

# Scorn Not His Simplicity

Sinead O'connor

See the child  
With the golden hair  
Yet eyes that show the emptiness inside  
Do we know  
Can we understand just how he feels  
Or have we really tried See him now  
As he stands alone  
And watches children play a children's game  
Simple child  
He looks almost like the others  
Yet they know he's not the same Scorn not his simplicity  
But rather try to love him all the more  
Scorn not his simplicity  
Oh no See him stare  
Not recognizing the kind face  
That only yesterday he loved  
The loving face  
Of a mother who can't understand what she's been guilty of Scorn not his simplicity  
But rather try to love him all the more  
Scorn not his simplicity  
Oh no  
Oh no Only he knows how to face the future hopefully  
Surrounded by despair  
He won't ask for your pity or your sympathy  
But surely you should care Scorn not his simplicity  
But rather try to love him all the more  
Scorn not his simplicity  
Oh no  
Oh no  
Oh no

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