

Shooting Star

Harry Chapin

He was crazy of course
From the first she must have known it
But still she went on with him
And she never once had shown itAnd she took him off the streets
And she dried his tears of grievin'
She listened to his visions
She believed in his believin'Ah, he was the sun, burning bright and brittle
And she was the moon shining back his light a little
He was a shooting star
She was softer and more slowly
He could not make things possible
But, she could make them holy, holyHe was dancing to some music
No one else had ever heard
He'd speak in unknown languages
She'd translate every wordAnd when the world was laughing
At his castles in the sky
She'd hold him in her body
Till he once again would flyAh, he was the sun, burning bright and brittle
And she was the moon shining back his light a little
He was a shooting star
She was softer and more slowly
He could not make things possible
But, she could make them holy, holyBut she gave him a daughter
And she gave him a son
She was a mother and a wife
And a lover when the day was doneHe was too far gone for giving love
What he'd offer in its stead
Was the knowledge she was the only thing
That was not in his headHe took off east one morning
In the rising sun's red glow
She knew he was going nowhere
But of course she let him goAs then she stood and watched him dwindle
Much too empty to be sad
He reappeared beside her saying
"You're all I've ever had"Ah, he was the sun burning bright and brittle
And she was the moon shining back his light a little
He was a shooting star
She was softer and more slowly
He could not make things possible

But, she could make them holy, holy

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