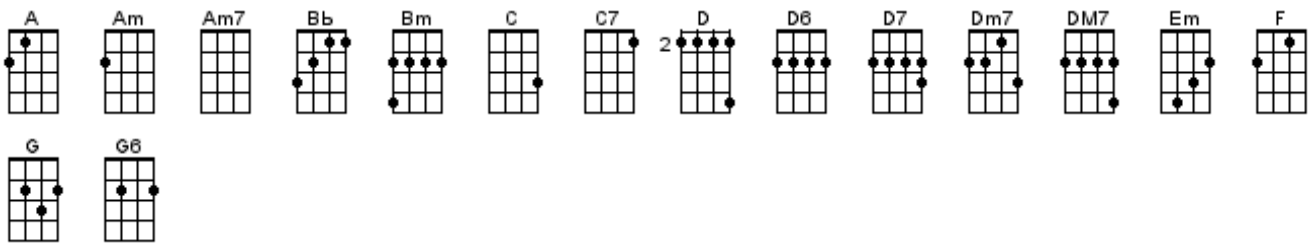


Memory Of A Free Festival

David Bowie



The **[G]** children of the summer's **[Dm7]** dawn
[Em] Gathered in the dampened **[Am]** grass
We **[Bm]** played our songs and felt the **[Bb]** Wrenbury sky
[C] Resting on our hands, it was **[G]** God's land
It was **[C]** ragged and naive, it was **[G]** heaven

[G] Touch, we touched the very **[Dm7]** soul
Of **[Em]** holding each and every **[Am]** life
We **[Bm]** claimed the very source of **[Bb]** joy ran through
It **[C]** didn't, but it seemed that **[G]** way
I **[C]** kissed a lot of people that **[G]** day

[C] Oh, to capture **[Em]** just one drop
Of **[C7]** all the ecsta-**[Am7]**-sy that swept that **[F]** afternoon
To **[G]** paint that love **[F]** upon a white **[C]** balloon
And fly it from the **[Em]** toppest top of **[C7]** all the tops
That **[Am7]** man has pushed **[F]** beyond his brain
[G] Satori must be **[F]** something just the **[C]** same

We **[D]** scanned the skies with **[DM7]** rainbow eyes
And **[D7]** saw machines of **[D6]** every shape and **[G6]** size
We **[A]** talked with tall **[G]** Venusians passing **[D]** through
And **[D]** Peter tried to **[DM7]** climb aboard
But the **[D7]** Captain shook his **[D6]** head
And **[G6]** away they soared
[A] Climbing through **[G]** the ivory vibrant **[D]** cloud
[A] Someone passed some **[G]** bliss among the **[D]** crowd
And we **[A]** walked back to the **[G]** road, unchained

The **[D]** sun machine is **[C]** coming down and we're **[G]** gonna have a party
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