

Genesis Hall

Fairport Convention

My father he rides in your ships
And I know he would never mean harm
But to see both sides of a quarrel
Is to judge without hate or love Oh, oh, helpless and slow
And you don't have anywhere to go You take away homes from the homeless
And leave them to die in the cold
The gypsy who begged for your presents
He will laugh in your face when you're old Oh, oh, helpless and slow
And you don't have anywhere to go Well, one man he drinks up his whiskey
Another he drinks up his wine
And they'll drink till their eyes are red with hate
For those of a different kind Oh, oh, helpless and slow
And you don't have anywhere to go When the rivers run thicker than trouble
I'll be there at your side in the flood
It was all I could do to keep myself
From taking revenge of blood Oh, oh, helpless and slow
And you don't have anywhere to go Oh, oh, helpless and slow
And you don't have anywhere to go

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