

# Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, Woodstock

Well, I came upon a child of God  
He was walking along the road  
And I asked him, "tell me, where are you going?"  
This he told me

Said, "I'm going down to Yasgur's Farm  
Gonna join in a rock and roll band  
Got to get back to the land  
And set my soul free"

We are stardust, we are golden  
We are billion-year-old carbon  
And we've got to get ourselves  
Back to the garden

Well, then can I walk beside you?  
I have come to lose the smog  
And I feel myself a cog  
In somethin' turning

And maybe it's the time of year  
Yes, and maybe it's the time of man  
And I don't know who I am  
But life is for learning

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We are billion-year-old carbon  
And we got to get ourselves  
Back to the garden

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By the time we got to Woodstock  
We were half a million strong  
And everywhere was a song  
And a celebration

And I dreamed I saw the bomber jet planes  
Riding shotgun in the sky  
Turning into butterflies  
Above our nation

We are stardust, we are golden  
We are caught in the devil's bargain  
And we got to get ourselves  
Back to the garden