

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

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

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We are billion-year-old carbon
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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