

Guided By Voices, Ghosts Of A Different Dream

Friend of mine, what did you find?
The fog of a nightmare dissipating
A rolling sign, better than mine
The ghosts of a different dream are waiting
A different kind of kiss
The souls of a different mist are rolling
I've been inside the mist
The ghosts of another fist are calling

The troops are led in tournament red
In spite of the ogres trumpet blaring
A world of hate can't penetrate
The crest of a different shield you're wearing
A different kind of fight
And keep those telephones a-ringing
I've been inside all right
The ghosts of a different dream are singing