

## Work to Rule

Napalm Death

You don't need space to focus  
There is no cause to dream  
Compulsive gatherer leans over drifters  
And the lame to get right to the prize  
Stampede at expectation's peak  
Blow to blow  
Job to job  
Work to rule, lauded one  
Work to rule with derision  
You don't need space to focus;  
There is no cause to dream  
Run a mile  
Dialled in  
Work to rule, pre-emptive  
Work to rule, primitives  
In determinate are the hours  
Or minutes to happily take stock  
At the point when you return to the earth  
Precious little left to objectify and shun  
Will you wish you'd broken ranks?  
Or was 'living' still a drawback?  
Indeterminate-  
Your achievements just egocentric figments?  
To settle down and be tranquil  
The preserve of the idle (!)  
Obsessive go-getter means to surpass  
Every pleasure and dumb time-waster  
Stampede at expectation's peak  
Take up slack  
Break your back  
Work to rule on the rack  
Work to rule...and collapse