



RUSH

SECTOR THREE

RS



S I G N A L S



SIGNALS

- 1 **Subdivisions** 5:38
- 2 **The Analog Kid** 4:50
- 3 **Chemistry** 4:59
- 4 **Digital Man** 6:29
- 5 **The Weapon** 6:31
- 6 **New World Man** 3:49
- 7 **Losing It** 4:57
- 8 **Countdown** 5:52

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 . . .

Music by Lee and Lifeson / Lyrics by Peart

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 . . .

Music by Lee and Lifeson / Lyrics by Peart

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?

Music by Lee and Lifeson / Lyrics by Lee, Lifeson, and Peart

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

Music by Lee and Lifeson / Lyrics by Peart

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 . . .

Music by Lee and Lifeson / Lyrics by Peart



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 . . .

Music by Lee and Lifeson / Lyrics by Peart

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 –
Then 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 . . .

Music by Lee and Lifeson / Lyrics by Peart

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 . . .

Music by Lee and Lifeson / Lyrics by Peart

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GEDDY LEE:

Bass guitars, synthesizers, vocals, Pitcher

ALEX LIFESON:

Electric and acoustic guitars, Taurus pedals, First Base

NEIL PEART:

Drums and percussion, Third Base

Produced by Rush and Terry Brown, *Left Field*

Arrangements by Rush and Terry Brown

Recorded and mixed at Le Studio, April, May, June, and July 1982

Engineered by Paul Northfield, *Centre Field* (a regular Albert One-Stone)

Assisted by Robbie Whelan, *Right Field*

Digitally mastered by JVC

Mastered at Masterdisk by Andy VanDette

Special guest performance by Ben Mink, electric violins on *Losing It*, appears courtesy of FM

Art direction, graphics, and cover concept by Hugh Syme

Hydrant courtesy of the Department of Public Works, TORONTO

Management by Ray Danniels, SRO Productions, TORONTO

Executive Production by Moon Records

Road Manager and Lighting Director: Howard Ungerleider

Concert Sound Engineer: Jon Erickson

Stage Managers: Nick Kotos and Liam Birt, *Shortstop*

Stage Right Technician and Crew Chief: William B. Birt

Stage Left Technician: Skip Gildersleeve

Centre Stage Technician: Larry Allen, *Couch & Catcher*

Guitar and Synthesizer Maintenance: Tony Geranios, *Second Base*

Stage Monitor Mixer: Steve Byron

Concert Security: Ian Grandy

Concert Projectionist: Lee Tenner

Personal Shreve-of-all Trades: Kevin Flewitt

Concert Sound by National Sound: Tom Linthicum, Fuzzy Frazer, and Dave Berman

Concert Lighting by See Factor Interntional: Nick Kotos,

Mike Weiss, Jeffrey Thomas McDonald, Mark Shane

Busheads and Truckfaces: Tom Whittaker, Bill Barlow, Lance Vaughn, Pat Lynes, Arthur MacLear, Red McBrine, Bob Hoeschel

Most Valuable Persons: At Le Studio; André, Yaël, Paul, Robbie, Richard, Solange, Nancy, Lina, Awesome André Moreau and Michel; Al, Pat, Jill, and Maria at *The Baldwins*; The Embers at *Settlers Bay*; Warren Cromartie and the Montreal Expos; Intellivision Baseball; The Ziv Orchestra; Trevor and the *Commons Hotel*; Trevors Tramps (34-15); the Griffin family and the people of NASA; Mr. O. Scar for pre-production work; Bill Churchman; all the Oak Manoroids at SRO

Special Awards for Technical Assistance: John Kaes and See Factor, Ted Veneman, Richard Ealey, Ron Shaughnessy, the Music Shoppe TORONTO, the inflationary Ted McDonald, the Percussion Centre FORT WAYNE, Tama drums, Avedis Zildjian cymbals

A fond farewell and best wishes to Michael Hirsh and Greg Connolly



RUSH GRACE UNDER PRESSURE



GRACE UNDER PRESSURE

- 1 Distant Early Warning 4:57
- 2 After Image 5:05
- 3 Red Sector A 5:11
- 4 The Enemy Within 4:39
- 5 The Body Electric 5:01
- 6 Kid Gloves 4:21
- 7 Red Lenses 4:45
- 8 Between The Wheels 5:45

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

After Image

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 footprints
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 adrenalin
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?
Is it contact or just reaction?

