Routine

Steven Wilson

What do I do with all the children's clothes
such tiny things that still smell of them
And the footprints in the hallway
onto my knees scrub them awayAnd how to be of use make the tea and the soup
All of their favorites throw them away
And all their schoolbooks and the running shoes
Washing them clean in dirty steel sinkRoutine keeps me in line
Helps me pass the time
Concentrate my mind
Helps me to sleepAnd keep making beds and keep the cat fed
Open the Windows let the air in
And keep the house clean and keep the routine
Paintings they made still stuck to the fridgeKeep cleaning keep ironing
Cooking their meals on the stainless steel hob
Keep washing keep scrubbing
Long until the dark comes to bruise the sky
Deep in the debt to nightRoutine keeps me in line
Helps me pass the time
Helps me to sleepRoutine keeps me in line
Helps me pass the time
Helps me to sleepThe most beautiful morning forever
Like the ones from far off, far off away
With the hum of the bees in the jasmine sway
Don't ever let go
Try to let go
Don't ever let go
Try to let go
Don't ever.....

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