

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

We are stardust
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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