

Cassidy

Weir, Bob

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
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