

Rebecca Wild

The Walkabouts

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 lost 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