

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