

Rush, New World Man

He's a rebel and a runner
He's a signal turning green
He's a restless young romantic
Wants to run the big machine

He's got a problem with his poisons
But you know he'll find a cure
He's cleaning up his systems
To keep his nature pure

Learning to match the beat of the Old World Man
Learning to catch the heat of the Third World Man

He's got to make his own mistakes
And learn to mend the mess he makes
He's old enough to know what's right
But young enough not to choose it
He's noble enough to win the world
But weak enough to lose it
He's a New World Man...

He's a radio receiver
Tuned to factories and farms
He's a writer and arranger
And a young boy bearing arms

He's got a problem with his power
With weapons on patrol
He's got to walk a fine line
And keep his self-control

Trying to save the day for the Old World Man
Trying to pave the way for the Third World Man

He's not concerned with yesterday
He knows constant change is here today
He's noble enough to know what's right
But weak enough not to choose it
He's wise enough to win the world
But fool enough to lose it
He's a New World Man...