

**Bowie David****"The Memory Of A Free Festival"**

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Maybe I should announce it, should I  
Memory of a free festival

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 pushed beyond his brain  
Satoria must be something just the same

We scanned the skies with rainbow eyes and saw  
machines of every 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, ha ha ha  
(repeat 25 times)  
The Sun Machine is Coming Down, and We're Gonna  
Have a Party, yeah yeah  
The Sun Machine is coming down, woh ho ho  
Sun Machine is coming down, oh oh oh ah Sun Machine

is coming down, oh

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