

## Scorn Not His Simplicity

The Dubliners

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  
Oh no

See him stare  
Not recognising the kind face that only yesterday he loved  
The loving face  
Of a mother who can't understand what she's been guilty of

How she cried tears of happiness  
The day the doctor told her it's a boy  
Now she cries tears of helplessness  
And thinks of all the things he can't enjoy

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

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But rather try to love him all the more  
Scorn not his simplicity  
Oh no  
Oh no  
Oh no