



THE BIG MONEY (5:36)

*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 (5:05)

*A to B -
Different degrees...*

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

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

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

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

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

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

MANHATTAN PROJECT (5:05)

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 (6:09)

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 hea

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

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

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

In the long run...

*From first to last
The peak is never passed
Something always fires the light
That gets in your eyes
One moment's high
And glory rolls on by
Like a streak of 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 (6:19)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MIDDLETOWN DREAMS (5:15)

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 (5:10)

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 (5:54)

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

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

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

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

Geddy Lee - Bass Guitars/Synthesizers/Bass Pedals/Vocals
Alex Lifeson - Accoustic And Electric Guitars
Neil Peart - Drums/Accoustic And Electronic Percussion

Additional Musicians
Jim Burgess - Synthesizer Prorgamming
Andy Richards - Keyboards/
Synthesizer Programming

Music by Lee and Lifeson
Lyrics by Peart

Produced by Peter Collins and Rush
Engineered by Jimbo Barton

Mercury, October 29, 1985



NOTES:

- Certified Gold by RIAA: December 18, 1985 - Certified Platinum: January 27, 1986 - Highest Billboard Chart Position: 10
- "Our producer works in London all the time. He's become very jaded about the Simmons drum sound. He didn't really want to hear it, so we found other ways of getting around that. There were times when I vocalized a little single-stroke roll, and that's exactly what you hear-my voice doing a single stroke roll." Neil Peart, *Modern Drummer*, Jan. 1986
- "I chose the fictional town's name in a similar way - because there seemed to be a Middletown in every state (and I seemed to have bicycled through half of them). The other two guys wanted me to change the town's name at first, because it reminded them of a freaky teacher they'd had in high school, named Mr. Middleton - I was glad they got over it." - Neil Peart, *Traveling Music*
- "I produced a track for Gary Moore, who was opening up for Rush in 1984-85, and as a result of that I got a gig with Rush. I did the *Power Windows* album, and I've done three more since then...When I first worked with them, they wanted to be involved with the technological breakthroughs that were happening in England at the time, the Trevor Horn sound that he'd achieved with Yes and Frankie and those sort of bands. So I was able to help them move into that area, and be a foil, a sounding-board for Neil Peart on the drums and push him into different areas. When I first got involved, Alex Lifeson had this horrible mismatched guitar pedalboard, which needed a lot of work -- or, rather, lot of work had been done to it, and that was the problem. It was just a question of coming in fresh, and getting them to change some things they'd always done. If there's somebody to say to them 'Guys, I think that section could be better, it could be more exciting, or it could be more laid-back,' or whatever, they like that. They like to be challenged. In the case of Rush, they strive to be better with every record, they strive to

progress with every record. AC/DC strive to sound exactly as they did on their first record on their 14th record, and that's their strength, but Rush want to be different on every record and to progress. As human beings, that's the way they are, they're very interesting people, and they need continual intellectual and musical stimulation." - Peter Collins, [Sound On Sound](#), March 2002