light

From the White Sands
To the Canyonlands
To the redwood stands
To the Barren Lands

Sunrise on the road behind
Sunset on the road ahead
There's nothing to stop you now
Nothing can stop you now

Peaceable Kingdom

A wave toward the clearing the sky

All this time we're talking and sharing our Rational View
A billion other voices are spreading other news
All this time we're living and trying to understand
Why a billion other choices are making their demands

Talk of a Peaceable Kingdom
Talk of a time without fear
The ones we wish would listen
Are never going to hear

Justice against The Hanged Man
Knight of Wands against the hour
Swords against the kingdom
Time against The Tower

All this time we're shuffling and laying out all our cards
While a billion other dealers are slipping past our guards
All this time we're hoping and praying we all might learn
While a billion other teachers are teaching them how to burn

Dream of a Peaceable Kingdom
Dream of a time without war
The ones we wish would hear us
Have heard it all before

A wave toward the clearing sky
A wave toward the clearing sky

The Hermit against The Lovers
Or the Devil against the Fool
Swords against the kingdom
The Wheel against the rules

All this time we're burning like bonfires in the dark
A billion other blazes are shooting off their sparks
Every spark a drifting ember of desire
To fall upon the earth and spark another fire

A homeward angel on the fly
A wave toward the clearing sky

Stars Look Down

Like the fly on the wheel, who says
"What a lot of dust we're raising"
Are you under the illusion
That you're part of this scheme?
Seems like a lifetime ago
You could look with pride
On your world of dreams

What is the meaning of this?
And the stars look down
What are you trying to do?
And the stars look down
Was it something I said
And the stars look down

Like the rat in a maze who says,
"Watch me choose my own direction"
Are you under the illusion
The path is winding your way?
Are you surprised by confusion
When it leads you astray?
Have you lived a lifetime today -
Or do you feel like you just got carried away?

What is the meaning of this?
And the stars look down
What are you trying to do?
And the stars look down
Was it something I said?
And the stars look down
Something you'd like me to do?
And the stars look down

The stars look down

How It Is

Here's a little trap
That sometimes catches everyone
When today's as far as we can see
Faith in bright tomorrows
giving way to resignation
That's how it is - how it's going to be

It's such a cloudy day
Seems we'll never see the sun
Or feel the day has possibilities
Frozen in the moment -
the lack of imagination
Between how it is and how it ought to be

Here's a little trap
That sometimes trips up everyone
When we tire of our own company
Sometimes we're the last to see beyond the day's frustrations
That's how it is - how it's going to be

It's such a cloudy day
Seems we'll never see the sun
I feel the day is all uncertainty
Burning in the moment - trapped by the desperation
Between how it is and how it ought to be

Foot upon the stair
Shoulder to the wheel
You can't tell yourself not to care
You can't tell yourself how to feel

That's how it is
Another cloudy day

Vapor Trail

Stratospheric traces of our transitory flight
Trails of condensation held
in narrow paths of white
The sun is turning black
The world is turning gray
All the stars fade from the night
The oceans drain away

Horizon to Horizon
memory written on the wind
Fading away, like an hourglass, grain by grain
Swept away like voices in a hurricane

In a vapor trail

Atmospheric phases make the transitory last
Vaporize the memories that freeze the fading past
Silence all the songbirds
Stilled by the killing frost
Forests burn to ashes
Everything is lost

Washed away like footprints in the rain

In a vapor trail

Secret Touch

The way out
Is the way in
The way out
Is the way in...

Out of touch
With the weather and the wind direction
With the sunrise
And the phases of the moon
Out of touch
With life in the land of the loving
With the living night
And the darkness at high noon

You can never break the chain
There is never love without pain
A gentle hand, a secret touch on the heart

Out of sync
With the rhythm of my own reactions
With the things that last
And the things that come apart
Out of sync
With love in the land of the living
A gentle hand, a secret touch on the heart

A healing hand, a secret touch on the heart

There is never love without pain
Life is a power that remains

Earthshine

On certain nights
When the angles are right
And the moon is a slender crescent

Its circle shows
In a ghostly glow
Of earthly luminescence

Earthshine
A beacon in the night
I can raise my eyes to
Earthshine
Earthshine
A jewel out of reach
Form a dream to rise to
Earthshine

