

Routine (Ninet Solo Vocal Version)

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://www.1songlyrics.com/>