

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 haste or alarm

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 begged 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 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 quicker than trouble  
I'll be there at your side in the flood  
It 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