

# Steve Taylor

## "Baby Doe"

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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 lawyers 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

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?

Where will it end? Oh no, no

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

I bear the blame, the cradle's below  
And where is Baby?

