

Phoebe Snow

"Mercy On Those"

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Mercy On Those

Sleep is a mercy,
To men with no feelings.
To our tragic hero,
Sleep is relief.

The battle was won but,
The war has been lost.
So now take a rest or else,
Bask in your grief.

Have mercy on those,
Men with no feelings.
Oh, mercy on those,
Men with no feelings.
Oh oh oh

The shouting is over.
The silence is louder.
The once brilliant argument,
Has lost all its edge.

Here is King Paris,
Alone down on Wall Street.
Sixty flights up,
And out on the ledge.

Have mercy on those,
Men with no feelings.
Oh, mercy on those,
Men with no feelings.
Oh oh oh

Mercy on those,
Who fight till they're spent.
So long and so hard,
They forgot what they meant.

Have mercy on those,
Men with no feelings.

Oh, mercy on those,
Men with no feelings.
Oh oh oh
(repeat)

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