

## 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