Mercy of the Fallen

Dar Williams

Oh, my fair North Star
I have held to you dearly
I had asked you to steer me
'Til one cloud scattered nightI got lost in my travels
I met Leo the lion
Met a king and met a giant
With their errant knightThere's the wind and the rain
And the mercy of the fallen
Who say they have no claim
To know what's rightThere's the weak and the strong
And the beds that have no answers
And that's where I may rest my head tonightI saw all the bright people
In imposing flocks they landed
And they got what they demanded
And they scratched at the groundThen they flew, and the field
Grew as sweetly for the flightless
Who had longing yet despite this
They could hear every soundThere's the wind and the rain
And the mercy of the fallen
Who say they have no claim
To know what's rightIf your sister or your brother
Were stumbling on their last mile
In a self-inflicted exile
We'd wish for them a humble friendAnd I hope someday
That the best of Falstaff's planners
Give me seven half-filled manors
Where half-dreams may dream without endThere'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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