The Camera Eye (Live R40 Tour)

Rush

Grim-faced and forbidding
Their faces closed tight
An angular mass of New Yorkers
Pacing in rhythm
Race the oncoming night
They chase through the streets of Manhattan
Head-first humanity
Pause at a light
Then flow through the streets of the cityThey seem oblivious
To a soft spring rain
Like an English rain
So light, yet endless
From a leaden sky, yeahThe buildings are lost
In their limitless rise
My feet catch the pulse
And the purposeful strideI feel the sense of possibilities
I feel the wrench of hard realities
The focus is sharp in the cityWide-angle watcher
On life's ancient tales
Steeped in the history of London
Green and Grey washes
In a wispy white veil
Mist in the streets of Westminster
Wistful and weathered
The pride still prevails
Alive in the streets of the cityAre they oblivious
To this quality?
A quality
Of light unique to every city's streetsPavements may teem
With intense energy
But the city is calm
In this violent seaI feel the sense of possibilities
I feel the wrench of hard realities
The focus is sharp in the city

Songwriters
NEIL ELWOOD PEART, GARY LEE WEINRIB, ALEX ZIVOJINOVICHPublished by
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