

Stop Hurting People

Pete Townshend

A love born once must soon be born again
A plain that died, leaving cinders to be fanned
By the wind and thrown flame
Flames like tongues impassioned in a moment's burst
Tell me, my friend, why do you stand aloof from your own heart?
The truth confronts you, the truth confronts you as the sea
Crushing with out detail
Impassioned and detached
Killing with love and power in God's name
People, stop hurting people; people, stop hurting people

Love conquers poses, love smashes stances, love crushes angels
into black
So you, without question, know your first love is your last
And you will never, you never, never will, never love again

I always wished to walk with her into restaurants (a clammy tale)
To be seen beside her at the public bar foot rail
I always wanted to be matched with her
Yet her beauty was so different to mine
My "beauty" needs an understanding and a knowledge of what I am
Hers is enough earned through eons; for that is what true beauty is
Time's gift to perfect humility

May I be matched with you again
I know the match is bad
But God help me
May I be matched with you again
I know the match is bad
But God help me
May I be matched with you again
I know the match is bad
But God help me
Without your match there is no flame

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