



#### DISTANT EARLY WARNING (4:59)

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Absalom  
Absalom*

#### AFTERIMAGE (5:04)

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

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

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

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

#### RED SECTOR A (5:10)

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 I OF FEAR) (4:34)

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

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

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

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

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

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

## THE BODY ELECTRIC (5:00)

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 (4:18)

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 (4:42)

**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 (5:44)

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/Synthesizers  
Neil Peart - Drums/Acoustic And  
Electronic Percussion

Music by Lee and Lifeson  
Lyrics by Peart

Produced by Rush and Peter Henderson  
Engineered by Peter Henderson

In Memory of Robbie Whelan

Mercury, April 12, 1984



#### NOTES:

- Certified Gold by RIAA: June 26, 1984 - Certified Platinum: June 26, 1984 - Highest Billboard Chart Position: 10
- "Steve Lillywhite is really not a man of his word. After agreeing to do our record, he got an offer from Simple Minds, changed his mind, blew us off and went and did the Simple Minds record. So it put us in a horrible position where we were on the verge of entering preproduction and suddenly we had no producer. All the while we were writing and arranging material we had producers flying in, like every week, to meet with, to talk to. And it was just horrible timing, after going and trying to venture out on our own without our father figure, Terry Brown." - Geddy Lee, *Contents Under Pressure*
- "During our second stay at Le Studio, while recording *Moving Pictures*, I fell in love with the Laurentian winter. The assistant engineer, Robbie Whelan, a curly-haired, bright-eyed, enthusiastic young Englishman, introduced me to cross-country skiing, and I used to follow him through the snow-covered woodland trails... When we approached a downhill section, I would hear Robbie's whoops of excitement up ahead [read "The shouts of joy, skiing fast through the woods"]...On his way to work at Le Studio one morning in early 1983, Robbie was killed in a car accident. "Afterimage," was written for him." - Neil Peart, *Roadshow*
- "Lee's parents, Mary Rubenstein and Morris Weinrib, met in a Polish labour camp in 1941, were shipped to Auschwitz and later transported to separate camps in Germany before reuniting after the war and immigrating to Canada. The horrors of the Holocaust led Lee to doubt the existence of God, but he remains deeply spiritual and his parents' ordeal directly influenced his music. 'I remember the story my mother told me of my grandfather being taken away from their home in Poland. Adult males who caused trouble were taken away and shot. My mother snuck out of the house after her father's arrest and tracked him down where he along with others was lined up. She tripped and fell and got poked with a gun by a German soldier. Her father turned around and was pleading with her to go back. She did and that was the last time she saw him.'" - "Auschwitz Remembered", Toronto Star, pg. A13, Jan. 23, 2005
- "Perhaps the most well-known of Holocaust-influenced rock songs as it first appeared on the band's hit 1984 album *Grace Under Pressure*, and has been a staple of the band's live shows ever since. The seeds for this harrowing rocker were planted 60 years ago in April of 1945 when British soldiers

liberated the Nazi concentration camp Bergen-Belsen. Rush lead singer Geddy Lee's mother, Mary Rubenstein, was among the survivors. 'I once asked my mother her first thoughts upon being liberated,' Lee said. 'She didn't believe (liberation) was possible. She didn't believe that if there was a society outside the camp how they could allow this to exist... ' Lee related the story to band drummer and lyricist Neil Peart and also wrote the music. Peart came up with lines such as: 'Are we the last ones left alive?/ Are we the only human beings to survive?' 'The whole album,' Lee said, 'is about being on the brink and having the courage and strength to survive.'" - *Rock 'N' Roll Never Forgets Holocaust's Horror*, Palm Beach Post, May 6, 2005

- "The video [for "Distant Early Warning"] featured Geddy's son Julian. 'I don't remember too much, except sitting on this rocket thing as if I was riding it for a really long time,' Julian recalled. 'Neil let me play his drums, but I had to be REALLY careful!'" - *Chemistry*