

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 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?

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>