

## **FROM A CASTLE TO A SHANTY**

3-1-14  
(#9)

1. **“Why ?” asks the child  
peering up at his auntie  
— doesn’t understand, “why can’t he ?”  
Grows into a man who never knew that “*he can,*”  
his dreams already cut down  
from a castle to a shanty.  
Why do they vie to kill his will ?  
Why smash and crush out that genius spark ?  
Why demolish all he could accomplish  
— with his life ?  
and make him live his days out in the dark ?  
And never see the light  
that he was born to shine — so bright.**

**[INSTRUMENTAL TURNAROUND]**

2. **That brilliant little mind  
that was one of a kind  
like a flower in the garden  
needs its nourishment.  
That precious little tender soul  
in order to grow up whole  
needs loads of loving sharing and encouragement.  
Why do the caretakers of this garden  
repress their awesome spirit  
and make it harden ?  
And damage those tender treasures  
we could learn so much from;  
How could anyone ? Why ? How come ?**

**[INSTRUMENTAL]**

**(Continued)**

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**(Continued)**

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**3. That one little boy would have  
changed the whole world;  
This one little girl — inspired kings  
and done amazing things.  
They held in their youthful hands  
the power of the ages,  
but you overseers stomped it out  
in their formative stages.  
You were entrusted with a mandate and a miracle;  
now forever no way to measure  
the loss of this ruined treasure  
— not only for all of mankind  
but for that precious little mind  
— and soul . . . . . now never made whole.**

**[PAUSE]**

**TAG: — no way to ever measure  
what was forever left behind.**

**[INSTRUMENTAL FADEOUT]**

**[END]**

Written: February 28 – March 1, 2014 [G, M]