

# The Grateful Dead, Cassidy

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, 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's rolling back.  
Come wash the nighttime clean,  
Come grow this scorched ground green,  
Blow the horn, 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 now, here she starts:  
Hear her cry.  
Flight of the seabirds, scattered like lost words  
Wheel to the storm and fly.

Faring thee well now.  
Let your life proceed by its own design.  
Nothing to tell now.  
Let the words be yours, I'm done with mine.  
(Repeat)