

Sterile

Vice Squad

You'd rather ruin two lives
Then prevent a potential
Can't make up her own mind
Only a slip of a girl

Starving babes don't matter
To the fat who get fatter
The Health Service will provide
Some valium where she can hide
A punishment for the mistake
That she did not make
They don't practice what they preach
Just gorge on living meat

You'll decide her fate for her
Because you're no murderer
Self-righteous and infertile
You'll cut her and make her sterile

Though inside it don't kick
They'll perform scalpel tricks
Worry furrows in the forehead
When they tell you life is dead