



SUBDIVISIONS (5:33)

Sprawling on the fringes of the city
In geometric order
An insulated border
In between the bright lights
And the far unlit unknown

Growing up it all seems so one-sided
Opinions all provided
The future pre-decided
Detached and subdivided
In the mass production zone

Nowhere is the dreamer
Or the misfit so alone

Subdivisions -
In the high school halls
In the shopping malls
Conform or be cast out
Subdivisions -
In the basement bars
In the backs of cars
Be cool or be cast out
Any escape might help to smooth
The unattractive truth
But the suburbs have no charms to soothe
The restless dreams of youth

Drawn like moths we drift into the city
The timeless old attraction
Cruising for the action
Lit up like a firefly
Just to feel the living night

Some will sell their dreams for small desires
Or lose the race to rats
Get caught in ticking traps
And start to dream of somewhere
To relax their restless flight

Somewhere out of a memory
Of lighted streets on quiet nights...

THE ANALOG KID (4:46)

A hot and windy August afternoon
Has the trees in constant motion
With a flash of silver leaves
As they're rocking in the breeze

The boy lies in the grass with one blade
Stuck between his teeth
A vague sensation quickens
In his young and restless heart
And a bright and nameless vision
Has him longing to depart

You move me -
You move me -
With your buildings and your eyes
Autumn woods and winter skies
You move me -
You move me -
Open sea and city lights
Busy streets and dizzy heights
You call me -
You call me -

The fawn-eyed girl with sun-browned legs
Dances on the edge of his dream
And her voice rings in his ears
Like the music of the spheres

The boy lies in the grass, unmoving
Staring at the sky
His mother starts to call him
As a hawk goes soaring by
The boy pulls down his baseball cap
And covers up his eyes

Too many hands on my time
Too many feelings -
Too many things on my mind
When I leave I don't know
What I'm hoping to find
When I leave I don't know
What I'm leaving behind...

CHEMISTRY (4:56)

Signals transmitted
Message received
Reaction making impact -
Invisibly

Elemental telepathy
Exchange of energy
Reaction making contact -
Mysteriously

Eye to I
Reaction burning hotter
Two to one
Reflection on the water
H to O
No flow without the other
Oh but how
Do they make contact
With one another?

Electricity? Biology?
Seems to me it's Chemistry

Emotion transmitted
Emotion received
Music in the abstract -
Positively

Elemental empathy

A change of synergy
Music making contact -
Naturally

One, two, three -
Add without subtraction
Sound on sound
Multiplied reaction
H to O
No flow without the other
Oh but how
Do we make contact
With one another?

DIGITAL MAN (6:20)

His world is under observation -
We monitor his station
Under faces and the places
Where he traces points of view

He picks up scraps of conversation -
Radio and radiation
From the dancers and romancers
With the answers - but no clue

He'd love to spend the night in Zion
He's been a long while in Babylon
He'd like a lover's wings to fly on
To a tropic isle of Avalon

His world is under anaesthetic -
Subdivided and synthetic
His reliance on the giants
In the science of the day

He picks up scraps of information -
He's adept at adaptation
'Cause for strangers and arrangers
Constant change is here to stay

He's got a force field and a flexible plan
He's got a date with fate in a black sedan
He plays fast forward for as long as he can
But he won't need a bed -
He's a digital man

THE WEAPON (PART II OF FEAR) (6:22)

We've got nothing to fear - but fear itself?
Not pain or failure, not fatal tragedy?
Not the faulty units in this mad machinery?
Not the broken contacts in emotional chemistry?

With an iron fist in a velvet glove
We are sheltered under the gun
In the glory game on the power train
Thy kingdom's will be done

And the things that we fear are a weapon to be held against us...

He's not afraid of your judgement
He knows of horrors worse than your Hell
He's a little bit afraid of dying -
But he's a lot more afraid of your lying

And the things that he fears
Are a weapon to be held against him...

Can any part of life - be larger than life?
Even love must be limited by time
And those who push us down that they might climb -
Is any killer worth more than his crime?

Like a steely blade in a silken sheath
We don't see what they're made of
They shout about love, but when push comes to shove
They live for the things they're afraid of

And the knowledge that they fear
Is a weapon to be used against them...

NEW WORLD MAN (3:41)

He's a rebel and a runner
He's a signal turning green
He's a restless young romantic
Wants to run the big machine

He's got a problem with his poisons
But you know he'll find a cure
He's cleaning up his systems
To keep his nature pure

Learning to match the beat of the Old World man
Learning to catch the heat of the Third World man

He's got to make his own mistakes
And learn to mend the mess he makes
He's old enough to know what's right
But young enough not to choose it
He's noble enough to win the world
But weak enough to lose it -

He's a New World man...

