

# Pretty Girls Make Graves, Parade

Been meeting in the back room  
Been gathering in the parking lot  
Been talking in the break room  
Of what were are doing with what we've got  
Been meeting on the front lawn  
Been gathering in the parking lot  
Been talking in the break room  
Of labour and unrest and eyeing the clock  
Are you okay with what you've got?  
We're throwing down our push brooms  
We're hanging up our apron ties  
We're coming from the back roads  
Out of the fields and the factory lines  
Mutiny!  
Tell your brother and your sister  
Tell your auntie and your uncle too  
Tell your mother and your father  
Your friends and your cousins and we need you  
Strike!  
We've walked so far  
But we can walk all night  
We're marching from the shipyards  
We're marching from the hospitals  
We'll take it to the town hall  
We'll take it to the capitol