

# 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