



#### **DREAMLINE** (4:38)

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** (4:56)

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** (5:30)

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

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

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

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

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

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

What's the deal? Spin the wheel.  
If the dice are hot - take a shot.  
Play your cards. Show us what you got -  
What you're holding.  
If the cards are cold,  
Don't go folding.

Lady Luck is golden;  
She favors the bold. That's cold  
Stop throwing stones -  
The night has a thousand saxophones.  
So get out there and rock,  
And roll the bones.  
Get busy!

#### FACE UP (3:54)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### WHERE'S MY THING? (instrumental 3:49) (Part IV, "Gangster Of Boats" Trilogy)

#### THE BIG WHEEL (5:15)

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 (5:26)

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 (5:19)

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

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

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

I DON'T BELIEVE IN DESTINY  
OR THE GUIDING HAND OF FATE  
I DON'T BELIEVE IN FOREVER  
OR LOVE AS A MYSTICAL STATE  
I DON'T BELIEVE IN THE STARS OR THE PLANETS  
OR ANGELS WATCHING FROM ABOVE  
BUT I BELIEVE THERE'S A GHOST OF A CHANCE  
WE CAN FIND SOMEONE TO LOVE  
AND MAKE IT LAST

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

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

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

#### **NEUROTICA (4:40)**

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### **YOU BET YOUR LIFE (5:00)**

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*

Geddy Lee - Bass Guitars/Vocals/Synthesizers  
Alex Lifeson - Electric And Accoustic Guitars/Backing Vocals  
Neil Peart - Drums/Cymbals

Additional Musicians:  
Rupert Hine - Keyboards/Backing Vocals

Music by Lee and Lifeson  
Lyrics by Peart

Produced by Rupert Hine And Rush  
Engineered by Stephen Taylor

Atlantic/Anthem, September 3, 1991



#### NOTES:

- Certified Gold by RIAA: October 25, 1991 - Certified Platinum: August 31, 2001 - Highest Billboard Chart Position: 3
- "One hot night in a village in Togo called Assouhoum, in November 1989, I laid out my sleeping bag on an adobe rooftop and lay looking up at the bright stars in the perfect silence of an African night - no traffic, no television, no radio, just scattered conversations or distant dogs. As I was dozing off, a drum rhythm echoed from across the valley, two hand-drummers playing an intrelocking pattern, and it stuck in my head, only to emerge months later as the basis for a rhythm I used in a Rush song called 'Heresy'." - Neil Peart, *Traveling Music*, pg. 297
- "Where's My Thing" was nominated for the Best Rock Instrumental Performance Grammy in 1992 (their second nomination). The winner was "Cliffs of Dover" by Eric Johnson, from *Ah Via Musicom*.