

Cut to the Chase

Rush

It is the fire that lights itself
But it burns with a restless flame
The arrow on a moving target
The archer must be sure of his aim

It is the engine that drives itself
But it chooses the uphill climb
A bearing on magnetic north
Growing farther away all the time
Can't stop - moving
Can't stop - moving
Can't stop

You may be right
It's all a waste of time
I guess that's just a chance
I'm prepared to take
A danger I'm prepared to face
Cut to the chase

It is the rocket that ignites itself
And launches its way to the stars
A driver on a busy freeway
Racing the oblivious cars

It's the motor of the western world
Spinning off to every extreme
Pure as a lover's desire
Evil as a murderer's dream

Young enough not to care too much
About the way things used to be
I'm young enough to remember the future
The past has no claim on me

I'm old enough not to care too much
About what you think of me
But I'm young enough to remember the future
And the way things ought to be

What kind of difference
Can one person make?
Cut to the chase