

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
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
You don't need space to focus
There is no cause to dream Run a mile, dialed 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
Stampede at expectation's peak Take up slack, break your back
Work to rule on the rack
Work to rule and collapse, and collapse

Songwriters

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