

## 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