

# Rush

## Don Johnson Big Band

Rush! Tell 'em now, tell 'em how  
Try to spell it out  
Why the foul smell and loud yelling  
Are you selling out?  
Rush! Tell 'em now, tell 'em how  
Try to spell it out  
Why the foul smell and loud yelling  
Are you still in doubt?  
(2x)

Is it 'cause you dwell about looking for some better ground  
Quietly defiant, like a giant leap ahead and now  
Hit 'em hard and let 'em drown, kick 'em when they're dead and down  
What you prevented now is more than a poetic row  
Physically so well endowed, mister thoroughbred and proud  
Never settle down, gotta get it all, and get it now  
But now your head is down, the weight is like a leaded crown  
Your latest trick was faded out, a dire fate I read about  
And then the letters found a sentence and descended down  
The pen is like a menace, yeah I said it and I said it loud  
Make a noise, develop sound, make a more synthetic sound  
Visible to many, but a-plenty ways to let it cloud your judgement  
Yet judging by the way that you resented crowds  
And budgeted your bread and found the credit to go spread it round  
I'm bulldozing aesthetics, now you're almost on prophetic ground  
I'm close enough to close it up, the flows are out, just hit it now

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(2x)We're out of time, meaning all remaining time is out  
But everything I write about continues redefining how  
We look at things, I'm finding out that crooked things are often  
Straighter than you think and my design is bound to soften  
The boundaries on how to reason quiet for a louder reason  
How to be so proud of these surroundings or societies in conflict

Discounting these encounters when we're steaming like an armpit  
Discomfort isn't offered like a gauntlet, it's complex  
A crowd is teased with modesty and pompousness  
Hard as this art is respond as you were on your knees  
No compass will guide us through anomalies and darkness  
Fallacies and countless means of robberies and conquest  
Are you an instigator? Are you an accomplice?  
An insulated isolated incident of progress  
Your infant eyes are hypnotized, I synthesize my senses  
By surprise and club my sympathizers senselessRush! Tell 'em now, tell 'em how  
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(2x)Hardcore  
Truth is what you make it, it's an art form  
A super soaking sacred piece of hardcore  
Seemingly evasive, if you clean it or erase it  
Now I've seen enough and face it  
This is hardcore  
Truth is what you make it, it's an art form  
A super soaking sacred piece of hardcore  
Seemingly evasive, all we gave 'em was a taste  
And now they're steaming in our facesRush! Tell 'em now, tell 'em how  
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(2x)Rush!  
Are you still in doubt?  
Rush!  
Hey!  
Selling out, selling out

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.