And you - revolution or just resistance?
Is it living, or just existence?
Yeah, 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 . . .

GEDDY LEE Bass Guitars, Synthesizers, Vocals
ALEX LIFESON Guitars and Synthesizers
NEIL PEART Drums, Percussion, and Electronic Percussion

Music by Lee and Lifeson / Lyrics by Peart

Produced by Rush and Peter Henderson
Engineered by Peter Henderson
Assisted by Frank Opolko and Robert Di Gioia
Recorded at Le Studio, Quebec, between
November 1983 and March 1984
In memory of Robbie Whelan
Management Ray Danniels, SRO Productions, Toronto
Executive Production by Moon Records
Art Direction and cover painting by Hugh Syme
Portrait by Yousuf Karsh
PPG Synthesizer programming assisted by Jim Burgess
and Paul Northfield
Pre-production engineering by Jon Erickson
Mastered by Andy VanDette at Masterdisk, NYC
Road Manager and Lighting Director: Howard Ungerleider
Stage Right Technician, Crew Chief, and President: Liam Birt
Stage Manager: Nick Kotos
Concert Sound Engineer: Jon Erickson
Stage Left Technician: Skip Gildersleeve
Centre Stage Technician: Larry Allen
Guitar and Synthesizer Maintenance: Tony Geranios
Monitor Engineer: Steve Byron
Concert Projectionist: Lee Tenner

Personal Assistant: Kevin Flewitt
Concert Sound by National Sound: Tom Linthicum,
Fuzzy Frazer, Dave Fletcher
Concert Lighting by See Factor: The Johnson Brothers:
Mike Weiss, Tom Higgins, Mark Cherry, Dave Berman,
Jeffrey T. MacDonald, Frank Scilingo
Concert Rigging by Southfire Rigging: Billy Collins
and Tim Wendt
Busheads and Truckfaces: Tom Whittaker, Pat Lynes,
Bill Barlow, Mac and Candy MacLear, Harry Smith,
Jack Stone, Red McBrine, Gordon Scott
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Hfuhruhurr, Hentor the Barbarian, the Ugliers, the Rory
Gallagher Band and crew, Golden Earring and crew, Darrell
and Werner en Allemagne, Yousuf and Estrellita Karsh (and
Mary and Matthew), The B-Man, Tokyo Cro, Stuart Hall
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RUSH

POWER WINDOWS



POWER WINDOWS

- 1 **The Big Money** 5:35
- 2 **Grand Designs** 5:05
- 3 **Manhattan Project** 5:04
- 4 **Marathon** 6:09
- 5 **Territories** 6:19
- 6 **Middletown Dreams** 5:15
- 7 **Emotion Detector** 5:10
- 8 **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 norm –
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 blind ambition
More than simple greed
More than 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 lightning
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
In different 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 wonder what they are
We feel the push and pull
Of restless rhythms from afar*

Music by Lee and Lifeson / Lyrics by Peart

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Geddy Lee: Bass guitar, synthesizers, bass pedals, vocals
Alex Lifeson: Electric and acoustic guitars
Neil Peart: Drums, percussion, and electronic percussion

Produced by Peter Collins and Rush
Engineered by Jimbo "James" Barton
Arrangements by Rush and Peter Collins
Pre-production engineering by Mr. Head

Recorded at The Manor, England, assisted by Steve Chase,
at Air Studios, Montserrat, assisted by Matt Butler, and at

Sarm East, London, assisted by Dave Meegan, Heff Moraes,
and Paul Wright.

Mixed at Sarm East

Synthesizer programming by Andy Richards and Jim Burgess
Additional keyboards by Andy Richards
Strings arranged and conducted by Anne Dudley, recorded at
Abbey Road Studios, London
Choir arranged and conducted by Andrew Jackman, recorded
at Angel Studios, London

Mastered by Andy VanDette at Masterdisk, NYC

Management by Ray Danniels, SRO Management, Toronto
Executive Production by Moon Records, Val Azzoli and
Liam Birt

