

Middletown Dreams

Rush

The office door closed early
The hidden bottle came out
The salesman turned to close the blinds
A little slow now, a little stout

But he's still heading down those tracks
Any day now for sure
Another day as drab as today
Is more than a man can endure

Dreams flow across the heartland
Feeding on the fires
Dreams transport desires
Drive you when you're down
Dreams transport the ones
Who need to get out of town

The boy walks with his best friend
Through the fields of early May
They walk awhile in silence
One close, one far away
But he'd be climbing on that bus
Just him and his guitar
To blaze across the heavens
Like a brilliant shooting star

The middle-aged Madonna
Calls her neighbor on the phone
Day by day the seasons pass
And leave her life alone
But she'll go walking out that door
On some bright afternoon
To go and paint big cities
From a lonely attic room

It's understood
By every single person
Who'd be elsewhere if they could
So far so good
And life's not unpleasant
In their little neighborhood

They dream in Middletown