

# Big Country "Woodstock"

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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  
Gonna get back on the land, try set 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  
You're just like a cog in something turning  
Or maybe it's the time of year  
Or maybe it's the time of man  
Don't know who I am, but life's 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 songs and celebration  
I dreamed I saw the bombers, riding shotgun in the sky  
Turning into butterflies above our nation

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

(Repeat)

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