

## Rush

### "The Spirit Of The Radio"

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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 antennae 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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