Work

Sign across the dotted line, all we want is a bit of soul.

Slave for us in the kitchen or drop a lung while mining coal,

It’s all part of their big game how the man tries to take your life,

Plan out every day so that your schedule becomes cut and dry.

So listen attentively as the man tells you how to think,

They set you up to lose it all, taking everything but the kitchen sink.

And they take part of your soul, so the system will survive.

Plug in, sign in, switch off brain and be happy in your 9 to 5…

Lay it on the line see if they’re kind enough to hire me,

Pension, heath and all the benefits…

Keep my head down, they won’t notice enough to fire me and that’s the best deal that I can get.

Everytime the clock goes off you wish that you could stay in bed, but no way, nohow, aint nobody gonna lift that work off your head…

It takes part of your soul and brother you can do without,

Use your wips and get a grip, it’s time you broke yourself on out…