

# Cassidy

Words & Music:  
John Perry Barlow & Bob Weir

*This is transcribed in the August 2008 issue of Acoustic Guitar.*

E A  
I have seen where the wolf has slept by the silver stream.  
E A  
I can tell by the mark he left, you were in his dream.  
E5 Am E5 Am  
Ah, child of countless trees. Ah, child of boundless seas.  
F#m A  
What you are & what you're meant to be.  
F#m A E  
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 is rolling back.  
Come wash the nighttime clean, come grow the scorched ground green.  
Blow the horn, tap the tambourine.  
Close the gap of the dark years in between you and me, Cassidy.

BRIDGE:

A E5 A E5  
Quick beats in an icy heart, a catch-colt draws a coffin cart.  
A E5 B5 F#m(add4) E5  
There he goes and how here she starts, hear her cry.  
B5 F#m(add4) E5 B5 F#m(add4) E5  
Flight of the seabirds----- scattered like the lost words.  
B5 A5 E  
Wheel to the storm and fly.

OUTRO: *[1<sup>st</sup> two lines 2x]*

E A  
Faring thee well, now, let your life proceed by it's own design.  
E A  
Nothing to tell now, let the words be yours, I'm done with mine.  
Flight of the seabirds scattered like the lost words.  
Wheel to the storm and fly.

*[traditionally ends on "fly" or on a jam in E]*