Floating high
In the evening sky
I see my faint reflection

Pale facsimile
Like what others see
When they look in my direction

Earthshine
Stretching out your hand
Full of starlit diamonds
Earthshine

Reflected light
To another's sight
And the moon tells a lover's story

My borrowed face
And my third-hand grace
Only reflect your glory

You're still out of reach
Form a dream to rise to
Earthshine

Sweet Miracle

I wasn't walking on water
I was standing on a reef
When the tide came in
Swept beneath the surface
Lost without a trace
No hope at all
No hope at all

Oh - sweet miracle
Oh - sweet miracle
Of life

I wasn't walking with angels
I was talking to myself
Rising up to the surface
Raging against the night
Starless night

Oh - sweet miracle
Love's sweet miracle
Of life

Oh salvation
Oh salvation

I wasn't praying for magic
I was hiding in plain sight
Rising up from the surface
To fly into the light

Nocturne

Did I have a dream?
Or did the dream have me?

Set off on a night-sea journey
Without memory or desire
Drifting through lost latitudes
With no compass and no chart

Flying through hallucination
Distant voices, signals fire
Lighting up my unconscious
And the secret places of the heart

Dream - Temporary madness
Dream - A voice in the wilderness
Dream - Unconscious revelations
The morning says, the answer is yes

Floating through a darkened mirror
Deep reflections in disguise
Soaring through lost altitudes
Without wonder, without fear

Symbols on a field of visions
Behind the curtain of sleeping eyes
On the instant of waking
Another world of dreams appears

Dream - A walk in the wilderness
Dream - Unconscious recreation
The morning says, the answer is yes

Freeze (part iv of "fear")

The city crouches, steaming
In the early morning half-light
The sun is still a rumor
And the night is still a threat

Slipping through the dark streets
And the echoes and the shadows
Something stirs behind me
And my palms begin to sweat

Sometimes I freeze - until the light comes
Sometimes I fly - into the night
Sometimes I fight - against the darkness
Sometimes I'm wrong - sometimes I'm right

Coiled for the spring
Or caught like a creature in the headlights
Into a desperate panic
Or a tempest of blind fury
Like a cornered beast
Or a conquering hero

The menace threatens, closing
And I'm frozen in the shadows
I'm not prepared to run away
And I'm not prepared to fight

I can't stand to reason
Or surrender to a reflex
I will trust my instincts
Or surrender to my fright

Sometimes we freeze - until the light comes
Sometimes we're wrong - and sometimes we're right
Sometimes we fight - against the darkness
Sometimes we fly - into the night

Blood running cold
Mind going down into a dark night
Of a desperate panic
Or a tempest of blind fury
Like a cornered beast
Or a conquering hero

Sometimes I freeze
Sometimes I fight
Sometimes I fly
Into the night

Out of the Cradle

It's not a place
It's a yearning
It's not a race
It's a journey

It's not an act
It's attraction
It's not a style
It's an action

It's a dream for the waking
It's a flower touched by flame
It's a gift for the giving
It's a power with a hundred names