Art Direction, graphics, and cover painting by Hugh Syme

Tour Manager and Lighting Director: Howard Ungerleider
President: Liam Birt
Production Manager: Nick Kotos
Concert Sound Engineer: Jon Erickson
Stage Left Technician: Skip Gildersleeve
Centre Stage Technician: Larry Allen
Guitar and Synthesizer Maintenance: Tony Geranios
Stage Right Technician: Jim Johnson
Monitor Engineer: Steve Byron
Concert Projectionist: Lee Tenner
Minister-Without-Portfolio: Kevin Flewitt
Concert Sound by See Factor: Jim Staniforth, Bill Fertig,
Jason Macrie, Mike Sinclair
Concert Lighting by See Factor: Ed Hyatt, Jack Funk,
Roy Niendorf, Frank Scilingo, J.T. MacDonald, Mike King
Concert Rigging by Southfire Rigging: Billy Collins and
Tim Wendt
Laser Images by Craig Sprede(r)man, Glen Tonsor,
Phil Valdivia



Busheads and Truckfaces: Tom Whittaker, Pat Lynes, Billy Barlow, Mac and Candy MacLear, Red McBrine, Mike Nervi, Larry Cole, and Dennis Cricket.

In memory of Harry Smith

Big Thank You's go around the world: At Elora Sound: Bill, Linda, and Joanne.

At the Manor: Lynne, Mike, Barney, Patsy, (don't bring) Lulu, Jenny, Ian, Paul, Mark, Peter, Frank and Mrs. P., and Willie and Bowzer.

In Montserrat: Matt, Yvonne, Malcolm, Paul, George, Desmond, Franklin, Carlton, Leroy, Doreen, Felena, Razor Willie, Bosun, Veston, Fosforos, Scoozball, the King of Antilles Television, and HRH King Lerxst.

At Sarm East: Jo, Dave, Heff, Paul, and Rockin' Dave.

In Japan: Mr. Udo, Tommy, Yoshi, Nori, Tets, Kaz, and Tomo.

In England: Peter Mensch and Su Wathan, David Mallet, Nikita's, Bill Churchman, Debbie Collins, Simon Honnor, Mr. Big and the Royal Jamaicans, Zino Davidoff, the Launching Pad, Peter, Jenny, and Joe Fleming, Wimblestein, Rockit Cargo and Fireball XL-5.

On the road: Gary Moore band and crew, Red Rider band and crew, Seaship Brokers, Big Al, and the ubiquitous B-Man.

On the mound: Smitty, Gully, Bo, and El Animal.

At home plate: Ray, Val, Pegi, Sheila, and Bob.

Brought to you by the letter "M."

And to the technical assistance of: The Music Shoppe (Thornhill), the Percussion Centre (Fort Wayne), Jim Burgess, Wal Basses, Dean Markley, Tama Drums, Avedis Zildjian cymbals, and – the Omega Concern.

A special tribute to our magnetic poles

The firm support and surprising patience
Of our families

That's a wrap!

HOLD YOUR FIRE

- 1 **Force Ten** 4:31
- 2 **Time Stand Still** 5:08
- 3 **Open Secrets** 5:37
- 4 **Second Nature** 4:36
- 5 **Prime Mover** 5:17
- 6 **Lock And Key** 5:08
- 7 **Mission** 5:15
- 8 **Turn The Page** 4:55
- 9 **Tai Shan** 4:15
- 10 **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

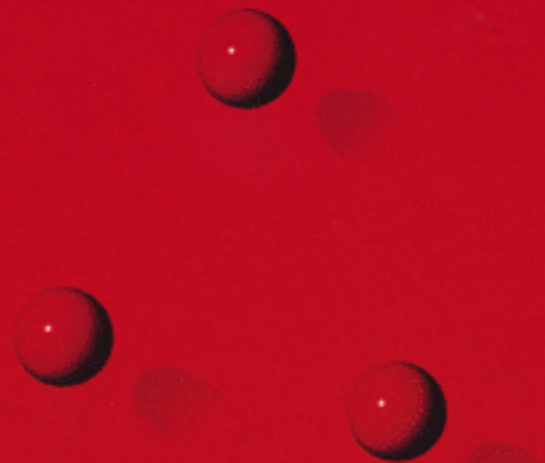
WE CAN WEAR THE ROSE OF ROMANCE
AN AIR OF JOIE DE VIVRE
TOO-TENDER HEARTS UPON OUR
SLEEVES
OR SKIN AS THICK AS THIEVES'

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 -

Music by Lee and Lifeson / Lyrics by Peart and Dubois

TRUISH
HOLD YOUR FIRE



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...

