

Ghostdance

Bill Miller

I want to go where the blind can see
I want to go where the lame will walk
I wanna see the sick ones clean

Where the deaf can hear and the silent talk
Where are you going, to a ghostdance in the snow?
Are your all, maybe warriors, that are finally coming home
I wanna go where the dead are raised
Where the mountain lion lays down with the lamb

I wanna stand where God is praised

I wanna ride across the plains to the promised land
I said where are we going, to a ghostdance in the snow?
Are your all, maybe warriors that are finally coming home
Where I'm going don't need to raise your voice

No starvation, have plenty to eat

No guns, no wars, no hateful noise

Just a victory dance, we'll never taste defeat
Where there's nothin' done or said that can't be forgiven
Where every step you take is on sacred ground
Walk away from death into the land of the living

Where all the lost tribes are finally found
I said where are you going, to a ghostdance in the snow?
Are your all, maybe warriors that are finally coming home
I said where are you going, to a ghostdance in the
snow?

Are your all, maybe warriors, as they're finally coming home
As they're finally coming home

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