

# Woodstock

## Matthews' Southern Comfort

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 'n' roll band  
Got to get back to the land  
And get my soul free  
We are stardust  
We're golden  
And we got to get ourselves  
Back to the garden

Can I walk along beside you  
I have come here to lose the smog  
And I feel like I'm a part of something  
Turning round and round  
And maybe it's the time of year  
Maybe it's the time of man  
And I don't know who I am  
But life is for learning  
We are stardust  
We're golden  
And we've got to get ourselves  
Back to the garden

By the time we got to Woodstock  
We were half a million strong  
And everywhere was the song  
And the celebration  
And I dreamed I saw  
The bomber jet planes fly  
Fire a shot into the sky  
Turning into butterflies  
Above our nation  
We are stardust  
We're golden  
And we've got to get ourselves  
Back to the garden

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