

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