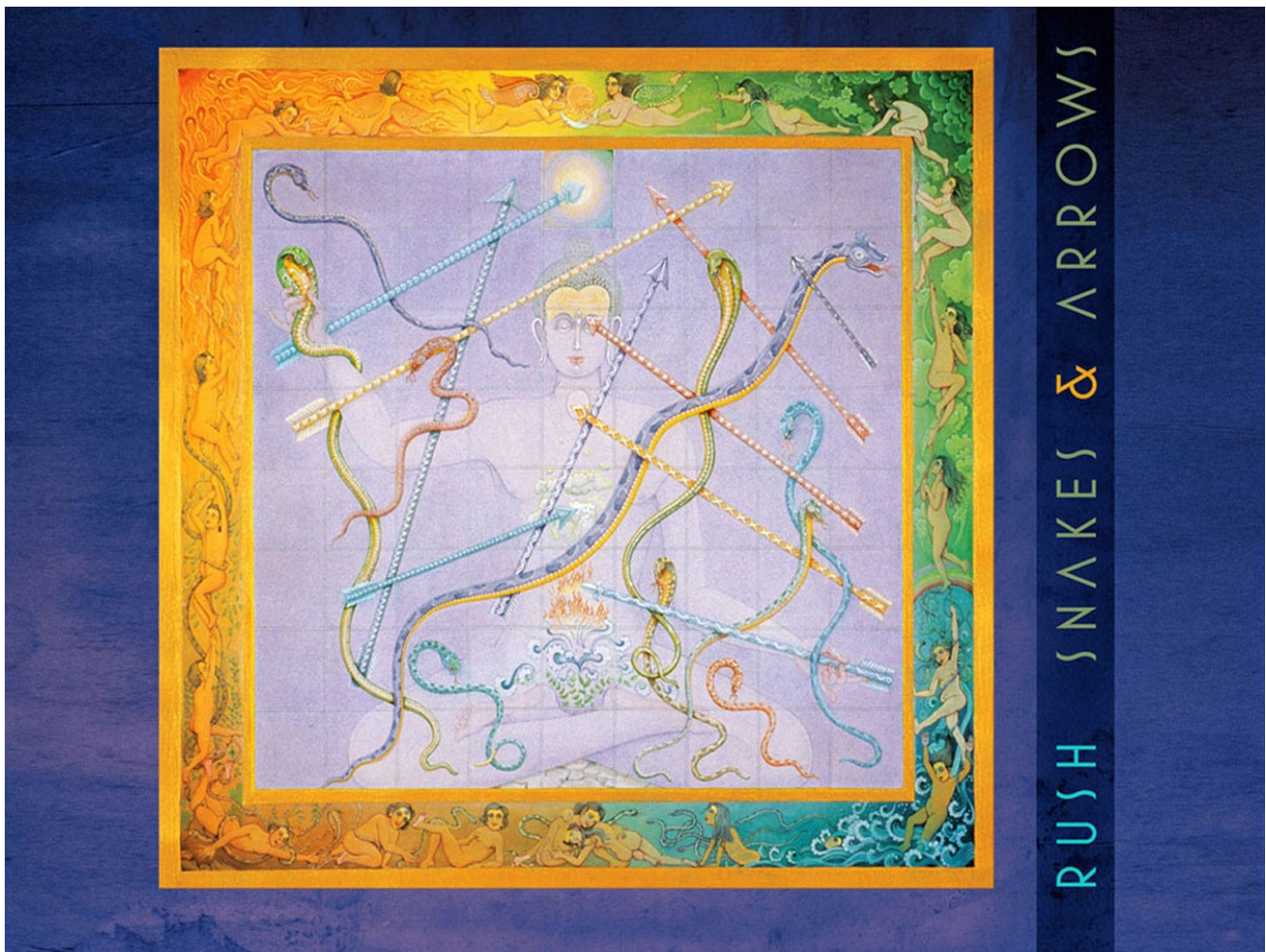
Surge of energy, spark of inspiration
The breath of love is electricity
Maybe Time is bird in flight
Endlessly mocking
Here we come out of the cradle
Endlessly rocking
Endlessly rocking

It's a hand
That rocks the cradle
It's a motion
That swings the sky

It's method on the edge of madness
It's a balance on the edge of a knife
It's a smile on the edge of sadness
It's a dance on the edge of life

Endlessly r o c k i n g

Far Cry (5:21)
Armor and Sword (6:36)
Workin' Them Angels (4:47)
The Larger Bowl (4:07)
Spindrift (5:24)
The Main Monkey Business (6:01)
The Way The Wind Blows (6:28)
Hope (2:02)
Faithless (5:31)
Bravest Face (5:12)
Good News First (4:51)
Malignant Narcissism (2:17)
We Hold On (4:13)



Far Cry

Pariah dogs and wandering madmen
Barking at strangers and speaking in tongues
The ebb and flow of tidal fortune
Electrical changes are charging up the young

It's a far cry from the world we thought we'd inherit
It's a far cry from the way we thought we'd share it
You can almost feel the current flowing
You can almost see the circuits blowing

One day I feel I'm on top of the world
And the next it's falling in on me
I can get back on
I can get back on
One day I feel I'm ahead of the wheel,
And the next it's rolling over me
I can get back on
I can get back on

Whirlwind life of faith and betrayal
Rise in anger, fall back, and repeat
Slow degrees on the dark horizon
Full moon rising lays silver at your feet

It's a far cry from the world we thought we'd inherit
It's a far cry from the way we thought we'd share it
You can almost feel the current flowing
You can almost see the circuits blowing

One day I feel I'm on top of the world
And the next it's falling in on me
I can get back on
I can get back on
One day I feel I'm ahead of the wheel,
And the next it's rolling over me
I can get back on
I can get back on

It's a far cry from the world we thought we'd inherit
You can almost see the circle growing
You can almost feel the planet glowing

One day I feel I'm on top of the world

And the next it's falling in on me
I can get back on
I can get back on
One day I feel I'm ahead of the wheel,
And the next it's rolling over me
I can get back on
I can get back on

