

# Chumbawamba, Always Tell The Voter What The

A visionary pause in the cycle  
When she refused to buy or sell  
When the daughters of perfect wives  
Said there must be no 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 lines 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!  
1914, 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 work 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, wasted 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,  
Could you pass me the privilege?"  
A woman's voice, the state's ideal  
Same vested interest, same dirty deals  
Currie and Williams immersed in the times:  
Examples to keep the the rest in line.  
Currie and Williams, two of a kind:  
Examples to keep the rest in line.  
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