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 are you, what are you meant to be?
Speaks his name for 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, tap the tambourine.
Close the gap on 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,
Wheel 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.