

Fairport Convention, Genesis Hall

My father he rides with your sheriffs
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 begs 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
T'was all I could do to keep myself
From taking revenge on your 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