THE CAMERA EYE

Words by
NEIL PEART

Music by
GEDDY LEE and ALEX LIFESON

\[ \text{\textit{Traffic noise}} - 00:14 \quad \text{mf} \]

\( \text{\(\text{\textit{Traffic noise}} - 00:14 \quad \text{mf} \) (Bass enters)} \)

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*Rhythmic pulse generated by synth. oscillation.*
Grim-faced and forbidding, on their faces closed tight, an
Wide angle watcher on life's ancient takes.

Angular mass of New Yorkers,
Steeped in the history of London.

Pacing in rhythm race the oncoming night, they
Green and grey washes in a wisp white veil.
chase through the streets of Manhattan.

mist in the streets of Westminster.

Head first wistful humanity pause still prevails alive.

Wistful humanity pride still prevails alive.

flow through the streets of the city.

in the streets of the city.

C Csus2 Csus4 Csus2 C Csus2 C Csus4 Csus2
to a soft spring rain like an A

Let ring

English rain.

So of

light yet endless from a

lead sky.

city street.
C  Csus4  D♭  D♭sus4  D♭  D♭sus4  D♭  D♭sus4

The buildings are lost in their
Pavements may teem with intense

C  Csus4  D♭  D♭sus4  D♭  D♭sus4  D♭  D♭sus4

limitless rise
energy

My
But

C  Csus4  D♭  D♭sus4  D♭  D♭sus4  C
feet catch the pulse... and the purposeful stride...
the city is calm in this violent sea...

I feel the sense of possibilities...
C   Csus4   C   Csus4   C   Csus4   C   Csus4
I feel the wrench of hard realities.

Di♭
Av7sus4(no5)
The focus is

Rubato
=B♭sus2

sharp in the city.

C   G   Fsus4   B♭sus2
Db D\(\text{sus4}\) D\(\text{b}\) D\(\text{sus4}\) D\(\text{b}\) D\(\text{sus4}\)

Guitar 2 I feel the sense of possibilities.

Db D\(\text{sus4}\) C C\(\text{sus4}\) C C\(\text{sus4}\)

I feel the wrench of hard realities.

C C\(\text{sus4}\) C C\(\text{sus4}\) D\(\text{b}\)

The

Ab\(7\text{sus4(no5)}\)

Focus is sharp in the city.
1. Living on a lighted stage approaches the unreal, for
2. Living in the fish-eye lens caught in the camera eye, I

those who think and feel
have no heart to lie,

I can't pretend a stranger is a

yond the gilded cage,
long a-waited friend.

Cast in some unlikely role, ill-equipped to act, with
All the world's indeed a stage and we are merely players, per
in-sufficient tact, one must put up barriers to
formers and portray-ers, each another's audi-ence out-

keep one self in tact.
side the guild-ed cage.

Liv-ing in the lime-light, the uni-ver-sal dream for-

those who wish to seem.
Those who wish to be must put aside the alienation,

get on with the fascination, the real relation, the

underlying theme.

1. G$5$ E$5$ F$5$
Coda

the real relation

the underlying theme.
Asus4/F♯  
Asus4/G

Asus4/D

My

Asus4

Asus4/F♯

uncle has a country place

no one knows about.

Asus4/G

He says it used to be a farm be
Asus4/D
fore the motor law, and on Sundays I elude.

Asus4/F♯
the "Eyes" and hop the turbine freight.
To

Asus4/G
far outside the wire where my white haired uncle waits.

D9

F5

G
Jump to the ground as the turbo slows to cross the borderline.

Run like the wind as excitement shivers up and down my spine.
Down in his barn, my uncle preserved for me an old machine for fifty odd years. To keep it as new has been his dearest dream.

strip away the old debris that hides a shining car,
F♯m  Asus4/G  A/F♯  Asus4/G

a  brilliant  Red  Bar  chetta  from  a

A5  Asus4

bet-ter  van-ished  time.  We'll  fire  up  the  will-

ing  en-gine  re-spond-ing  with  a  roar,
tires  spitting  grav-

el  I  com-mit  my  week-ly  crime.
Motorcycle vibrato with flange

Wind in my hair.

Shift-ing and drift ing.
Mechanical music.

Adrenalin surge.

Well-worn leather, hot metal and oil, the scented country air.
Sun-light on chrome, the blur of the landscape.

ev'-ry nerve, a-ware.
Suddenly ahead of me across the mountainside,
a gleaming alloy air car shoots towards me two lanes wide.
I spin around the
shrieking tires to run the deadly race. Go screaming through the valley as another joins the chase.
Run like the wind, strain-ing the lim-its of ma-chine and man.

