

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

Songwriters

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