

THE STORY BEHIND THE SONG RUSH'S "NOBODY'S HERO"

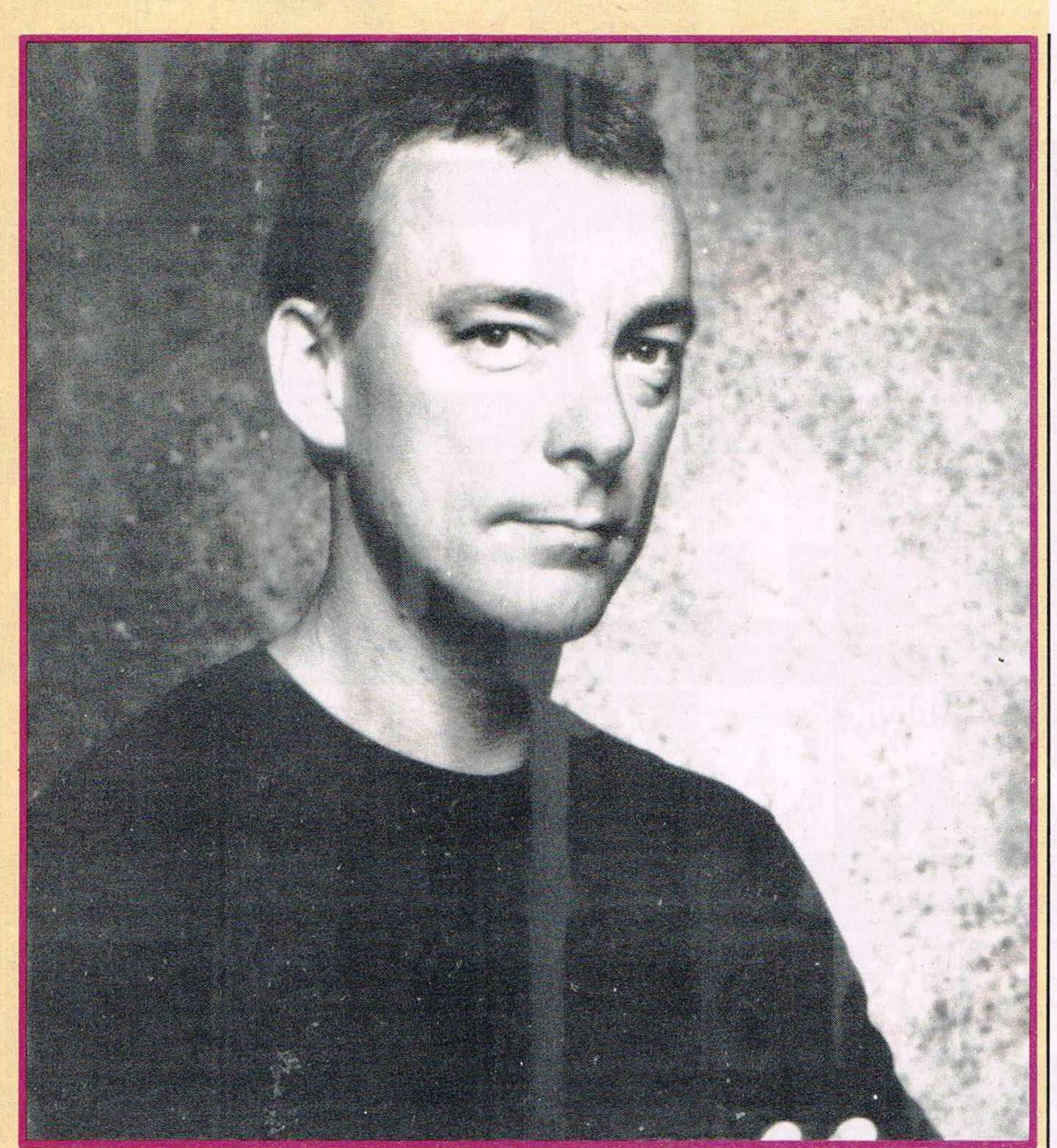
Neal Peart called **Hit Parader** to talk about the story behind *Nobody's Hero*, and how he hates the idea that North American society makes heroes out of the strangest people—performers and athletes, not doctors, scientists, policemen or firemen. Peart philosophized, "What is a hero? Somebody who does something extraordinary—that's why I wrote 'saving the drowning child'— they're a hero. Acts of heroism are when the airplane pilot brings in the airplane or someone

brings down a broken elevator. These are acts of heroism that go on all the time. But in the western sense we are taught to believe these people don't go to the bathroom!"

As Peart talked we were handed a newsflash that said, "Kurt Cobain killed himself." Needless to say Peart expressed concern for Cobain and other young artists who became overnight sensations, "I heard a woman on the radio talking about the alternative bands and she thought it was strange they were so much rejecting the fame that was thrust upon them, 'this is not why we're doing it.' But I never wanted to be famous, I wanted to be good. I wanted to be a drummer, not a personality, not an entertainer."

Fame has always been a topic Peart's worked in Rush' lyrics like Limelight and Super Conductor. Peart believes that fame is destructive for both sides— the fan and the entertainer. "Obviously fame warps out the person who's in that position. And if you admire someone, making them out to be a superhuman, that makes you completely and totally inadequate— you can never measure up to a superhuman role model." Peart believes it's okay to "look up to someone as a role model and think 'there's someone who plays the drums really well. I want to work hard and play the drums really well, too.' To me that's a healthy role model relationship. But when it comes to 'Oh, that person is so great, I could never be like that, 'it's self-destructive."





NOBODY'S HERO

NEAL PEART GEDDY LEE ALEX LIFESON

As recorded by RUSH

I knew he was different in his sexuality.
I went to his parties as the straight minority—
it never seemed a threat to my masculinity.
He only introduced me to a wider reality.

As the years went by, we drifted apart. When I heard that he was gone I felt a shadow cross my heart But he's nobody's—

Hero— saves a drowning child, cures a wasting disease. Hero— lands the crippled airplane, solves great mysteries.

Hero— not the handsome actor who plays a hero's role. Hero— not the glamor girl who'd love to sell her soul... if anybody's buying nobody's hero.

I didn't know the girl

but I knew her family
All their lives were shattered
in a nightmare of brutality.
They try to carry on,
try to bear the agony,
try to hold some faith
in the goodness of humanity.

As the years went by we drifted apart.
When I heard that she was gone I felt a shadow cross my heart.
But she's nobody's

Hero— the voice of reason against the howling mob. Hero— the pride of purpose in the unrewarding job.

Hero— not the champion player who plays the perfect game, not the glamor boy who loves to sell his name. Everybody's buying nobody's hero.

As the years went by, we drifted apart.
When I heard that you were gone I felt a shadow cross my heart.

Hero.

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