

## **Mavericks, The**

### **"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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