

## Grateful Dead

### "Mercy of a Fool"

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She reclines, closing her eyes the silhouette is bound  
to Writhe  
Light birds and fireflies settle around her  
Days grow, long strange feeling, waterfalls shine this  
time of year  
Our lives go down the stream, shooting the rapids  
bright as gold  
The arms you gave me bright as the eye of the  
hurricane  
We're all just the sage going.  
Every moment is perfect, no sin is a jewel  
If man is a prophet at the mercy of a fool  
Watching seasons go as sunshine turns blue and blue  
so close

The great ghost feeling the music is  
The moment is perfect, the eye's a jewel  
If man is a prophet with the mercy of a fool

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