Digital Man

Rush

His world is under observation
We monitor his station
Under faces and the places
Where he traces points of viewHe picks up scraps of conversation
Radio and radiation
From the dancers and romancers
With the answers, but no clueHe'd love to spend the night in Zion
He's been a long while in Babylon
He'd like a lover's wings to fly on
To a tropic isle of AvalonHis world is under anesthetic
Subdivided and synthetic
His reliance on the giants
In the science of the dayHe picks up scraps of information
He's adept at adaptation
'Cause for strangers and arrangers
Constant change is here to stayHe'd love to spend the night in Zion
He's been a long while in Babylon
He'd like a lover's wings to fly on
To a tropic isle of AvalonHe's got a forcefield and a flexible plan
He's got a date with fate in a black Sedan
He plays fast-forward for as long as he can
But he won't need a bed
He's a digital man

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