

Mercy Of The Fallen

Dar Williams

Oh my fair North Star,
I have held to you dearly,
I had asked you to steer me,
Till one cloud-scattered night,
I got lost and in my travels I met Leo the lion,
Met a king and met a giant, with their errant light,

There's the wind and the rain, and the mercy of the fallen,
Who say they have no claim to know what's right.
There's the weak and the strong and the beds that have no answer,
And that's where I may rest my head tonight.

I saw all the bright people,
In imposing flocks they landed,
And they got what they demanded,
And they scratched at the ground.

Then they flew, and the field grew as sweetly for the flightless,
Who had longing yet despite this,
They could hear every sound.

There's the wind and the rain,
And the mercy of the fallen,
Who say they have no claim to know what's right.
There's the weak and the strong and the beds that have no answer,
And that's where I may rest my head tonight.

If your sister or your brother were stumbling on their last mile,
In a self-inflicted exile,
You'd hope they'd meet a humble friend.

And I hope someday that the best of Falstaff's planners
Give me seven half-built manors,
Where half-dreams may dream without end.

There's the wind and the rain, and the mercy of the fallen,
Who say they have no claim to know what's right.
There's the weak and the strong and the many stars that guide us,
We have some of them inside us.