## Celtic Thunder "Scorn Not His Simplicity"

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See the child

With the golden hair

Yet eyes that show the emptiness inside

Do we know

Can we understand just how he feels

Or have we really tried

See him now

As he stands alone

And watches children play a children's game

Simple child

He looks almost like the others

Yet they know he's not the same

Scorn not his simplicity

But rather try to love him all the more

Scorn not his simplicity

Oh no

Oh no

See him stare

Not recognizing the kind face

That only yesterday he loved

The loving face

Of a mother who can't understand

what she's been quilty of

How she cried, tears of happiness

the day the doctor told her it's a boy

Now she cries tears of helplessness

and thinks of all the things he can't 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 hopefully

Surrounded by despair

He won't ask for your pity or your sympathy

But surely you should care

Scorn not his simplicity

But rather try to love him all the more

Scorn not his simplicity

Oh no

Oh no

Oh no

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