

Scorn Not His Simplicity

See[/C] the child with the golden hair but[/Dm] eyes that show the emptyness
inside

Do[/G] we know can we understand just[/C] how he feels or[/G] have we
really[/C] tried

See[/C] him now as he stands alone and[/Dm] watches children play a
childre's game

Simple[/G] child he looks almost like the[/C] others yet they[/G] know he's
not the[/C] same

Scorn not his sim[/Fm]plicity but[/C] rather try to love him all the
more,,[/Am],,

Scorn not his sim[/Fm]plicity oh[/G] no,oh[/C] no.

See him stare not recognizing that kind face that only yesterday he loved

The loving face of a mother who cant understand what she's guilty of

How she cried tears of happyness the day the doctor told her its a boy

Now she cries tears of helplessness and thinks of all the things he wont
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 hopelessly sournded by dispair.

He wont ask for your pity or your sympaty but surly you should care.

Scorn[/C] not his sim[/Fm]plicity but[/C] rather try to love him all the
more,,[/Am]

Scorn not his sim[/Fm]plicity oh[/G] no,oh[/G7] no,oh[/C] no