Music by Lee and Lifeson / Lyrics by Peart

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'S 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...

Music by Lee and Lifeson / Lyrics by Peart

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

Music by Lee and Lifeson / Lyrics by Peart

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 scenes

I set the clouds in motion
turn up light and sound
activate the window
and watch the world go 'round –

anything can happen

Music by Lee and Lifeson / Lyrics by Peart

LOCK AND KEY

I DON'T WANT TO FACE
THE KILLER INSTINCT –
FACE IT IN YOU 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...

Music by Lee and Lifeson / Lyrics by Peart

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...

Music by Lee and Lifeson / Lyrics by Peart

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 SOOTHE 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

Music by Lee and Lifeson / Lyrics by Peart

TAI SHAN

HIGH ON THE SACRED MOUNTAIN
UP THE SEVEN THOUSAND STAIRS
IN THE GOLDEN LIGHT OF AUTUMN
THERE WAS MAGIC IN THE AIR

THE 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...

Music by Lee and Lifeson / Lyrics by Peart

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...


Music by Lee and Lifeson / Lyrics by Peart

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Geddy Lee: Bass guitar, synthesizers, bass pedals, vocals
Alex Lifeson: Electric and acoustic guitars
Neil Peart: Drums, percussion, and electronic percussion

Produced by Peter Collins and Rush
Engineered by Jimbo (James) Barton
Arrangements by Rush and Peter Collins

Recorded at The Manor, Oxfordshire, assisted by
Michael Ade; Ridge Farm Studio, Surrey, assisted by
Reynold Sawn; Air Studios, Montserrat, assisted by
Ken Blair; McClear Place, Toronto, assisted by Martin Lee;
and on the Lerxst Mobile, assisted by Lerxst, between
January and April 1987
Mixed at Guillaume Tell Studio, Paris, May 1987,
assisté de Philip Cusset

Synthesizer programming assisted by Andy Richards and
Jim Burgess
Additional keyboards by Andy Richards
Additional vocals by Aimee Mann, courtesy of Epic Records
Strings arranged and conducted by Steven Margoshes,
recorded at McClear Place
The William Faerey Engineering Brass Band arranged and
conducted by Andrew Jackman, recorded at Mirage Studio,
Oldham, England
Preproduction work at Elora Sound, engineered by 
Jon Erickson

Mastered by Andy VanDette, Masterdisk, NYC
Management by Ray Danniels, SRO, Toronto
Executive Production by Moon Records, Val Azzoli
and Liam Birt

Art Direction by Hugh Syme
Urban Development by Scott Alexander, Patrick Johnson
and Olivia Ramirez

Tour Manager and Lighting Director: Howard Ungerleider
President and Stage Manager: Liam Birt
Production Manager: Nick Kotos
Concert Sound Engineer: Jon Erickson
Stage Left Technician: Skip Glidersleeve
Centre Stage Technician: Larry Allen
Synthesizer Maintenance: Tony Geranios
Stage Right Technician: Jim Johnson
Stage Monitor Engineer: Steve Byron
Concert Projectionist: Lee Tenner
Personal Shreve: Kevin Flewitt
Carpenter (and Stage Right Assistant): George Steinert

Concert Sound by See Factor: Jim Staniforth, Bill Fertig,
Tom Varaday, Harry Martinez
Concert Lighting by See Factor: Frank Scilingo, Jack Funk,
Scott Maskin, Ethan Webber
Concert Rigging by Southfire Rigging, Billy Collins,
Don Collins, C. J. Titterington III
Lasers by Laser Media, Craig Spredeman, Peter Callahan
Drivers: Tom Whittaker, Mac MacLear, Pat Lynes,
Red McBriene, Earl Charles, Tom Mullins, John Mullins,
Tom Hartman and Russell Fleming

"Nothing can survive in a vacuum" — and we would like to
thank all those who have enriched our atmospheres:
Bill, Linda and Joanne at Elora Sound; Lynn, Mike, Michael,
Ian, Jenni, Vicki, Julie, Flecky and Fruthy at The Manor;
Frank, Ann, Ren, Fee, Laura, Tracy and Speey at Ridge Farm;
Yvonne, Malcolm, Ken, Frank, George, Franklin, Desmond,

Lloyd, Leroy, Felena, Shirley and Danny in Montserrat;
Bob, Martin, Tom, Hayward, Wendy and everyone at
McClea Place, and Roland, Liouba, Paul, Alain, Cyril and
Philip at Guillaume Tell.

