

## Woodstock

Big Country

I came upon a child of God  
He was walking along the road  
When I asked him, "where are you going?"  
This he told me

I'm going down to Yasgur's farm  
Gonna join a rock and roll band  
I'm going to camp out on the land  
And try and get my soul free

We are stardust  
We are golden  
And we've got to get ourselves back to the garden

Then can I walk beside you  
I have come here to lose the smog  
I feel just like a cog  
In something turning

Well maybe it's the time of year  
Or maybe it's the time of man  
I don't know who I am  
But life is for learning

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We are golden  
And we've got to get ourselves back to the garden

By the time I got to Woodstock  
They were half a million strong  
Everywhere there was song and celebration

I dreamed I saw the bombers  
Riding shotgun in the sky  
Turning into butterflies above our nation

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