

Rush, Driven

Driven up and down in circles
Skidding down a road of black ice
Staring in and out storm windows
Driven to a fool's paradise

It's my turn to drive
But it's my turn to drive

Driven to the margin of error
Driven to the edge of control
Driven to the margin of terror
Driven to the edge of a deep, dark hole

Driven day and night in circles
Spinning like a whirlwind of leaves
Stealing in and out back alleys
Driven to another den of thieves

But it's my turn to drive
But it's my turn to drive

Driven in...Driven to the edge
Driven out...On the thin end of the wedge
Driven off...By things I've never seen
Driven on...By the road to somewhere I've never been

But it's my turn to drive
But it's my turn to drive

The road unwinds towards me
What was there is gone
The road unwinds before me
And I go riding on

But it's my turn to drive
But it's my turn to drive