

Memory of a Free Festival

David Bowie

The children of the summer's end
Gathered in the dampened grass,
We played Our songs and felt the London sky
Resting on our hands
It was God's land.
It was ragged and naive.
It was Heaven.

Touch, we touched the very soul
Of holding each and every life.
We claimed the very source of joy ran through.
It didn't, but it seemed that way.
I kissed a lot of people that day.

Oh, to capture just one drop of all the ecstasy that swept that
afternoon,
To paint that love upon a white balloon,
And fly it from the toppest top of all the tops that man has pu
shed beyond his
Brain.
Satoria must be something just the same.

We scanned the skies with rainbow eyes and saw machines of ever
y shape and size.
We talked with tall Venusians passing through.
And Peter tried to climb aboard but the Captain shook his head
And away they soared,
Climbing through the ivory vibrant cloud.
Someone passed some bliss among the crowd.
And we walked back to the road, unchained.

"The Sun Machine is coming down, and we're gonna have a party."
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