

# 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