

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