One day I fly through a crack in the sky
And the next it's falling in on me
I can get back on
I can get back on

Armor and Sword

The snakes and arrows a child is heir to
Are enough to leave a thousand cuts
We build our defenses, a place of safety
And leave the darker places unexplored

Sometimes the fortress is too strong
Or the love is too weak
What should have been our armor
Becomes a sharp and angry sword

Our better natures seek elevation
A refuge for the coming night
No one gets to their heaven without a fight

We hold beliefs as a consolation
A way to take us out of ourselves
Meditation, or medication
A comfort, or a promised reward

Sometimes the spirit is too strong
Or the flesh is too weak
Sometimes the need is just too great
For the solace we seek
The suit of shining armor
Becomes a keen and bloody sword

No one gets to their heaven without a fight
A refuge for the coming night
A future of eternal light
No one gets to their heaven without a fight

Confused alarms of struggle and flight
Blood is drained of color
By the flashes of artillery light
No one gets to their heaven without a fight
The battle flags are flown
At the feet of a god unknown
No one gets to their heaven without a fight

Sometimes the damage is too great
Or the will is too weak
What should have been our armor
Becomes a sharp and burning sword

Workin' Them Angels

Driving away to the east, and into the past
History recedes in my rear-view mirror
Carried away on a wave of music down a desert road
Memory humming at the heart of a factory town

All my life
I've been workin' them angels overtime
Riding and driving and living
So close to the edge
Workin' them angels - Overtime

Riding through the Range of Light to the wounded city
Filling my spirit with the wildest wish to fly
Taking the high road to the wounded city
Memory strumming at the heart of a moving picture

All this time
I've been workin' them angels overtime
Riding and driving and flying
Just over the edge
Workin' them angels - Overtime

Driving down the razor's edge 'tween the past and the future
Turn up the music and smile
Get carried away on the songs and stories of vanished times
Memory drumming at the heart of an English winter
Memories beating at the heart of an African village

The Larger Bowl

If we're so much the same like I always hear
Why such different fortunes and fates?
Some of us live in a cloud of fear
Some live behind iron gates

Why such different fortunes and fates?
Some are blessed and some are cursed
Some live behind iron gates
While others only see the worst

Some are blessed and some are cursed
The golden one or scarred from birth
While others only see the worst
Such a lot of pain on the earth

The golden one or scarred from birth
Some things can never be changed
Such a lot of pain on this earth
It's somehow so badly arranged

Some things can never be changed
Some reasons will never come clear
It's somehow so badly arranged
If we're so much the same like I always hear

Some are blessed and some are cursed
The golden one or scarred from birth
While others only see the worst
Such a lot of pain on the earth

Rush

Snakes & Arrows

2007

The Main Monkey Business

Instrumental

Spindrift

As the waves crash in
On the western shore
The wind blows fierce from the east
Wave tops torn into flying spindrift

As the waves crash in
On the western shore
It makes me feel uneasy
The spray that's torn away
Is an image of the way I feel

What am I supposed to say?
Where are the words to answer you
When you talk that way?

As sun goes down
On the western shore
The wind blows hard from the east
It whips the sand into a flying spindrift
As the sun goes down
On the western shore
It makes me feel uneasy
In the hot dry rasp of the devil winds
Who cares what a fool believes

What am I supposed to say?
Where are the words to answer you
When you talk that way?
Words that fly against the wind and waves

(A little closer to you)
Where is the wave that will carry me
A little closer to you?

What am I suppose to do?
Where are the words that will make you see
What I believe is true?

The Way the Wind Blows

Now it's come to this
It's like we're back in the Dark Ages
From the Middle East to the Middle West
It's a world of superstition

Now it's come to this
Wide-eyed armies of the faithful
From the Middle East to the Middle West
Pray, and pass the ammunition

So many people think that way
You gotta watch what you say
To them and them, and others too
Who don't seem to see to things the way you do

We can only grow the way the wind blows
on a bare and weathered shore
We can only bow to the here and now
In our elemental war

We can only go the way the wind blows
We can only bow to the here and now
Or be broken down blow by blow

Now it's come to this
Hollow speeches of mass deception
From the Middle East to the Middle West
Like crusaders in a holy alliance

Now it's come to this
Like we're back in the dark ages
From the Middle East to the Middle West
It's a plague that resists our science

It seems to leave them partly blind
And they leave no child behind
While evil spirits haunt their sleep
While shepherds bless and count their sheep

Like the solitary pine
On a bare wind blasted shore
We can only grow the way the wind blows

