She's got a terrible affliction
That is spinning around like a top
But it is a common addiction
She follows the rules and can't stop

She doesn't care what they're there for She doesn't know what they mean To stray from the norm she does abhor She thinks questioning rules is obscene

Spinning around, she is spinning around She is trapped in a terrible course Shallow and broken, miserably unspoken The groove she is in's reinforced

One day the rules might kill her She spared not a thought to their source If she dies as a result of her ardor She will feel not a drop of remorse

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