

Rush

"Driven"

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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

It's my turn to drive
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

It's my turn to drive
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 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

Driven on, driven in on the thin end of the wedge
Driven out, driven to the edge
It's my turn to drive
But 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

It's my turn to drive

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 to the edge of a deep, dark hole

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