

# Scorn Not His Simplicity

Celtic Thunder

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 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  
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  
Scorn not his simplicity  
But rather try to love him all the more  
Scorn not his simplicity

Oh no  
Oh no  
Oh no