Driven

Rush

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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