

# The Why Memorial

(the Old Barbed "Why Here"?) © Cresby June 1998  
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If you want to find the Butcher, I know where he is, I know where he is, Oh I know where he is  
 If you want to find the Butcher, I know where he is, his name it is written in stone.  
 I saw it, I saw it, His name it is written in stone I saw it, name it is written in stone.

If you want to find the Baker, I know where he is, I know where he is, Oh I know where he is  
 If you want to find the Baker, I know where he is, he died with a bullet all alone.  
 I saw it, I saw it, He died with a bullet all alone I saw it, died with a bullet all alone.

If you want to find the Candlestick maker, I know where he is, I know where he is,  
Oh I know where he is  
 If you want to find the Candlestick maker, I know where he is, his flame it no longer burns.  
 I saw it I saw it, His flame it no longer burns I saw it, flame it no longer burns.

If you want to find their Grandsons, I know where they are, I know where they are,  
Oh I know where they are  
 If you want to find their Grandsons, I know where they are, they're leaving all their litter here.  
 I saw them I saw them, leaving all their litter here I saw them leaving all their litter here.

The tune is from "the Od Barbed Wire" though the scansion of candlestick maker needs thought. It has to be him though.

This was a project set in a songwriting workshop. The inspiration was devised by Sandra Kerr who had just spent half an hour in a memorial garden preparing mentally for the task of running a workshop. The memorial was in the form of a garden featuring a stone cross, on whose horizontal members were perched an empty crisp bag, a Coke can and sundry other discards. What, Sandra asked, was the direction of our inspiration? I quickly canvassed opinion for a collaborative effort. No one seemed interested in a shared experience which I reasoned was the quickest route for the 15 minutes we had. Perhaps piqued by the rejection, stunned into action I got inspiration and the formulaic nature of the song allowed me to finish it with time to spare. No one else managed more than a verse. Sometimes a problem shared is a problem halved. Sometimes irritation is a better spur. I was pleased with the result, the swiftness of its birth takes nothing from its message or its worth.