

Distant Early Warning

Rush

An ill wind comes arising
Across the cities of the plain
There's no swimming in the heavy water
No singing in the acid rain
Red alert, red alert It's so hard to stay together
Passing through revolving doors
We need someone to talk to
And someone to sweep the floors
Incomplete, incomplete The world weighs on my shoulders
But what am I to do?
You sometimes drive me crazy
But I worry about you I know it makes no difference
To what you're going through
But I see the tip of the iceberg
And I worry about you Cruising under your radar
Watching from satellites
Take a page from the red book
And keep them in your sights
Red alert, red alert Left and rights of passage
Black and whites of youth
Who can face the knowledge
That the truth is not the truth?
Obsolete, absolute The world weighs on my shoulders
But what am I to do?
You sometimes drive me crazy
But I worry about you I know it makes no difference
To what you're going through
But I see the tip of the iceberg
And I worry about you The world weighs on my shoulders
But what am I to do?
You sometimes drive me crazy
But I worry about you I know it makes no difference
To what you're going through
But I see the tip of the iceberg
And I worry about you Absalom
Absalom
Absalom

Songwriters

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