

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