

Why

Nichole Nordeman

[Intro]

[Cm] [Ab] [Cm] [F/A]
[Fm - Eb/G] [Ddim - G] [C]

[Verse 1]

C+2 F G/B
We rode into town the other day,
C C/E F G
 Just me and my daddy.
C F G/B
He said Iâ€™d finally reached the age
C Gm C F C/E
And I could ride next to him on a horse
Dm G/B
That of course was not quite as wide
C/E F G/B C
We heard a crowd of people shouting,
C/E F G/B
And so we stopped to find out why.
C Gm C F C/E
There was that man that my dad said he loved
Dm [Gsus Fm Bb/D]
But today there was fear in his eyes.

[Chorus]

Eb Bb/D
So I said, "Daddy why are they screaming?
Cm Eb/Bb Eb/G
Why are the faces of some of them beaming?
Ab Eb/G
Why is he dressed in that bright purple robe?
Fm Ab Bb/D
Iâ€™ll bet that crown hurts him more than he shows.
Eb Bb/D
Daddy, please, canâ€™t you do something?
Cm Eb/G F/A
He looks as though heâ€™s gonna cry.
Fm Eb/G
You said he was stronger than all of those guys.
Ab G/B Cm Eb/Bb
Daddy please tell me why,
Fm Bb Eb [Dm G]
Why does everyone want him to die?â€•

[Verse 2]

(same chords as VERSE 1)

Later that day the sky grew cloudy

And Daddy said I should go inside.
 Somehow he knew things could get stormy.
 Boy, was he right! But I could not keep from wonderinâ€™
 If there was something he had to hide
 So after he left I had to find out.
 I was not afraid of getting lost.
 So I followed the crowds to a hill where I knew men
 had been killed,
 And I heard a voice call from the cross

[Chorus 2]

(same chords except where noted)

And he said, "Father why are they screaming?
 Why are the faces of some of them beaming?
 Why are they casting their lots for my robe?
 This crown of thorns hurts me more than it shows.
 Father, please, can't You do something?
 I know that You must hear my cry.
 I thought I could handle a cross of this size.

Ab G/B Cm Eb/Bb Fm Eb/G F/A
 Father remind me why, why does everyone want me to die
C/D Gm F/A G/B [Bb/C Bb/D C/E]
 Oh, when will I understand why?

[Chorus 3]

F Em A
 My precious Son, I hear them screaming,
Dm F/C
 and Iâ€™m watching the face of the enemy beaming.
Bb Dm
 But soon I will clothe You in robes of my own.
Gm Bb/D
 Jesus, this hurts Me much more than You know.
C/E F Edim
 But this dark hour I must do nothing
A7 Dm F/C G
 Though Iâ€™ve heard Your unbearable cry.
Gm F/A
 The power in Your blood destroys all of the lies.
Bb Dm
 Soon Youâ€™ll see past their unmerciful eyes.
Gm Bb/F Edim A7
 Look there below, see the child
Dm G7
 Trembling by her fatherâ€™s side.
Gm F/A Bb
 Now I can tell You why,
Bb/D C7 Dm [Bb] [Dm F/A]
 She is why You must die.

[**Bb C/E**] [**D**]