Rush

Snakes & Arrows

2007

Hope

Instrumental

Faithless

I've got my own moral compass to steer by
A guiding star beats a spirit in the sky
And all the preaching voices -
Empty vessels ring so loud
As they move among the crowd
Fools and thieves are well disguised
In the temple and market place

Like a stone in the river
Against the floods of spring
I will quietly resist

Like the willows in the wind
Or the cliffs along the ocean
I will quietly resist

I don't have faith in faith
I don't believe in belief
You can call me faithless
I still cling to hope
And I believe in love
And that's faith enough for me

I've got my own spirit level for balance
To tell if my choice is leaning up or down
And all the shouting voices
Try to throw me off my course
Some by sermon, some by force
Fools and thieves are dangerous
In the temple and market place

Like a forest bows to winter
Beneath the deep white silence
I will quietly resist

Like a flower in the desert
That only blooms at night
I will quietly resist

Bravest Face

Though we might have precious little
It's still precious

I like that song about this wonderful world
It's got a sunny point of view
And sometimes I feel it's true
At least for a few of us
I like that world, it makes a wonderful song
But there's a darker point of view
But sadly just as true
For so many among us

Though we might have precious little
It's still precious

In the sweetest child there's a vicious streak
In the strongest man there's a child so weak
In the whole wide world there's no magic place
So you might as well rise put on your bravest face

I like that show where they solve all the murders
An heroic point of view
It's got justice and vengeance too
At least so the story goes
I like that story, makes a satisfying case
But there's a messy point of view
That's sadly just as true
For so many among us

In softest voice there's an acid tongue
In the oldest eyes there's a soul so young
In the shakiest will there's a core of steel
On the smoothest ride there's a squeaky wheel

Though we might have precious little
It's still precious

Good News First

The best we can agree on
Is it could have been worse
What happen to your old
Benevolent universe?
You know the one with stars
That revolve around you
Beaming down full of promises
To bring good news

You used to feel that way
The saddest words you could ever say
But I know you'll remember that day
And the most beautiful words I could ever say

The worst thing about it all
Is that you've never been right
And I'm still not really sure
What started that fight
But I still get this feeling
There's more trouble ahead
So never mind the bad news
Let's have the good news instead

Some would say they never fear a thing
Well I do
And I'm afraid enough for both of us
For me and you
Time, if nothing else, will do it's worst
So do me that favor
And tell me the good news first

Malignant Narcissism

Instrumental

We Hold On

How many times
Do we tire of all the little battles
Threaten to call it quits
Tempted to cut and run
How many times
Do we weather out the stormy evenings
Long to slam the front door
Drive away into the setting sun

Keep going on till dawn
How many times must another line be drawn
We could be down and gone
But we hold on

How many times
Do we chafe against the repetition
Straining against a fate
Measured out in coffee breaks
How many times
Do we swallow our ambition
Long to give up the same old way
Find another road to take

Keep holding on so long
'Cause there's a chance that we might not be so wrong
We could be down and gone
But we hold on

How many times
Do we wonder if it's even worth it
Theres got to be some other way
Way to get me through the day

Keep going on till dawn
How many times must another line be drawn
We could be down and gone
But we hold on

1. Caravan (5:40)
2. BU2B (5:10)
3. Clockwork Angels (7:31)
4. The Anarchist (6:52)
5. Carnies (4:52)
6. Halo Effect (3:14)
7. Seven Cities Of Gold (6:32)
8. The Wreckers (5:01)
9. Headlong Flight (7:20)
10. BU2B2 (1:28)
11. Wish Them Well (5:25)
12. The Garden (6:59)

Music by Lee and Lifeson

Lyrics by Peart



Caravan

IT SEEMS LIKE A LIFETIME AGO - which of course it was, all that and more. For a boy, life on the farm was idyllic, but for the young man I became, that very peace and predictability were stifling, unbearable. I had big dreams, and needed a big place to explore them: the whole wide world. Near our village of Barrel Arbor, the steamliners touched down and traveled on rails along the Winding Pinion River toward Crown City. Watching them pass in the night, how I prayed to get away . . .

