

## A Slow Waltz For Chile

Latin Quarter

Last night I heard of the death of a stranger to me  
'Though I've known many more of her kind  
Scattered in bed-sits and in 'hard-to-let' flats  
And anywhere else they could find  
Half a world distant for half a life here  
With the certainty at the day's end  
Still they'd have to return  
While something remains to defend

There's a slow waltz for Chile  
All down through the years  
Of Pinochet, murder and dread  
With no quick step solution  
Just the will to resist  
'Til the last decent Chilean is dead

All the stencils and the arguments, the smoking and the

Damp

These were things that I came to resent  
Until a, "Who's going to miss me if I miss now and  
Again?"  
Soon came to mean that I never went  
But, drinking, I'd be there, with my fist in the air  
'To consolidate we must advance'  
Now a cold wind from Chile has frozen this fool  
In suffering there just is no romance

Last night I heard of the death of a stranger to me  
And I didn't ask how she died  
Because the way that she lived was all that we need to  
Know  
While we've still got time to decide