

Rush, Out Of The Cradle

It's not a place
It's a yearning
It's not a race
It's a journey

It's not an act
It's attraction
It's not a style
It's an action

It's a dream for the waking
It's a flower touched by flame
It's a gift for the giving
It's a power with a hundred names

Surge of energy, spark of inspiration
The breath of love is electricity
Maybe time is bird in flight
Endlessly mocking
Here we come out of the cradle
Endlessly rocking
Endlessly rocking

It's a hand
That rocks the cradle
It's a motion
That swings the sky
It's method on the edge of madness
It's a balance on the edge of a knife
It's a smile on the edge of sadness
It's a dance on the edge of life

Endlessly rocking