

RUSH

THE STUDIO ALBUMS • 1989-2007



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anthem



PRESTO

SHOW DON'T TELL

how many times do you hear it?
it goes on all day long
everyone knows everything
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 camouflage
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 senses 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*

ROLL THE BONES

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 heroes,
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 heroes,
and the restless part of everyone
We're only at home when we're on the run
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?
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—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*

WHERE'S MY THING? (Part IV, "Gangster Of Boats" Trilogy) (instrumental)

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*

*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 that 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*

COUNTERPARTS

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 of 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 instinct
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 move 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 the 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

Hero

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*

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 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 toward 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 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 on 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 naïve
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...*

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 is 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
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
But 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 the 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

TEST FOR ECHO

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 hoodboys in pro-team logo knockoffs
Conform to uniforms of some corporate entity
Don't change that station
It's a Gangster Nation
Now crime's in syndication on TV

What a show—vertigo
Video vertigo
Test for echo

Touch and go—vertigo
Video vertigo
Test for echo

Some kind of drama live on satellite
Hidden camera coverage from the
crime scene to the courtroom
Nail-biting hoodboys 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 toward 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 a 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 we 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
Without surrender*

*You can fight
Without ever winning
But never ever win
Without a fight*

LIMBO (instrumental)

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*

VAPOR TRAILS

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 life 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 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*

The 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
Or 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 bands 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 the 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
For 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
For 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, signal fires
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 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 a bird in flight
Endlessly mocking
Here we come out of the cradle
Endlessly rocking
Endlessly rocking

It's the hand
That rocks the cradle
It's the 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 rocking

SNAKES & ARROWS

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

You can almost see the circle growing
You can almost feel the planets glowing

*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 that 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

*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 working them angels overtime
Riding and driving and flying
Just over the edge
Workin' them angels—Overtime

Driving down the razor's edge between
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

(a pantoum)

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 see only 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

SPINDRIFT

As the waves crash in
On the western shore
The wind blows fierce from the east
Wavetops 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 the 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 supposed to do?
Where are the words that will make you see
What I believe is true?*

THE MAIN MONKEY BUSINESS (instrumental)

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 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 grow 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 unholy 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 all 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 a solitary pine
On a bare wind-blasted shore
We can only grow the way the wind blows*

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 marketplace

*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
But 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 leading up or down
And all the shouting voices
Try to throw me off my course
Some by sermons, some by force
Fools and thieves are dangerous
In the temple and marketplace

*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
That's sadly just as true
For so many among us

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
That 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 the 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 happened 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 might have 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 its 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 until 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 ambitions
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
There's got to be some other way
To get me through the days

But we hold on

All songs by Geddy Lee/Alex Lifeson/Neil Peart

Except:

"Leave That Thing Alone", "Malignant Narcissism",
"The Main Monkey Business" and "Where's My Thing"
(Geddy Lee/Alex Lifeson)

"Hope" (Alex Lifeson)

"Between Sun & Moon" and "Test For Echo"
(Geddy Lee/Alex Lifeson/Neil Peart/Pye Dubois)

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