

## SONG AND DANCE

Buried in the desert  
Beneath the burning sands  
Questions lay unanswered  
That no one understands.  
A baby and a jumpsuit,  
A mother and a child.  
In the quiet hour of evening  
A dingo dog runs wild.

Like vultures 'round a carcass  
Like flies to rotting meat,  
To the rock in mid Australia  
The journalists retreat.  
"I left her but a moment  
Sleeping in the tent".  
Around the camp a dingo slunk  
With ravenous intent."

"Some one please come help me  
To find my baby please."  
They searched the ground all around  
They searched on hands and knees.  
So the radio and papers  
And National T.V.  
As events unfold had the story told  
To the likes of you and me.

Well the story's fine, but money's time.  
And the Editor's face fell.  
"It'll cost a bomb - this desert song,  
Better make 'em dance as well.  
The baby's name means sacrifice,  
Killed without a chance.  
And if it works, involve the Church."  
And so began the dance.

Lindy didn't change a word  
Not a single bit,  
Through cross examinations  
She never altered it.  
But she was never seen to weep  
Never seen to grieve,  
Or let her head in sorrow fall  
To rest upon her sleeve.

"She looks the hardened killer."  
The people cried, "Disgrace!  
The evidence as clear as day  
Is written on her face."  
"Guilty" said the jury  
And the twelve they breathed a sigh.  
"Tough as nails you are, my dear  
But we can make you cry."

In handing down the sentence,  
The judge, he did his best.  
The court he eyed and then he sighed  
Words weighing in his chest  
"Life with heavy labor."  
The jury heard him shout,  
But they had lied, she had not cried  
And they led poor Lindy out.

To show there's no injustice  
In the laws of which we're fond,  
They gave what's due to the Pastor too,  
A good behavior bond!  
There's much that lays unanswered  
Beneath the desert sand  
As hot as un-asked questions  
In the courtrooms of our land.

The dance and song has played so long  
That one can only guess  
At what's been told and what's been sold  
As bloodguilt to the press.  
Some say she was a victim  
Of malicious circumstance.  
The truth one day it's song will play,  
And then we'll see who'll dance.

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