The Way the Wind Blows

Rush

Now it's come to this
It's like we're back in the Dark Ages
From the Middle East to the Middle West
It's a world of superstitionNow it's come to this
Wide-eyed armies of the faithful
From the Middle East to the Middle West
Pray, and pass the ammunitionSo many people think that way
You gotta watch what you say
To them and them, and others too
Who don't seem to see to things the way you doWe can only grow the way the wind blows
On a bare and weathered shore
We can only bow to the here and now
In our elemental warWe can only go the way the wind blows
We can only bow to the here and now
Or be broken down blow by blowNow it's come to this
Hollow speeches of mass deception
From the Middle East to the Middle West
Like crusaders in unholy allianceNow it's come to this
Like we're back in the Dark Ages
From the Middle East to the Middle West
It's a plague that resists our scienceIt seems to leave them partly blind
And they leave no child behind
While evil spirits haunt their sleep
While shepherds bless and count their sheepWe can only grow the way the wind blows
On a bare and weathered shore
We can only bow to the here and now
In our elemental warWe can only grow the way the wind blows
We can only bow to the here and nowWe can only grow the way the wind blows
We can only bow to the here and now
Or be broken down blow by blow
We can only grow the way the wind blows
We can only bow to the here and now
Or be broken down blow by blowLike the solitary pine
On a bare, wind blasted shore
We can only grow the way the wind blows
In our elemental warWe can only grow the way the wind blows
We can only bow to the here and now
Or be broken down blow by blow

Songwriters
GEDDY LEE WEINRIB, ALEX LIFESONPublished by
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