

# Cassidy

## The Greatful Dead

I have seen where the wolf has slept by the silver stream

I can tell by the mark he left, you were in his dream

Ah child of countless trees

Ah child of boundless seas

What you are, and what you're meant to be

Speaks his name, though you were born to me

Born to me

Cassidy

Lost now on the country miles in his Cadillac

I can tell by the way you smile, he is rolling back

Come wash the nighttime clean

Come grow the scorched ground green

Blow the horn, and tap the tambourine

Close the gap of the dark years in between

You and me

Cassidy

Quick beats in an icy heart

Catch colt draws a coffin cart

There he goes and now here she starts

Hear her cry

Flight of the seabirds

Scattered like lost words

Wield to the storm and fly

Fare thee well now

Let your life proceed by it's own design

Nothing to tell now

Let the words be yours, I'm done with mine

Fare thee well now

Let your life proceed by it's own design

Nothing to tell now

Let the words be yours, I'm done with mine

Fare thee well now

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Flight of the seabirds

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