

## 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