## Memory Of A Free Festival David Bowie

MEMORY OF A FREE FESTIVAL from Space Oddity

INTRO: G A D G A
G A D G A D
D G D A Em7
A Em7 A Em7

A Em7

The Children of the summer s end

F#m Br

Gathered in the dampened grass

C#m C

We played Our songs and felt the London sky

D A

Resting on our hands it was God s land

D A Em7

It was ragged and naive it was Heaven

A Em7

Touch, We touched the very soul

r#m Br

Of holding each and every life

C#m C

We claimed the very source of joy ran through

D 2

It didn t, but it seemed that way

D A F D

I kissed a lot of people that day

D F#m

Oh, to capture just one drop

D7 Bm7

Of all the ecstasy that swept that afternoon

A G D

To paint that love upon a white balloon

F#m D

And fly it from the toppest top of all the tops

Bm7 G

That man has pushed beyond his brain

A G D

Satori must be something just the same

E Emaj7

And saw machines of every shape and size

B
A
E
We talked with tall Venusians passing through

Emaj7

And Peter tried to climb aboard

E7
E6
But the Captain shook his head

A6
And away they soared
B
A
E
Climbing through the ivory vibrant cloud
B
A
E
Someone passed some bliss among the crowd

B
A
And We walked back to the road, unchained

We scanned the skies with rainbow eyes

E7

E6

A6

## WEIRD BIT

E D A E

The sun machine is coming down, and we re gonna have a party, ah ah ah ah

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Repeat until fade out...