

Ghosts

Kansas

There's tombstone in a snowy field
Close by an old ghost town
The epitaph's been weather-blown away
There's a belltower where petitions peeled
It's been half torn down
But it must have softened every soul that came to pray

There's a schoolhouse full of broken glass
And wounded walls
The rusty swings like derelicts sleeping in the weeds
There's a picture-graduation class
Staring down deserted halls
"THE HOPE OF 44" is what it reads

It's just as if some restless wind blew their dreams away far a way
It's just as if those dreams had never been but oh-
I feel their ghosts around me now- I hear them say
They've come back home to dream those dreams again