

11/79

~~Woodstock~~ Whiskey dreams 113

F Aunt got no ~~flowered~~ <sup>Bb</sup> ~~flowered~~ F Bb  
F Aunt got no course <sup>Bb</sup> ~~course~~ F Bb  
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C Society's not <sup>F</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>F</sup> like the cast of hand <sup>F</sup>

G Eye not all enlightened & lay back and stare  
oh oh oh whiskey dreams carry me  
oh oh oh whiskey dreams carry me  
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Once I had hair flying as was with  
they strangers passed me & signaled & smiled  
I see an herb dealer out on the streets

If I saved a penny I'd spend it on beads

Woodstock kids ain't sold their soul  
they got the nitch now they desired

We prayed for peace & rock & roll  
and kept getting higher & higher  
& higher & higher & higher

and got no reverence hot on our tail  
and got no love letters shoot through the mail

~~No ecotopia, come book fantasy~~

~~No power in community~~  
No ecotopia, brotherhood, family  
No cosmic kindom or power revealed to me