Workin' Them Angels

Rush

Driving 'way to the east and into the past
History recedes in my rear view mirror
Carried away on a wave of music down a desert road
Memory humming at the heart of a factory town
All my life
I've been workin' them angels overtime
Riding and driving and living so close to the edge
Workin' them angels, workin' them angels
Workin' them angels overtime
Riding through the Range of Light to the wounded city
Filling my spirit with the wildest wish to fly
Taking the high road, taking that high road to the wounded city
Memory strumming at the heart of a moving picture
All this time I've been workin' them angels overtime
Riding and diving and flying just over the edge
Workin' them angels, workin' them angels
Workin' them angels overtime
Driving down the razor's edge 'tween the past and the future
Turn up the music and smile
Get carried away on the songs and stories of vanished times
Memory drumming at the heart of an English winter
Memories beating at the heart of an African village
All this time I've been workin' them angels overtime
Riding and diving and living so close to the edge
Workin' them angels, workin' them angels
Workin' them angels
Workin' them angels overtime
Workin' them angels
Workin' them angels

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