In a world lit only by fire
Long train of flares under piercing stars
I stand watching the steamliners roll by

The caravan thunders onward
To the distant dream of the city
The caravan carries me onward
On my way at last
On my way at last

I can't stop thinking big
I can't stop thinking big

On a road lit only by fire
Going where I want, instead of where I should
I peer out at the passing shadows
Carried through the night into the city
Where a young man has a chance of making good
A chance to break from the past
The caravan thunders onward
Stars winking through the canvas hood
On my way at last

In a world where I feel so small
I can't stop thinking big

BU2B

WE WERE ALWAYS TAUGHT that we lived in "the best of all possible worlds." The Watchmaker ruled from Crown City through the Regulators; the alchemist-priests gave us coldfire for power and light, and everything was well ordered. We accepted our various individual fates as inevitable, for we had also been taught, "Whatever happens to us must be what we deserve, for it could not happen to us if we did not deserve it. None of it seemed right to me. . ."

I was brought up to believe
The universe has a plan
We are only human
It's not ours to understand

The universe has a plan
All is for the best
Some will be rewarded
And the devil take the rest

All is for the best
Believe in what we're told
Blind men in the market
Buying what we're sold
Believe in what we're told
Until our final breath
While our loving Watchmaker
Loves us all to death

In a world of cut and thrust
I was always taught to trust
In a world where all must fail
Heaven's justice will prevail

The joy and pain that we receive
Each comes with its own cost
The price of what we're winning
Is the same as what we've lost

Until our final breath
The joy and pain that we receive
Must be what we deserve
I was brought up to believe

Clockwork Angels

THE PLACE I HAD MOST WANTED TO SEE - Chronos Square, at the heart of Crown City. I had seen many images of the city before, and Chronos Square, but nothing could convey its immensity - the heaven-reaching towers of the Cathedral of the Timekeepers, or the radiant glory of the Angels - Land, Sea, Sky, and Light - bathed in the brilliant glow of the floating globes.

High above the city square
Globes of light float in mid-air
Higher still, against the night
Clockwork angels bathed in light

You promise every treasure, to the foolish and the wise
Goddesses of mystery, spirits in disguise
Every pleasure, we bow and close our eyes
Clockwork angels, promise every prize

Clockwork angels, spread their arms and sing
Synchronized and graceful, they move like living things
Goddesses of Light, of Sea and Sky and Land
Clockwork angels, the people raise their hands -- As if to fly

All around the city square
Power shimmers in the air
People gazing up with love
To those angels high above

Celestial machinery - move through your commands
Goddesses of mystery, so delicate and so grand
Moved to worship, we bow and close our eyes
Clockwork angels, promise every prize

"Lean not upon your own understanding *
Ignorance is well and truly blessed
Trust in perfect love, and perfect planning
Everything will turn out for the best"

Stars aglow like scattered sparks
Span the sky in clockwork arcs
Hint at more than we can see
Spiritual machinery

*Proverbs 3:5 [and In-N-Out milkshake!]

i - The Pedlar 1

A foggy woodland road, a crowded village square, the busy streets of Crown City - a wandering pedlar travels the land, uttering the ageless call.

"What do you lack?"

The Anarchist

WALKING AMONG THE PEOPLE - who are so content, so blind -- the Anarchist hears the pedlar's call, and sneers derisively. "What do I lack? Ah. . . vengeance?"

Will there be world enough and time for me to sing that song?
A voice so silent for so long
For all those years I had to get along, they told me I was wrong
I never wanted to belong - I was so strong

I lack their smiles and their diamonds; I lack their happiness and love
I envy them for all those things, I never got my fair share of

The lenses inside of me that paint the world black
The pools of poison, the scarlet mist, that spill over into rage
The things I've always been denied
An early promise that somehow died
A missing part of me that grows around me like a cage

In all your science of the mind, seeking blind through flesh and bone
Find the blood inside this stone
What I know, I've never shown; what I feel, I've always known
I plan my vengeance on my own - and I was always alone

Oh - They tried to get me
Oh - They'll never forget me

Carnies

I FOUND WORK WITH A TRAVELING CARNIVAL, and for the Midsummer Festival in Crown City, our games and rides were set up right in the middle of the Square, beneath the Angels. One night, amid the noise and confusion of the crowded midway, I saw, a man working with wires and wooden barrels. He stood and turned - the Anarchist! - holding a clockwork detonator in his hand. I called out to warn the crowd, then suddenly he threw the device at me, and I caught it automatically - just as the people turned to look my way. I escaped, but in disgrace, and fled down the Winding Pinion River to the sea.

