

# Cassidy

## A Bluegrass Tribute

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  
    Let your life proceed by it's own design  
    Nothing to tell now  
Let the words be yours, I'm done with mine  
    I'm done with mine  
    Flight of the seabirds  
    Scattered like lost words  
    Wield to the storm and fly

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