



Test For Echo (5:56)

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 chalk lines
Tough-talking hood boys in pro-team logo knock-offs
Conform to uniforms of some corporate entity
Don't change that station
It's Gangster Nation
Now crime's in syndication on TV

What a show - vertigo
Video vertigo
Test for echo

Touch and go - in slo-mo
Video vertigo
Test for echo

Some kind of drama live on satellite
Hidden camera coverage from the crime scene to the courtroom
Nail-biting hood boys 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 (4:27)

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 towards me
What was there is gone
The road unwinds before me
And I go riding on*

Half The World (3:43)

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 (4:49)

I don't have an explanation
For another lonely night
I just feel this sense of mission
And the 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 (5:01)

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 (4:58)

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 (4:55)

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 well make our own few circles 'round the block
We've lost our senses
For the higher-level static of talk

Virtuality (5:44)

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 (4:24)

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
Pray without surrender*

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

Limbo (instrumental 5:29)

Whatever happened to my Transylvania twist?
Mmmm, Mash gooooooood

Carve Away The Stone (4:05)

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 call 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*

Geddy Lee - Bass Guitars/Vocals/Synthesizers
Alex Lifeson - Electric And
Acoustic Guitars/Mandola
Neil Peart - Drums/Cymbals/Hammer Dulcimer

Music by Lee and Lifeson
Lyrics by Peart, except
"Test For Echo" by Peart and Dubois

Produced by Peter Collins and Rush

Atlantic/Anthem September 10, 1996



Notes:

- Certified Gold by RIAA: October 23, 1996 - Highest Billboard Chart Position: 5