Rush

"The Spirit Of Radio Permanent Waves"

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Begin the day with a friendly voice, A companion unobtrusive Plays the song that's so elusive And the magic music makes your morning mood.

Off on your way, hit the open road, There is magic at your fingers For the Spirit ever lingers, Undemanding contact in your happy solitude.

Invisible airwaves crackle with life Bright antenna bristle with the energy Emotional feedback on timeless wavelength Bearing a gift beyond price, almost free

All this machinery making modern music Can still be open-hearted. Not so coldly charted, it's really just a question Of your honesty, yeah, your honesty.

One likes to believe in the freedom of music, But glittering prizes and endless compromises Shatter the illusion of integrity.

For the words of the profits were written on the studio wall,

Concert hall

And echoes with the sounds of salesmen

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