He's a radio receiver
Tuned to factories and farms
He's a writer and arranger
And a young boy bearing arms

He's got a problem with his power
With weapons on patrol
He's got to walk a fine line
And keep his self-control

Trying to save the day for the Old World man
Trying to pave the way for the Third World man

He's not concerned with yesterday
He knows constant change is here today
He's noble enough to know what's right
But weak enough not to choose it
He's wise enough to win the world
But fool enough to lose it -

He's a New World man...

LOSING IT (4:51)

The dancer slows her frantic pace
In pain and desperation,
Her aching limbs and downcast face
Aglow with perspiration

Stiff as wire, her lungs on fire,
With just the briefest pause -
The flooding through her memory,
The echoes of old applause.

She limps across the floor
And closes her bedroom door...

The writer stares with glassy eyes -
Defies the empty page
His beard is white, his face is lined
And streaked with tears of rage.

Thirty years ago, how the words would flow
With passion and precision,
But now his mind is dark and dulled
By sickness and indecision

And he stares out the kitchen door
Where the sun will rise no more...

Some are born to move the world -
To live their fantasies
But most of us just dream about
The things we'd like to be

Sadder still to watch it die
Than never to have known it
For you - the blind who once could see -
The bell tolls for thee...

COUNTDOWN (5:49)

Dedicated with thanks to astronauts Young & Crippen and all the people of NASA for their inspiration and cooperation

Lit up with anticipation
We arrive at the launching site
The sky is still dark, nearing dawn
On the Florida coastline

Circling choppers slash the night
With roving searchlight beams
This magic day when super-science
Mingles with the bright stuff of dreams

Floodlit in the hazy distance
The star of this unearthly show
Venting vapours, like the breath
Of a sleeping white dragon

Crackling speakers, voices tense
Resume the final count
All systems check, T minus nine
As the sun and the drama start to mount

The air is charged - a humid, motionless mass
The crowds and the cameras,
The cars full of spectators pass
Excitement so thick - you could cut it with a knife
Technology - high, on the leading edge of life

The earth beneath us starts to tremble
With the spreading of a low black cloud
A thunderous roar shakes the air
Like the whole world exploding

Scorching blast of golden fire
As it slowly leaves the ground
Tears away with a mighty force
The air is shattered by the awesome sound

Like a pillar of cloud, the smoke lingers
High in the air
In fascination - with the eyes of the world
We stare...

Geddy Lee - Bass/Syntheizers/Vocals
Alex Lifeson - Accoustic and
Electric Guitars/Tarus Pedals
Neil Peart - Drums/Percussion

Additional Musicians:
Ben Mink - Electric Violin ("Losing It")

Music by Lee and Lifeson
Lyrics by Peart, except
"Chemistry" by Lee, Lifeson and Peart

Produced by Rush and Terry Brown
Engineered by Paul Northfield
Assisted by Robbie Whelan

Mercury/Polygram, September 9, 1982

NOTES:

- Certified Gold by RIAA: November 10, 1982 -
Certified Platinum: November 10, 1982 - Highest
Billboard Chart Position: 10
- "New World Man", Rush's highest charting single to
date, was written one day and recorded the next:
"writing it in one day and recording it the next! We
wanted to capture a spontaneous, relaxed feel for this
one, not even spending much time getting the sounds
together. Thus, it could stand in contrast to the rest of
the album, being much more raw and 'live' in its
affect. Two days is very close to a record for us to
write and record a song." - Neil Peart, "[Stories From
Signals](#)", *Signals Tourbook*
- The word "Subdivisions" is likely spoken by Toronto
television reporter [Mark Dailey](#).
- "The summer before I turned fifteen, my family
camped outside Montreal to visit the World's Fair,
Expo '67, and at the campground, I met a girl from
Ohio. Her father was extremely watchful (warning
her that Canadian boys had 'Roman hands and
Russian fingers'), and we never even kissed, but I fell
hopelessly in fourteen-year-old love...I always
remembered her ('the fawn-eyed girl with sun-
browned legs' in the song 'The Analog Kid')". - Neil
Peart, *Roadshow*
- The [Mobile Fidelity Sound Labs Ultradisc II™ 24
KT Gold CD](#), released October 11, 1994, is missing a
set of lyrics. This version of "The Weapon" is
missing the lyrics "and the things that he fears, are a
weapon to be held against him...." from the second
chorus at 3:13. As quoted in the [Rush FAQ](#), Mobile
Fidelity Sound Lab (who remastered the Ultradisc
series) stated "The master tapes, which were provided
to us directly from the Rush offices in Canada, did
not include these vocals. Apparently, these vocals
were edited in at a later time."