Elsewhere we have been aided and/or entertained by:
the Steve Morse Band and crew, Jeff "Yankel" Berlin;
Bill Churchman, Paul Fejdman, Flembo, Stade Roland
Garros, International Herald Tribune, Rock-It Cargo,
B. Zee Brokers, Warren Seyffert, Jeff Spinks, Rockin' F. Pee
Wee's Playhouse, Princess Lynda Barry, The Senator,
Macintosh Plus, the Gangster of Boats, the ever popular
Scoozball, M. Joe (for continuing inspiration), Those Darn
Fish, Patsy Cline, Roy Gevalt, The Big V. Luke Warm and all
cowboys everywhere.

And perpetual thanks to our "support crew" at the Anthem
Entertainment Group: Ray, Val, Sheilla, Pegi, Lesley, Linda,
Charlene, Bob and Cindy.

We gratefully acknowledge the technical assistance of Jim
Burgess and "Saved By Technology," Wal Bases, Russ
Heinl, Signature Guitars, The Percussion Center of Fort
Wayne, Ludwig Drums, Avedis Zildjian Cymbals, Brisbin
Brook Beynon Architects, and —

The Omega Concern



RUSH



a show of hands

A SHOW OF HANDS

- 1 **Intro** 0:53
- 2 **The Big Money** 5:58
- 3 **Subdivisions** 5:22
- 4 **Marathon** 6:39
- 5 **Turn The Page** 4:40
- 6 **Manhattan Project** 5:19
- 7 **Mission** 5:46
- 8 **Distant Early Warning** 5:15
- 9 **Mystic Rhythms** 5:33
- 10 **Witch Hunt** 3:58
- 11 **The Rhythm Method** 4:37
- 12 **Force Ten** 4:55
- 13 **Time Stand Still** 5:13
- 14 **Red Sector A** 5:18
- 15 **Closer To The Heart** 4:53

Produced by Rush

Engineered by Paul Northfield

Geddy Lee – bass guitar, synthesizers, vocals

Alex Lifeson – guitars, synthesizers, backing vocals

Neil Peart – acoustic and electronic percussion

Recorded during the *Hold Your Fire* tour '88: Birmingham UK, New Orleans, Phoenix and San Diego; and the *Power Windows* tour '86: Meadowlands, New Jersey

Live recording by Le Mobile, assisted by Dave Roberts; and Advision Mobile, assisted by Gary Stewart and Peter Craigie.

Engineered by Guy Charbonneau

Executive Production by Val Azzoli

Mixed at McClear Place Studios, Toronto,
assisted by Rick Andersen
Mastered by Andy VanDette, Masterdisk NYC

Art Direction and Design by Hugh Syme

The voice of Aimee Mann appears courtesy of Epic Records.

