

The Cult, Bodies

She was a girl from Birmingham

She just had an abortion

She was a case of insanity

Her name was Pauline she lived in a tree

She was a no one who killed her baby

She sent her letters from the country

She was an animal

She was a bloody disgrace

Body, I'm not an animal

Body, I'm not an animal

Dragged on a table in a factory

Illegitimate place to be

In a packet in a lavatory

Die little baby screaming f**king bloody mess

It's not an animal

It's an abortion

Body, I'm not animal mummy

I'm not an abortion

Throbbing squirm, gurgling bloody mess

I'm not a discharge,

I'm not a loss in protein

I'm not a throbbing squirm

F**k this and f**k that

F**k it all and f**k the f**king brat

She don't want a baby that looks like that

I don't wanna baby that looks like that

Body, I'm not an animal

Body, I'm not an abortion

Body, I'm not an animal

An animal

I'm not an animal

I'm not an abortion

Mummy! Ugh!