

Cassidy (Live October 1989 - April 1990)

Grateful 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.

Songwriters

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