

Do You Know my Name

A Song by Sue McCubbin

This is a song that I wrote after my son Ryan died in a work accident in March 2007. Each night as I listened to the news and heard another tragic story of a family's grief over losing a loved one, it struck me that there is an untold story behind each one of those headlines. A story of a life cut short and a family devastated for years to come. This song is written as if Ryan was telling his story. It felt as though it wrote itself, and it was like having a conversation with him.

It's so important to me that people understand that Ryan was so much more than the news headlines that heralded his death so loudly. He was a young man who loved his life, his family and friends. He had so much more to do. His life

of 20 years was important and valuable but unfinished - just as each one of those lives lost in the nightly news headlines are valuable, important and unfinished. This is their song.

Do You Know my Name

Do you know my name or the colour of my eyes

Do you know what makes me laugh or what makes me cry

Do you know what's important to me, do you understand

That I died while I was a boy and never got to be a man

Yes I'm so much more than the news headline

That says I died today

I'm my father's son his pride and joy

He helped me find my way

Oh I have a brother we were mates

The best I ever knew

And mum well she was there for me

In all that I went through

I had so much that I had left to do

So many places to go so many things to see

I was yet to meet the lady who was going to become my wife

Or to hold my baby daughter on the first day of her life

Yes I'm so much more than the news headline

That says I died today

I had a life to live so much to give

But it's been taken away

When you watch the nightly news

And see another young life lost

Don't think it can't happen to you

the ultimate cost

Do you hear my mother crying in the middle of the night

Do you see my father weeping in the broad daylight

His calloused hands are shaking as he remembers my fate

He longs to save me but he knows that it's too late

Do you know my name or the colour of my eyes

Do you know what makes me laugh or what makes me cry

Do you know what's important to me, do you understand

That I died while I was a boy and never got to be a man