Ghostdance

Bill Miller

i wanna go where the blind can see i wanna 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? where are all your warriors, i see they're 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

where i'm going don't need to raise your voice no starvation we'll 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