

Got Time to Kill

Napalm Death

Got time to kill Sometimes I wallow in the air
Sometimes between a state
Of good intention and pathos
No worries, I've got time to kill Wear my bleeding heart on a discerning sleeve
The mind is there but the spirit's weak
Time to worry when the time is killing concern Presumption, an assumption
Redemption, unsolved Riding on the perseverance of others
With armchair ideology
I'm a link in a chain of strength
Destructive inner fatigue
Corroding our effectiveness Got to kick myself into gear
Instead of shrinking from activity I've got time to kill my concern

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