Dar Williams "Mercy of the Fallen"

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

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 answers
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

If your sister or your brother were stumbling on their last mile
In a self-inflicted exile
Wish for them a humble friend
And I hope someday that the best of Falstaff's planners
Give me seven half-filled manors
Where half-dreams may dream
Without end

There's the wind
And the rain
And the mercy of the fallen
Who say, "Hey, it's not my place
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

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