New World Man

Rush

Hes a rebel and a runner
Hes a signal turning green
Hes a restless young romantic
Wants to run the big machineHes got a problem with his poisons
But you know hell find a cure
Hes cleaning up his systems
To keep his nature pureLearning to match the beat of the old world man
Learning to catch the heat of the third world manHes got to make his own mistakes
And learn to mend the mess he makes
Hes old enough to know whats right
But young enough not to choose itHes noble enough to win the world
But weak enough to lose it
Hes a new world manHes a radio receiver
Tuned to factories and farms
Hes a writer and arranger
And a young boy bearing armsHes got a problem with his power
With weapons on patrol
Hes got to walk a fine line
And keep his self-controlTrying to save the day for the old world man
Trying to pave the way for the third world manHes not concerned with yesterday
He knows constant change is here today
Hes noble enough to know whats right
But weak enough not to choose itHes wise enough to win the world
But fool enough to lose it
Hes a new world manLearning to match the beat of the old world man
He's learning to catch the heat of the third world man
Hes a new world man, hes a new world man

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