Digital Man

Rush

His world is under observation--
We monitor his station
Under faces and the places
Where he traces points of view

He picks up scraps of conversation--
Radio and radiation
From the dancers and romancers
With the answers -- but no clue

He'd love to spend the night in Zion
He's been a long while in Babylon
He'd like a lover's wings to fly on
To a tropic isle of Avalon

His world is under anesthetic--
Subdivided and synthetic
His reliance on the giants
In the science of the day

He picks up scraps of information--
He's adept at adaptation
'Cause for strangers and arrangers
Constant change is here to stay

He's got a force field and a flexible plan
He's got a date with fate in a black sedan
He plays fast forward for as long as he can
But he won't need a bed--
He's a digital man

Lyrics submitted by Bob.

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