Management by Ray Danniels, SRO Management Inc., Toronto
Tour Manager and Lighting Director: Howard Ungerleider
President and Stage Manager: Liam Birt
Production Manager: Nick Kotos
Concert Sound Engineer: Jon Erickson
Stage Left Technician: Skip Glidersleeve
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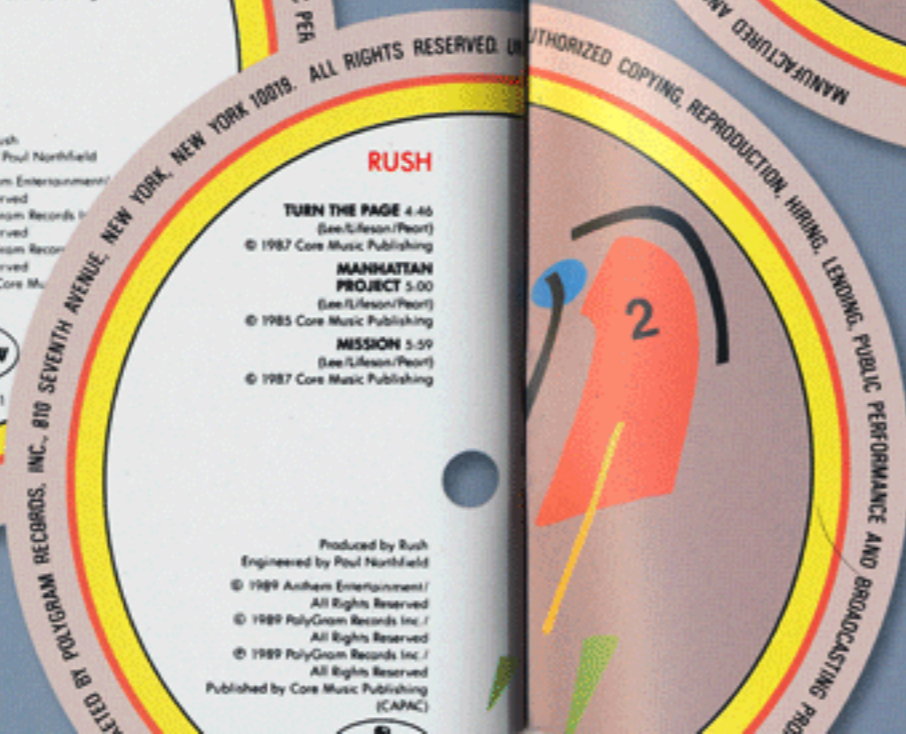
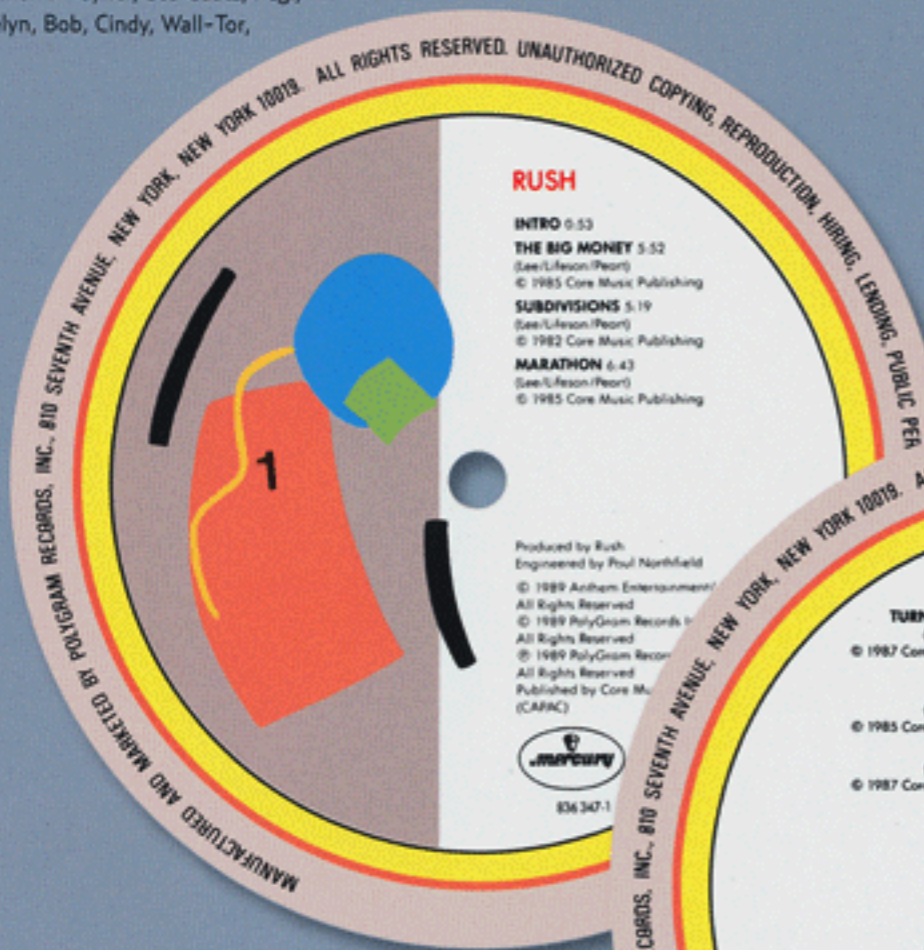
Concert Sound by Audio Analysts; Michael Caron,
Paul Parker, Dan Schriber and Mike Mule
Lighting by See Factor Inc; Frank Scilingo, Jack Funk,
Conrad Coriz, Roy Niendorf, Ethan Weber, Russell Sladek
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Dedicated to the memory of Sam Charters (Screvato)

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by Andy VanDette at Masterdisk, NY

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Also available:

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