

Matthew's Southern Comfort "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
Think I'll join a rock 'n' roll band
I'll camp out on the land
I'll try and set my soul free

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

Well then, can I walk beside you?
I have come here to lose the smog
And 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
And I 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 were songs
And celebration

And 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...

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