

Sandy Denny, Genesis Hall

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 haste or alarm

Chorus

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

(chorus)

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

(chorus)

When the rivers run quicker than trouble

I'll be there at your side in the flood

It was all I could do to keep myself

From taking revenge on your blood

(2x chorus)