

The day West Indian Cricket died

I can't remember what I was doing on the day
they announced that President Kennedy had been shot
I was only 3 or was it 4

When England won the World Cup back in 66
I were takin Cricket wi me mates

And when the Eagle landed on the moon
I were fast asleep in me bed

In 79 when Thatcher came t' power
I'd just started work and thought so what

Yes I'm ashamed to say that these significant
dates of the 20th century just sailed by me
and I were left to read about them in the history
books or watch subjective documentaries about
them on the TV.

But when historians come to write up about the 21st
century I'll be able to tell folk what I were
doing and where I were on that fateful day on
Sunday March 14th 2004

Aye I can remember it as if it were yesterday
I'd been singing and drinking in Huddersfield the
night before and unexpectedly found myself in
Whitby Sunday dinner time, how and why it's
another story

I'd just called in the Blackhorse pub in the
old part of the town
I were crossing the bridge when I tuned into
me radio and heard the news
It came as a shock, a bolt from the blue, the
last thing I expected, the quickness of it was what
I couldn't get over
'~~Death~~ Breath taking in its speed and execution'

I feel numb at the minute, I'm speechless, I can't believe what just happened. Said there was a voice on the crackling radio
'With the fortress gone, you wonder how long before the rest will fall' was the quote in the Daily Telegraph the next day. I dashed to Plough hoping to see something on the T.V. but the locals were watching the big screen footy and weren't interested in my pleas.
I walked onto the Pierhead and looked out to sea, numb with shock; how could this travesty be allowed to happen, I was cursing God. Things were OK the night before no one could have foreseen this carnage.
How could one person be allowed to cause so much mayhem even those close to him

were to later say they didn't think he was able to do what he did that day. Even with the recent lessons learnt in South Africa no one thought it could happen again, not there, not then, but it did.
14 years was the last time anything close to this had happened, but not with so much venom. The Authorities were meeting behind closed doors within an hour of the incident happening, speaking with all concerned and were making plans so it would never happen again and a scape goat was looked for, but the damage had been done, for the whole world to see and things would never be the same ever again.
Yes I definitely will remember that day.

It was the day in Kingston Jamaica 1984
When England's Steve Harmison took
7 wickets for 12 runs and the West Indies
were bowled out for 1 in 88 minutes for 47
runs, their lowest ever Test match
total.
Bye it was the day West Indian Cricket
Died!
So Bye Bye to Viv and
Clive.
To them Sixes and Fours and
Cover Drives
Them good old boys were sipping
Rum on the Sly
Singing like were they ~~West Indian~~
Cricket died.