

# Subhumans, Get To Work On Time

Get up in the morning  
Alarm clocks clean socks  
Brush your teeth look neat  
Join the others on the street  
Bus ride tube train  
Going off to work again  
Up to the third floor  
Name on the office door  
Paper lying on the floor  
Pick it up and do some more  
Lunch break break down  
Valium and alcohol  
Nicotine adrenaline  
Don't it make your head spin?  
Back to the grindstone  
Head on the guillotine  
Pulling all the stops out  
Socks up head down  
Doing it good  
You're doing it well  
Cos you wanna please the boss  
But you wish he'd go to hell  
But the wages in the brown bag  
Underneath the name tag  
Are keeping you in line  
So you do the overtime  
And you get the train late again  
Surrounded by the same lame  
People playing your game  
No one even knows your name  
Back straight home late  
All the food is out of date  
Wife has left a note  
Saying Don't forget your coat  
Quick snap head back  
Living on the wrong track  
Should've tried refusing  
But you could've got the sack  
It's getting so confusing  
Cos you know you're only losing  
But the choice of ever choosing  
Never seemed to cross your mind  
So you go to bed at ten  
Thinking never again  
But you get up in the morning  
And you get to work on time