

# Genesis Hall

Richard Thompson

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 â??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