

Utopia

"Last of The New Wave Riders"

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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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