

# Sandy Denny, The North Star Grassman

They stood upon the deck  
As the ship went out to sea.  
The wind it took the sails  
And left the land a memory.  
All upon the shore for  
To wonder why the sailor goes.  
All to close their eyes  
And wonder what the sailor knows.  
That is you to them,  
That is how they think you are.  
Never on the land,  
But sailing by the North Star.  
To the tower and to the ravens  
And the tale that hopes they'll never leave.  
What if they should go?  
We always dread to think of them.  
I wonder if they flew one day  
And no-one ever knew they'd gone  
To circle over ships at sea,  
Claiming yet another son.  
That is you to me,  
That is where I think you are.  
Never on the land,  
But gone to find the North Star.