

Routine

[Samiam](#)

Grinding your fingers down, the skin
On your back wears thin, dust clouds
Billow at your feet, you're gonna get lost
Unless you stop that head spin Now, I lay me down
Nothing tastes so sweet Routine I can take my time
I like pulling on my own strings
There's too much rushing around
You're leaving out something Don't think, just blink
Nothing on my mind
I feel too good to say

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