

Tears on the abdomen of a woman but it's ok  
For she has a baby  
Flexibly skiving with benefits driving the Daily  
Mail says it's a holiday

We always seem to denigrate  
Ourselves again at the point of being  
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Fear kills even the most  
Fecund of seconds and I hold these close  
Why should having a child and a career  
Not be reconciled?

We always seem to denigrate  
Ourselves again at the point of being  
We always seem to denigrate  
Ourselves again at the point of being

So lost the ephemeral everywhere  
No cost that our future should have to bear  
A sure start has unraveled been turned into  
Dust and to gravel to trample upon, trample upon

You must feel so proud  
Stigmatising every single mother  
While your own world's falling down

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