Countenance

Beth Orton

For those who preach forgiveness Whilst they?re practicing revenge Man will do to man But nature?s got it all in hand It ain?t free It ain?t fooled you?ll see There are no rights for the many The ones already damned The fear born into grace They?re gonna get the helping hand It ain?t free It ain?t fooling me And there?s nothing to hide And there?s nothing to say And there?ll always be something Your countenance to give it away Not much more to say Not much more to say For those who are obsessed With his reflection as he is Nature has a cause you know You ain?t never gonna be that blessed It ain?t free It ain?t fooled you?ll see And there?s nothing to hide And there?s nothing to say And they?ll always be something Your countenance to give it away Not much more to say Not much more to say

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