

# Utopia, Last Of The New Wave Riders

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  
"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  
We captured the whole human race  
There was nowhere to hide, playing filled every space  
Jamming the world back into place  
Everyone 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