Under the gaze of the angels
A spectacle like he's never seen
Spinning lights and faces
Demon music and gypsy queens

The glint of iron wheels
Bodies spin in a clockwork dance
The smell of flint and steel
A wheel of fate, a game of chance

How I prayed just to get away
To carry me anywhere
Sometimes the angels punish us
By answering our prayers

A face of naked evil
Turns the young boy's blood to ice
Deadly confrontation
Such a dangerous device

Shout to warn the crowd
Accusations ringing loud
A ticking box, in the hand of the innocent
The angry crowd moves toward him with bad intent

Halo Effect

I HAD FALLEN HELPLESSLY IN LOVE with one of the performers. She was so different from "the girl I left behind," and I was beginning to understand I had only pretended she was right for me. I pursued my beautiful acrobat obsessively until she let me be with her - then I suffered her rejection and contempt. Once again, I had created an ideal of the perfect soulmate, and tried to graft in onto her. It didn't fit. Such illusions have colored my whole life.

What did I see?
Fool that I was
A goddess, with wings on her heels
All my illusions
Projected on her
The ideal, that I wanted to see

What did I know?
Fool that I was
Little by little, I learned
My friends were dismayed
To see my betrayed
But they knew they could never tell me

What did I care?
Fool that I was
Little by little, I burned
Maybe sometimes
There might be a flaw
But how pretty the picture was back then

What did I do?
Fool that I was
To profit from youthful mistakes?
It's shameful to tell
How often I fell
In love with illusions again

So shameful to tell
Just how often I fell
In love with illusions again

A goddess with wings on her heels . . .

Seven Cities Of Gold

THE LEGEND HAD PASSED DOWN FOR GENERATIONS. Far across the Western Sea, where the steamliners could not fly, lay a wilderness land hiding seven cities of gold. I dared the crossing on one of the stout ships that followed the trade route to Poseidon, a tough port city. I worked there for a while on the steamliners that served the alchemy mines, then eventually set out into the Redrock Desert. The stones were sculpted into unearthly monuments, and the country grew cold as I traveled north in search of the most famous City of Gold: Cibola. Its name had sounded in my dreams since childhood.

A man can lose his past, in a country like this
Wandering aimless
Parched and nameless
A Man could lose his way, in a country like this
Canyons and cactus
Endless and trackless

Searching through grim eternity
Sculptured by a prehistoric sea

Seven Cities of Gold
Stories that fired my imagination
Seven Cities of Gold
A splendid mirage in this desolation
Seven Cities of Gold
Glowing in my dreams, like hallucinations
Glitter in the sun like a revelation
Distant as a comet or a constellation

A man can lose himself, in a country like this
Rewrite the story
Recapture the glory
A man could lose his life, in a country like this
Sunblind and friendless
Frozen and endless

The nights grow longer, the farther I go
Wake to aching cold, and a deep Sahara of snow

That gleam in the distance could be heaven's gate
A long-awaited treasure at the end of my cruel fate

The Wreckers

NARROWLY ESCAPING A FROZEN DEATH IN THAT DESERT, I made my way back to Poseidon, and found a berth on a homeward ship. Caught in a terrible storm, we seemed to find salvation in an unexpected signal light. Steering toward it, we soon learned it was false - placed by the denizens to lure ships to their doom on the jagged reefs. They plundered the cargos and abandoned the crews and passengers to the icy waves. I was the only survivor.

The breakers roar on an unseen shore
In the teeth of a hurricane
We struggle in vain
A hellish night - a ghostly light
Appears through the driving rain
Salvation in a human chain

All I know is that sometimes you have to be wary
Of a miracle too good to be true
All I know is that sometimes the truth is contrary
Everything in life you thought you knew
All I know is that sometimes you have to be wary
'Cause sometimes the target is you

Driven aground, with that awful sound
Drowned by the cheer from ashore
We wonder what for
The people swarm through the darkling storm
Gather everything they can score
'Til their backs won't bear any more

The breakers roar on an unseen shore
In the teeth of an icy grave
The human chain leaves a bloody stain
Washed away in the pounding waves

All I know is that memory can be too much to carry
Striking down like a bolt from the blue

Headlong Flight

THINKING BACK OVER MY LIFE, AND TELLING STORIES ABOUT MY "GREAT ADVENTURES"
-- they didn't always feel that grand at the time. But on balance, I wouldn't change anything. In the words of one of our great alchemists, Friedrich Gruber, "I wish I could do it all again."

