Parade

Pretty Girls Make Graves

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

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