Laugh-ing out loud with fear and hope, I've got a des-per-ate plan.

At the one lane bridge, I leave the gi-ants strand-ed at the river-side.
back to the farm... to dream with my uncle at the fire... side.

A5

N.C.

Repeat and fade
Words by
PYE DUBOIS and NEIL PEART

Music by
GEDDY LEE and ALEX LIFeson

Moderately fast \( \text{\textfrac{\text{\textit{Tempo}}}{\text{\textfrac{88}}}} \)

No Chord

A modern day warrior, mean stride today's Tom Sawyer mean, mean pride...

Guitar 1

E5

D5

E5

A5

E5

Csus2

Though his mind is not for rent
don't put him down as arrogant
No his mind is not for rent
to any god or government

* Bass and flanged keyboard Intro.
**Downstemmed figure on repeat.
his reserve a quiet defense
always hopeful yet discontent
riding out the day's events
he knows changes are permanent

the river.
the changes.

What do you say about his company
is what you say about society.
And what do you say about his company
is what you say about society.
Catch the mist,...
catch the myth,...
catch the mys-try,...
catch the drift...

Catch the wit-ness...
catch the wit,...
catch the spir-it,...
catch the spit...

Bsus2
A5
Bsus2
A5
Bsus2
A5

The world is the world,...
The world is the world,...

B5
A5

love and life are deep,...
may-be as his skies are

love and life are deep,...
may-be as his eyes are

To Coda Ø

E5

wide,...

To-day's Tom Saw-er he gets high on you...and the space he in-va-des he gets by...on you...
Double time feel  \( \frac{4}{\text{bar}} \) = 170

*Guitar 2

\( \text{N.C.} \)

*Keyboard arranged for Guitar. (Guitar 1 tacet for 4 bars.)

End Keyboard Figure 1

With Keyboard Figure 1

E5

D/F♯

E5

D/F♯

Guitar 1

E5

D/F♯

E5

D/F♯

\( \text{N.C.} \)
End double time feel  \( \dot{\cdot} = 88 \)

Coda

N.C.

Ex- it the war-ri- or to-day's Tom Saw- yer he gets high on you and the en- er- gy you trade- he gets

Double time feel  \( \dot{\cdot} = 170 \)

Repeat and fade

right on to the fric- tion of the day.

(Vocal 1st time only)
in mental and environmental change...

Atmospheric disturbance, the feverish flux...

of human interface and interchange...
The impulse is pure. Sometimes our circuits get shorted by external interference.

Signals get crossed, and the balance distorted by internal incoherence.
A tired mind become a shape shifter. Everybody need a mood lifter.
A tired mind become a shape shifter. Everybody need a reverse polarity.

Everybody got mixed feelings about the function and the form.
Everybody got to elevate.
from the norm.
An ounce of perception,
pound of obscure.
Process information at half speed.

Pause,
re-wind, re-play, warm memory chip.

Random sample, hold the one you need.

Leave out the fic-
the fact is this friction will only be worn by persistence. Leave out conditions.

Courageous convictions will drag the dream into existence.

D.S. al Coda
Additional Lyrics

Everybody got to deviate from the norm.
Everybody got to elevate from the norm.
Everybody got to elevate from the norm.
Everybody got to elevate from the norm.
Everybody got to revelate from the norm.
Everybody got to escalate from the norm.
Everybody got to escalate from the norm.
Witch Hunt

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D5    Bsus2
The night is bleak—without a moon.

F5    G5
The air is thick—and still.

Bsus2
vigilantes gather—on

The
lonely torch lit hill.

Features distorted in the flickering light, the

faces are twisted and grotesque. Silent and stern in the
sweltering night, the mob moves like demons possessed.

Quiet in conscience, calm in their right, confident their ways are best. Oh, oh.
Gm       Bb    Dm       C

F       Gm                             Dm       C
The righteous rise with burning eyes

C5 Bb5 C5 Bb5 C5 F       Gm       Bb
of hatred and ill will. Madmen fed on

D5       C5 G5
fear and lies to beat and burn and kill.
D5  Bsus2

They say there are strangers who threaten us.

D5  Bsus2

say there are strangers who threaten us,

our

F5  G5

immigrants and infidels.

They say there is strangeness, too

D5  Bsus2

dangerous.

In our theatres and back stores
those who know what's best for
us must rise and save us from ourselves.

Quick to judge, quick to anger, slow to un
understand, ignorance and prejudice and fear walk hand in hand.
Guitar 1

Guitar 2 Tacet

Up Tempo $j = 144$

Chords in parentheses are implied.

Substitute Fill 1 on D.S.

Fill 1