

A visionary pause in the cycle
When she refused to buy or sell
When the daughters of perfect wives
Said there must be more sacrifice
Needed more than symbolic change
More than silent wasting away
In factories and sterile marriages
He was God, she was powerless
With a brick for every year of life
She set out for the house of lies
The old boys' club under siege
His lordship cowered under his seat
Called for brandy and reinforcements
Blasted away at every movement
Close to breaking down the door
Past thick blue line and stupid laws
Black Friday left her bruised and stubborn
One brick from winning the struggle
Rapunzel hacked at the ivory tower
Asquith quickly rose to the hour
Appealed to patriotism, oily smiles
Gave nothing, called it compromise
Gauging the situation perfectly
Said ladies, ladies, listen to me
Nineteen fourteen, we're on the brink of war
Pick up a flag, drop your cause
Your targets are counter-revolutionary
Take my hand in democracy
Here's a piece of paper
You're officially free
Here's a list of instructions
For you to obey
And here's sharp knife
To cut your own throat
Small sacrifice in return for a vote
Whispered word in Pankhurst's ear
Visions of the first woman peer
Led women down the garden path
And into the arms of the enemy
Jail and force-feeding, waster martyrdom
Sold her songs for the national anthem
Slotted the smile back neatly into place
Served refreshments
At the end of the race
All demands reduced to a joke
X marks the plague, abandon hope
Butlers still pouring brandy for the rich
Excuse me pass me the privilege
A woman's voice, the state's idea
Same vested interests, same dirty deals
Currie and Williams immersed in the times
Examples to keep the rest in line
Currie and Williams two of a kind
Examples to keep the rest in line
Absolute power
Absolute power
Ladies, ladies, listen to me