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 talkWhere are you going, to a ghostdance in the snow?
Are your all, maybe warriors, that are finally coming homeI 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 landI said where are we going, to a ghostdance in the snow?
Are your all, maybe warriors that are finally coming homeWhere 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 defeatWhere 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 foundI said where are you going, to a ghostdance in the snow?
Are your all, maybe warriors that are finally coming homeI 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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