

"MY POOR BABY"

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Started: 04/14/03 MRU: 07/11/10 3/4 time, Moderately
Dedicated to: Eileen.

----- BACKGROUND INFO ----- (Written in 2004)

I wrote this song during my continuing struggle to recover from a terrible spiritual low-period of my life. As an act of self-preservation, there are things which I can't tell you about the harm which was inflicted on me - but, I can share this: My daughter was stolen from me. I was taught just how worthless my Constitutional and Civil Rights were, regarding defense against criminals; how futile a defense, for responsible parenthood; for protection of children. I survived the point where my only remaining option was to flee to where the criminals couldn't get at me. I'll be separated forever from any contact with my beloved daughter - this condition has endured for more than three years, and there's no end in sight.

This song contains certain truths, which nobody was or will ever be willing to say to my daughter. (Admission of those truths would be acknowledgment of crimes having been committed by a mother, and by people in positions of political and civil power.) These truths are only the tip of the iceberg, but they're foundational - some of those things from which other things follow. If it wasn't blatantly hazardous to do so, I'd share those truths with my beloved daughter, for the sake of her spiritual well-being. However, any direct attempt at being a father is guaranteed to have only one result - more damage inflicted on me; no value or benefit, for my daughter. So, I put some of those truths into a song. Maybe some day, fate will put the song where she'll find it - and, she'll have the chance to understand that when her father left her, it wasn't willingly - that, she was robbed, of the chance to have the benefit of having her father in her life. Then again, maybe she'll never hear it. Maybe she'll never know any of the truths tucked into the lyrics and music of this song. I can't predict which will be the case.

Stylistically, I intended this song to have roots in the type of blues one might hear off old recordings. This shows up mainly in the vocals, which I decided to not refine or modify. It's also found in the chord progressions, and use a fairly slow 3/4 time signature. Those blues roots are then modified via use of electric rhythm guitar, for adding a taste of modern electric blues. A dash of folk stlye was added, via the acoustic rhythm guitar during the verses. Bongos add a hint of native American music, or perhaps, of a "beater" pounding a drum to create a rhythm for slaves to perform their tasks to. Tambourine barely hints at chains rattling as slaves slowly

perform their repetitive, laborious tasks. A consideration during composition and orchestration, was that I wanted to include a feel that a bunch of guys got together to do some music, and this was what it sounded like. In line with that idea, I decided to not seek to make the meshing of rhythmic patterns exactly "right on". Instead, I left some "slop", trying to obtain that "live performance" feel. (In live performances, the musicians involved are virtually never entirely in synch throughout the entire song - instead, they tend to just barely slip out of synch every now and then, due to the individual musicians' interpretation of the ongoing rhythms, and their periodic insertion of rhythmic variations of pattern for the sake of artistic color. Every now and then, those variations create momentary conflicts of patterns. If those conflicts of pattern aren't present, then it wasn't performed live.)

----- **TO HEAR THE RECORDED SONG** -----

This song was posted online at songscribbler.com, several years ago. My contract with songscribbler.com re. this song has expired, and I've decided to re-post the song at soundclick.com instead. Here's the link to hear the recorded copy of ["My Poor Baby" \(v040218\)](#).

----- LYRICS -----

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(NOTE: Italicized items in parentheses are spoken as vs. sung.)

Dedicated to: Eileen.

Been years, since I saw my poor baby.

(Eileen.)

Three years, since I moved out of town.

Three years, since her mother court-raped me.

(Perjury.)

Hard years, since they tore my life down.

My tears will not help my poor baby -

Those tears, that I've cried in the night.

No, tears won't protect my poor baby.

My tears cannot set wrong to right.

They made sure my poor baby can't know me -

(Who is she now?)

They don't care, 'bout the crimes that were done.

They won't let my poor baby have her daddy.

They don't want her to know right from wrong.

(No father, for that child!)

Oh, no one will tell my poor baby

What the truth is, or expose all the lies.

Oh, no one does care for my poor baby,

'Cept her daddy, who's away in exile.

Some day, I might see my poor baby,...

(Eileen?)

On that day, she won't know me at all.

(Who will she be?)

On that day, I would tell my poor baby

Why she didn't have me in her life.

Why she didn't have me in her life.

(Why I couldn't be there, in her life.)

----- IN CONCLUSION -----

I hope that you've enjoyed the words and
will enjoy the music of my song, "MY POOR BABY" -
it's my gift of spirit, for whoever listens.

May you be guided and protected as you pass through life!

~~~ **Scruffy Eagle** ~~~