

## Last Of The New Wave Riders

Utopia

The last of the new wave riders  
Will be the first of the new age masters

Pick up your arms was the call  
So I packed up my Fender and ran down the hall  
Back to the fields and forests  
Now I am one of them, yeah

"Turn on the power", cried the army of sound  
And the hum of the amps shook the trees and the ground  
And like a single man, we cranked up the knobs  
And a thousand guitars sang our national anthem

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We captured the whole human race  
There was nowhere to hide, playin' filled every space  
Jamming the world back into place  
Everyone's a star

We hit the supreme overload  
And the great amplifier began to explode  
The smoke is slowly clearing away  
And the whole universe is a giant guitar

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