

Rush, Alien Shore

You and I, we are strangers by one chromosome
Slave to the hormone, body and soul
In a struggle to be happy and free
Swimming in a primitive sea
You and I, we must dive below the surface
A world of red neon and ultramarine
Shining bridges on the ocean floor
Reaching to the alien shore

For you and me, sex is not a competition
For you and me, sex is not a job description
For you and me
We agree

You and I, we are pressed into these solitudes
Color and culture, language and race
Just variations on a theme
Islands in a much larger stream

For you and me, race is not a competition
For you and me, race is not a definition
For you and me
We agree

But that's just us...
Reaching for the alien shore

You and I, we reject these narrow attitudes
We add to each other, like a coral reef
Building bridges on the ocean floor
Reaching for the alien shore

For you and me, race is not a competition
For you and me, sex is not a definition
For you and me, we hold these truths to be self-evident
For you and me, we'd elect each other president
For you and me
We might agree

But that's just us...
Reaching for the alien shore