

Napalm Death, Can't Play, Won't Pay

Mitch harris

Ten years
Of all-sides sniping
Fairness under fire

Ten long years
Rubbished objectives
Two-pronged shower of bite

Dirt / is now scrubbed
From our own doorstep
But / around every corner
Hides a high roller

Suited
And heftily booted
So casual and concerned

Network
Makes the acquaintance
Dance to soulless tunes

Dirt / is now scrubbed
From our own doorstep
But / around every corner
Hides a high roller

Get this prick away from me
Smash him and the leeching clique

Fawning grin that pulls you in
Golden windshake on the take
Get this prick away from me

(we're) enemies of the music business
You corporate f**k !
Enemies of the music business
Black sheep on the cust
Enemies of the music business

Ten long years
Still didn't finish us
Much to their disdain

Ten long years
Regained the impetus
Thorns in cash-whores side

Dirt / is now scrubbed
From our own doorstep
But / around every corner
Hides a high roller