

## Amendment

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Wouldn't it be nice if  
We had an amendment  
To give civil rights to  
Women  
To once and for all just  
Really lay it down from  
The point of view of women

I know what you're thinking  
That's just redundant  
Chicks got it good now  
They can almost be president  
But is worker against worker  
Time and time again  
Cause the rich use certain issues as a tool  
When I say we need the E.R.A ain't cause I'm a fool  
It's cause without it nobody can get away  
With anything cruel

And you don't need to go far like  
Just over to Canada  
To feel the height and sense of  
Live and let live  
What is it about Americans  
Like so many pit-bulls  
Trained to attack them  
To never give

We gotta put down abortion  
Put it down in the books for good  
As central to the civil rights  
Of women  
Make diversity legal  
Make it finally understood  
Through the civil rights of women

And if you don't like abortion  
Don't have an abortion  
And teach your children  
How they can avoid them  
But don't treat all women  
Like they are your children  
Compassion has many faces  
Many names  
And if men can kill and be decorated  
Instead of blamed  
Then a woman called upon to mother  
Can choose to refrain

And contrary to eons  
Of old time religion  
Your body is your only  
True dominion  
Nature is not here to serve you  
Or at any cause to preserve you  
That's just some preacher man's  
Old time opinion

Life is sacred  
Life is also profane  
A woman's life  
It must be hers to name  
Let out an amendment  
Put this brutal game to rest  
Trust, women will still take you  
To their breast  
Trust, women will always  
Do their best  
Trust, our differences make us stronger  
Not less

In this amendment shall be  
Family structure shall be free  
We'll have the right to civil our unions  
With equal rights and  
Equal protection  
Intolerance finally  
Ruined

And then there's the kids rights  
They'll naturally be on board  
The funnel through which  
Women's lives are poured  
Our family is so big  
And we're all so very small  
Let a web of relationship  
Be laid over it all

Over the strutter of power piled up to the sky  
Over the illusion of autonomy on which it relies  
Over any absolute that nature does not supply

And the birthing woman shall regain her place  
In a circle of women, in a sacred space  
Turn off the machines, put away the knives  
This amendment shall deliver from bondage midwives