

# Walkabouts, Rebecca Wild

Gathered by the riverside  
the current pulls 100 years  
each way  
savin' souls and singin' songs  
They beg and smile, but  
murder just the same  
watch me slip into the trees  
breakin' brush past darkness  
and the cold  
gray crosses mark the ridge  
reached her grave and fell  
down in the snow  
that's when I dreamed  
that I was Rebecca Wild  
that's when I dreamed who she was  
who she was  
Rebecca stood in the union hall  
said: "your hands are weak from  
holdin' on too strong"  
that was the last night she ever spoke  
a company man, he drove  
her off the road  
that's when I dreamed that  
I was Rebecca Wild  
that's when I dreamed who she was  
who she was  
that's when I dreamed that  
I was Rebecca Wild  
that's when I dreamed who she was  
last night I dreamed that  
I was Rebecca Wild  
last night I dreamed who she was  
Rebecca Wild