

# Cassidy

## Grateful Dead

Count in: 1-2-3-4

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 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 and 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

Melodic lead

2x through

Fare the well now, let your life proceed by its own design  
Nothing to tell now, let the words be yours I'm done with mine

E (8 bars x 6) | F#m (8 bars) | E (8 bars x 3) | F#m (8 bars) | G#m (8 bars) |

Flight of the seabirds, scattered like lost words, wheel to the storm and fly.