

## Workin' Them Angels

Rush

Driving away to the east, and into the past  
History recedes in my rear-view mirror  
Carried away on a wave of music down a desert road  
Memory humming at the heart of a factory town

All my life  
I've been workin' them angels overtime  
Riding and driving and living  
So close to the edge  
Workin' them angels...  
Workin' them angels...  
Workin' them angels overtime

Riding through the Range of Light to the wounded city  
Filling my spirit with the wildest wish to fly  
Taking the high road, taking that high road to the wounded city  
Memory strumming at the heart of a moving picture

All this time  
I've been workin' them angels overtime  
Riding and diving and flying  
Just over the edge  
Workin' them angels...  
Workin' them angels...  
Workin' them angels overtime

Driving down the razor's edge 'tween the past and the future  
Oh, turn up the music and smile  
Get carried away on the songs and stories of vanished times  
Memory drumming at the heart of an English winter  
Memories beating at the heart of an African village

All my life  
I've been workin' them angels overtime  
Riding and driving and living  
So close to the edge  
Workin' them angels... (workin' them angels...)  
Workin' them angels... (workin' them angels...)  
Workin' them angels overtime

Workin' them angels...

Workin' them angels...