

Genesis Hall  
Richard Thompson

*Intro:* Dm

Bb C Dm  
My father he rides with your sheriffs  
Bb C  
And I know he would never mean harm  
F Bb Gm7  
But to see both sides of a quarrel  
Bb Dm  
Is to judge without hate or alarm

F Gm C  
Oh, oh, helpless and slow  
F Gm7 Dm  
And you don't have anywhere to go

Bb C Dm  
You take away homes from the homeless  
Bb C  
And leave them to die in the cold  
F Bb Gm7  
The gypsy who begged for your presents  
Bb Dm  
He will laugh in your face when you're old

Bb C Dm  
Well, one man he drinks up his whiskey  
Bb C  
Another he drinks up his wine  
F Bb Gm7  
And they'll drink till their eyes are red with hate  
Bb Dm  
For those of a different kind

Bb C Dm  
When the rivers run thicker than trouble

*Chorus* X 2