Stop Hurting People

Pete Townshend

A love born once must soon be born again

A flame that died, then cinders to be fanned

By the wind and thrown to flame

Flames like tongues impassioned in a moments burst

Tell me, friend, why do you stand aloof from your own heart? The truth confronts you

The truth confronts you as the sea

Crushing without detail, impassioned and detached

Killing with love and power in God's namePeople, stop hurting people

People, stop hurting peopleLove conquers poses, love smashes stances

Love crushes angles into black

So you without question, know your first love is your last

And you will never, you'll never love againI always wished to walk with her into restaurants

It's a clammy tale

To be seen beside her at the public bar foot rail

I always wanted to be matched with herYet her beauty was so different to mine

My beauty needs an understanding and a knowledge of what I am

Hers is enough, earned through eons for that's what true beauty is

Time's gift of perfect humilityMay I be matched with you again

I know the match is bad but God help me

May I be matched with you again

I know the match is bad but God help meMay I be matched with you again

I know the match is bad but God help me

May I be matched with you again

I know the match is bad but God help me, God help meMay I be matched with you again

Without your match there is no flamePeople, stop hurting people

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