# 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 roadMemory humming at the heart of a factory townAll 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 overtimeRiding 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 cityMemory strumming at the heart of a moving pictureAll 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 overtimeDriving 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 timesMemory drumming at the heart of an English winter
Memories beating at the heart of an African villageAll 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 overtimeWorkin' them angels
Workin' them angels

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