

# Stop Hurting People

Pete Townshend

A love born once must soon be born again  
A plain that died, leaving cinders to be fanned  
By the wind and thrown flame  
Flames like tongues impassioned in a moment's burst  
Tell me, my friend, why do you stand aloof from your own heart?  
The truth confronts you, the truth confronts you as the sea  
Crushing with out detail  
Impassioned and detached  
Killing with love and power in God's name  
People, stop hurting people; people, stop hurting people

Love conquers poses, love smashes stances, love crushes angels  
into black  
So you, without question, know your first love is your last  
And you will never, you never, never will, never love again

I always wished to walk with her into restaurants (a clammy tale)  
To be seen beside her at the public bar foot rail  
I always wanted to be matched with her  
Yet her beauty was so different to mine  
My "beauty" needs an understanding and a knowledge of what I am  
Hers is enough earned through eons; for that is what true beauty is  
Time's gift to perfect humility

May I be matched with you again  
I know the match is bad  
But God help me  
May I be matched with you again  
I know the match is bad  
But God help me  
May I be matched with you again  
I know the match is bad  
But God help me  
Without your match there is no flame

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