

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
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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