

## Cure for the 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  
Tumors in the gut of affluent bliss  
Why let this scab observers  
Tag them troublemakers  
It's naive, you're on a leash  
This is a cure for their common complaint  
This is a cure for their common complaint  
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  
Reject the cure for their common complaint  
Agitate  
Hoist those standards, arm-in-arm  
Walk the walk and talk the talk  
Agitate, agitate, agitate