

## 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