

# The Camera Eye

Rush

Grim faced and forbidding  
Their faces closed tight  
An angular mass of New Yorkers Pacing in rhythm  
Race the oncoming night  
They chase through the streets of Manhattan Head first humanity  
Pause at a light  
Then flow through the streets of the city They seem oblivious  
To a soft spring rain, like an English rain  
So light, yet endless from a leaden sky The buildings are lost  
In their limitless rise  
My feet catch the pulse and the purposeful stride I feel the sense of possibilities  
I feel the wrench of hard realities  
The focus is sharp in the city Wide angle watcher  
On life's ancient tales  
Steeped in the history of London Green and gray washes  
In a wispy white veil  
Mist in the streets of Westminster Wistful and weathered  
The pride still prevails  
Alive in the streets of the city Are they oblivious to this quality?  
A quality of light unique  
To every city street Pavements may teem with intense energy  
But the city is calm  
In this violent sea I feel the sense of possibilities  
I feel the wrench of hard realities  
The focus is sharp in the city

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>