

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 bell tower 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 away
It's just as if those dreams
Had never been, no I feel their ghosts around me now
I hear them say
They've come back home
To dream those dreams again
They've come back home
To dream those dreams again

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