

I dreamed I saw Phil Ochs last night  
Alive as you or me  
Said, "Howdy Phil. You're fifteen years a-gone"  
He said that he had never died  
He said that he had never died

Down to my house, I saw him wandering  
I said to him, "You've never entered my dreams"  
He said, "Why should I?"  
He asked me, "Why should I?"

"I thought that I had some sort of bond with you"  
"You've none of the kind"  
"But Phil, why do I feel this way?"  
"You've got an unhealthy mind"  
He said that I've got an unhealthy mind

Another boy in lowly days,  
As he, to little things was born,  
But gathered lore in woodland ways,  
And from the glory of the morn.

As wider skies broke on his view  
God greatened in his growing mind;  
Each year, he dreamed his God anew  
And left his older God behind.

He saw the boundless scheme dilate,  
In star and blossom, sky and clod;  
And as the universe grew great,  
He dreamed it for a greater God.