

Rush

"Workin' Them Angles"

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Driving away to the east, and into the past
History recedes in my rear view mirror
Carried away on a wave of music down a desert road
Memory humming at the heart of factory town

All my life
I've been workin' them Angels overtime
Riding and driving and living
So close to the edge
Workin' them Angles,
Workin' them Angles,
Workin' them Angles? overtime

Riding through the range of light to the wounded city
Filling my spirit with the wildest wish to fly
Taking the high road to the wounded city
Memory strumming at the heart of a moving picture

All this time
I've been working them angles overtime
Riding and driving and flying
Just over the edge
Worikin? the Angles,
Workin? them Angles,

Workin? them Angles ? overtime

Driving down the razor's edge between the past and
the future
Turn up the music and smile
Get carried away on the songs and stories of the
vanished times
Memory drumming at the heart of an English winter
Memories beating at the heart of an African village

All my life
I've been workin' them Angels overtime
Riding and driving and living
So close to the edge
Workin? them Angles,
Workin? them Angles,
Workin? them Angles? overtime

Workin? them Angles
Workin? them Angles

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