

Baby Doe

Steve Taylor

Unfolding today
A miracle play this Indiana morn
the father -- he sighs
She opens her eyes
Their baby boy is born

'We don't understand
he's not like we planned'
the doctor shakes his head
'Abnormal' they cry
And so they decide
This child is better dead

I bear the blame
Believers are few and what am I to do?
I share the shame
The cradle's below and where is Baby Doe?

A hearing is sought
The lwyers are bought
The court won't let him eat
The papers applaud when judges play God
This child is getting weak

They're drawing a bead reciting their creed
'Respect A Woman's Choice'
I've heard that before
How can you ignore
This baby has a voice

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Believers are few and what am I to do?
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It's over and done
The presses have run
Some call the parents brave
Behind your disguise your rhetoric lies
You watched a baby starve