

# 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  
On to my knees, scrub them away And how to be of use?  
Make the tea and the soup  
All of their favourites, throw them away  
And all their school books and their running shoes  
Washing them clean in the dirty steel sink Routine keeps me in line  
Helps me pass the time  
Concentrates my mind  
Helps me to sleep  
Keep making beds, keep the cat fed  
Open the windows, let the air in  
Keep the house clean, keep the routine  
Paintings they made still stuck to the fridge Keep 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 night Routine keeps me in line  
Helps me pass the time Helps me to sleep. Routine keeps me in line  
Helps me pass the time Helps me to sleep.  
The 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.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>