

# 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

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