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F#m/D Em/D D6

In the dawn of creation,

Em/D D6 Am7

Big Bang conflagration,

Am7 Em7

Catch the tide of inflation

С

And ride her back to the stars. F#m/D Em/D D6

Supernovas expire.

Em/D D6 Am7

Great stars dying in fire.

Am7 Em7

Catch the light from the pyre

And ride it out to the stars.

Take it back to the stars.

Out to the stars.

We are the stuff that stars are made of.

G A D

We are the old stars given birth.

G A Bm

Supernovas making tradeoffs.

Giving life to give us life on Earth.

In the blink of an eye, we're Mankind turning eyes skyward. Left here wondering why we're Reaching out for the stars. Seeking sisters and brothers Who might know one another, Share the urge to discover The highway back to the stars. That pathway back to the stars. Out to the stars.

> We're sons and daughters of creation. We are the children of the stars. Gathered together in one nation. Taking back the galaxy that's ours.

[Instrumental break on the verse]

We're sons and daughters of creation. We are the children of the stars. Gathered together in one nation. Taking back the galaxy that's ours.

We're the sons of tomorrow And we're ready to call all Lyrics and Music © 2004 by Bill Roper

People waiting to follow
The highway back to the stars.
New stars, planets await us.
Starlight shines down to wake us.
Now time can't overtake us.
We're going back to the stars.
We're riding out to the stars.
Out to the stars.