

D-Rider
Hawkwind

C#m

We re children playing in the sun

A

A sense of freedom on the run

C#m

We never knew what time it was

A

We just knew how sublime it was

C#m

Our course determined by our stars

A

My momma knows just where we are

C#m

The Earth was forming from below

A

A dragom showed which way to go

Ab

F#

Spacing out, we re spacing in

Ab

F#

Phasing out, we re phasing in

Ab

F#

Turning up by burning out

Ab

F#

C#m

Lifting off and gazing in

C#m

Our luck, it changes with the tide

A

Our constellations changing side

C#m

Macro mirror-image fades

A

Our over-conscious colour shades

C#m

We re astral-planting, floating free

A

On our continuum frequency

C#m

A ring was formed out of the stone

A

Metamorphose, terraform