All the journeys
 Of this great adventure
 It didn't always feel that way
 I wouldn't trade them
 Because I made them
 The best I could
 And that's enough to say

Some nights were bright
 I wish that I could live it all again

I have stoked the fire on the big steel wheels
 Steered the airship right across the stars
 I learned to fight, I learned to love, I learned to feel
 Oh, I wish that I could live it all again

Some days were dark
 I wish that I could live it all again
 Some nights were bright
 I wish that I could live it all again

The days were dark
 And the nights were bright
 Hey now, I would never trade tomorrow for today
 Yeah...

All the highlights of that headlong flight
 Holding on with all my might
 To what I felt back then
 I wish that I could live it all again

All the highlights of that headlong flight
 Holding on with all my might
 Some days were dark
 I wish that I could live it all again
 Some nights were bright
 I wish that I could live it all again

I have stoked the fire on the big steel wheels
 Steered the airship right across the stars
 I learned to fight, I learned to love, I learned to feel
 Oh, I wish that I could live it all again

I have stoked the fire on the big steel wheels
 Steered the airship right across the stars
 I learned to fight, I learned to love, I learned to feel
 Oh, I wish that I could live it all again

All the treasures
 The gold and glory
 It didn't always feel that way
 I don't regret it
 I'll never forget it
 I wouldn't trade tomorrow for today

I have stoked the fire on the big steel wheels
 Steered the airship right across the stars
 I learned to fight, I learned to love, I learned to steal
 Oh, I wish that I could
 Oh, I wish that I could live it all again

Some days were dark
 I wish that I could live it all again

ii - The Pedlar 2

The ever-wandering pedlar.

"What do you lack?"

BU2B2

THOSE FATEFUL WORDS. "What do you lack?" spark an inner monologue about all that I have lost. No more boundless optimism, no more faith in greater powers, too much pain, too much grief, and too much disillusion. Despite all that, I realize the great irony that although I now believe only in the exchange of love, even that little faith follows the childhood reflex that "I was brought up to believe."

I was brought up to believe
Belief has failed me now
The bright glow of optimism
Abandoned me somehow

Belief has failed me now
Life goes from bad to worse
No philosophy consoles me
In a clockwork universe

Life goes from bad to worse
I still choose to live
Find a measure of love and laughter
And another measure to give

I still choose to live
And give, even while I grieve
Though the balance tilts against me
I was brought up to believe

Wish Them Well

VICTIMIZED, BEREAVED, AND DISAPPOINTED, SEEMINGLY AT EVERY TURN, I still resist feeling defeated, or cynical. I have come to believe that anger and grudges are burning embers in the heart not worth carrying through life. The best response to those who wound me is to get away from them - and wish them well.

All that you can do is wish them well
All that you can do is wish them well

Spirits turned bitter by the poison of envy
Always angry and dissatisfied
Even the lost ones, the frightened and mean ones
Even the ones with a devil inside

Thank your stars you're not that way
Turn your back and walk away
Don't even pause and ask them why
Turn around and say goodbye

People who judge without a measure of mercy
All the victims who will never learn
Even the lost ones, you can only give up on
Even the ones who make you burn

The ones who've done you wrong
The ones who pretended to be so strong
The grudges you've held for so long
It's not worth singing that same sad song

Even though you're going through hell
Just keep on going
Let the demons dwell

Just wish them well

The Garden

LONG AGO I READ A STORY FROM ANOTHER TIMELINE about a character named Candide. He also survived a harrowing series of misadventures and tragedies, then settled on a farm near Constantinople. Listening to a philosophical rant, Candide replied, "That is all very well, but now we must tend our garden." I have now arrived at that point in my own story. There is a metaphorical garden in the acts and attitudes of a person's life, and the treasures of that garden are love and respect. I have come to realize that the gathering of love and respect - from others and for myself - has been the real quest of my life. "Now we must tend our garden."

In this one of many possible worlds, all for the best, or some bizarre test?
It is what it is - and whatever
Time is still the infinite jest

The arrow flies when you dream, the hours tick away - the cells tick away
The Watchmaker keeps to his schemes
The hours tick away - they tick away

The measure of a life is a measure of love and respect
So hard to earn, so easily burned
In the fullness of time
A garden to nurture and protect

In the rise and the set of the sun
'Til the stars go spinning - spinning 'round the night
It is what it is - and forever
Each moment a memory in flight

The arrow flies while you breathe, the hours tick away - the cells tick away
The Watchmaker has time up his sleeve
The hours tick away - they tick away

The treasure of a life is a measure of love and respect
The way you live, the gifts that you give
In the fullness of time
It's the only return that you expect

The future disappears into memory
With only a moment between
Forever dwells in that moment
Hope is what remains to be seen