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