

Cure for a Common Complaint

Napalm Death

So drawn? I warm to the fire in their hearts
This ain't romantic gesturing
It's a hand to head the charge

To the indifference of the preening, idle rich
Such champions are cancerous, tumours in the gut
of affluent bliss

Why let these scab observers tag them trouble-makers?
It's naive? You're on a leash.

This is the cure for their common complaint [x2, second time scream]

Ditch the gullibility
Strike 'til the green runs dry
bring them to their knees
Or squander as they thrive

Reject the cure for their common complaint [x2, second time scream]

On break,
Agitate!

Hoist those standards, arm in arm
Walk the walk and talk the talk
Agitate! Agitate! Agitate!