

Porter Wagoner, Cassie

(Cassie Cassie) the first time I saw Cassie she was running through a meadow
With a handful of daffodils she picked somewhere nearby
Awed by her beauty I watched her as she ran
She looked like an angel against the summer sky
I loved her through the summer our hearts were gay and free
We loved with a love that was more than love she was just a part of me
I'd often look at her and think she's too good to be true
She was so far above all the other things I knew
Through Cassie's lips there only asked words of love and kindness
She could see so far beyond other's faults and blindness
One morning without warning I awoke and she was gone
Perhaps she was an angel and she flew away home
Now I run through the meadow hoping that she'll hear me
Although I cannot see her now I feel she's somewhere near me
I call her name so loudly I awaken from my sleep
To find that I've just dreamed again of this girl so kind and sweet
Cassie Cassie Cassie