

McCarthy

"St. Francis Amongst The Mortals"

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God said to the Saint
"It's a mess on earth again
The unhappy humans
Show them of the life to be led

Oh show the lost and low
The bitter and the cruel
Show that even today
You can be kind to one another"

He arrived in London
And lived a lamb-like life for a while
With a friendly handshake
He shared his money with the poor

So soft was his heart that
His kindness knew no bounds
He said that even today
You can be kind to one another

He sank into debt
And his kindness was used
By those wise in the ways of the world
He fell into a terribly melancholy

"I tried hard to show
Awful mortals how to behave
But I no longer know
If kindness is quite rational

So soft was my heart that
My kindness knew no bounds
But I no longer know
If to be kind is to be clever

I fell into debt
And my kindness was used
By those wise in the ways of the world
I fell into a terrible melancholy"

At long last the day came

When the Saint succumbed to the world
He kept a lock on his wallet
And kept steel doors shut over his heart

The way the world's made
It's no wonder no one's good
If you want to get on
You count your cash and hate your neighbor

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