

Harry Chapin, Shooting Star

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 it
And she took him off the street
And she dried his tears of grieving
She listened to his visions
She believed in his believe-ins
Oh, 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
He was dancing to some music
No one else had ever heard
He'd speak in unknown languages
She would translate every word
And then when the world was laughing
At his castles in the sky
She'd hold him in her body
Till he once again could fly
Oh, 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
Well, 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 done
He was too far gone for giving love
What he offered in its stead
Was the knowledge she was the only thing
That was not in his head
He took off East one morning
Towards the rising sun's red glow
She knew he was going nowhere
But of course she let him go
And as she stood and watched him dwindle
Much too empty to be sad
He reappeared beside her saying,
"You're all I've ever had"
Oh, 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