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John Williamson "The Vasectomy Song"

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It's just a modern world we live in, but why do they pick on me

Why just the other week my missus had the cheek to talk me into a va-sec-tom-y

At first it never clicked that I was gettin' nicked, I thought it was to test verility

Than after I went through it, ten days we couldn't do it and then the doctor said to me

I couldn't believe it folks - He said please blow into this bag, please sir

What? - to test your capability

I beg your pardon? - we're cutting down on accidents I said are you fair dinkum - He said please blow into this bag and we'll see

Well - I couldn't believe it at first but you know what they say about doctors orders

So he gave me the little bag and ushered me into the little room with all the pin-ups

Grubby little room it was, too, and I came back with my little bag

And the doctor was quite satisfied, and so was I

It's just a modern world we live in, there's knew fangled things every day

The cop said I was speedin', accordin' to his readin' But I was three kilometers away

I was feelin' pretty mad when he took out his pad, I tried to stay as calm as I could be

He found a bawldy tread, he saw my eyes were red And then he said this strange thing to me - I said what again?

He said please blow into this bag, please sir I said hang on - to test your capability What? - we're cutting down on accidents I said are you fair dinkum - He said please blow into this bag and we'll see

Well this time I really was shaken up, the cop could see

I was a bit excited He said well you better take a good grip on yourself

So I went around behind a big gum tree and came back with my little bag

Well you can imagine what happened

It's just a modern world we live in, I'm feelin' very sad and pale

The judge said I was sick and threw me in the nick And missus said she wouldn't pay the bail So take it from a fool like me, beware of quacks and boys in blue

I'm feelin' pretty bruised so don't you get confused.

I'm feelin' pretty bruised so don't you get confused I'd catch a train if I was you-ou

All together now - please blow into this bag, please sir Ahh, It sends a shiver down my spine Please blow into this bag, please sir If the women don't get you, it's the wine

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