Unborn Child

Sea Stone

Who's to say whether or not,
It's a crime to kill some unborn child,
Before it's born.
You don't even know what it's like,
To raise a kid
With income just enough to,
Live in a ditch.
Don't tell me about your story,
I've heard it all before.
Money I rarely see.
I'm fucking poor.
My kid will grow up in the streets,
And fucking rob you.
You say to let him live,
Just wait to see what he'll do.
Reagan cuts welfare for birth control.
He say's it's justified with correct morals.
If you say it's wrong, man
Well, you go get fucked!
Go out an get some broad knocked up.
Then what?
Who's to say whether or not,
It's a crime to kill some unborn child,
Before it's born.
You don't even know what it's like,
To raise a kid,
With income just enough to
Live in a ditch.
Can't you see I don't want to know about your story?
'Cause I've heard it all before.
Money I rarely see.
'Cause, 'cause I'm... I'm fucking poor.
My kid will grow up in the streets,
And fucking rob you.
You say to let him live,
You'll see just what he'll do.
Bullshit!

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