

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