

## 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