

Chumbawamba

"Fight The Alton Bill!"

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In ignorance, I still assumed this body was mine, that I could choose. I had faith for charity and understanding sympathy. But no, we're seen as baby machines. Face judge, jury, and male GPs, found guilty, careless, callous, cold, and told the things we're always told by the gentle, prime-time moralist on national daily news, with persuasive smile he'll take away a woman's right to choose. They say the Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. But not beyond the eighteenth week if Alton has his way.

'Have you considered what you're going to lose? Do you realize what you're asking me to do? Are there medical reasons? And, oh, by the way, you know we can't help you unless you pay?'

Desperation and a waiting list. You don't count blessings, just weeks missed. Problems are beginning to show. It's so impersonal, so painfully slow.

'Do you know what you'll put my conscience through? Do you know just how few women are as lucky as you? No, the delay's not deliberate. It just takes time. And maybe by then you'll have changed your mind.'

A history of desperation, of old wives' tales, from jumping down off ladders to using knitting needles. From gin baths, to a punch in the guts--sometimes it would work, mostly it just hurt. That these laws are to protect us is another moral con. How do they protect the given rights of any woman? They'll drive us on the back-streets, demand won't go away. We'll bleed, we'll die, because we couldn't pay. This Bill will make us victims--it's we who should decide. We want control of our bodies and our lives. Alton, don't feel too safe behind your man-made laws. Laws can be broken as easily as bones. Steal from one, and you steal from us all, and laws like yours will make re-sisters of us all!

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