

The Curse

The Mekons

Magic, fear and superstition
this is the Curse of the Mekons
you'll be visited by our crew
it's no joke I'm telling you
on our stone heads and leaky hearts
we'll leave our mark to say we called
This is the blood of your buddy
that no science shall study
this is our truth that no man shall stop
this is the pain that hits the top
Never thought it could happen to you
every trick cuts two ways too

Give me dark and give me greed
give me power that I can hold
buzzin wires it's icy cold
you tsaught us well, now feel the dread
in your nerves in your beds
coming down all round your heads

Crazy rags around our legs
in the dark we got the kid
call it intuition call it luck
but we're right in all that we distrust
listen to our battle cry
Ai I YI YI