Sterile

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-rightous 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

Vice Squad