

## Routine Dean

Sleaford Mods

Westgate  
I waited until he walked out and double-turned  
Near the bank to walk back round  
Sending me on a wild goose chase  
Fillin' in forms  
Upstairs downstairs  
Little details  
Nobody gives a fuck  
Who cares  
Left with a cola-cube full of boundless rage  
Slip and limp into the next but the feeling still remains

I hate what you do and I don't like you  
I hate what you do and I don't like you

Barriers that need your ticket number  
The queue gathers length  
I used it as a fuckin' toothpick  
Waitin' on the chair near ward eight  
I'm a swivel servant  
Years of service mate  
I'll piss in a cup and throw it at y'boss  
Golden handshake  
Profile people  
Living as profile page pixels  
Match the info section to match your broad range

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Routine Dean so do I  
It's like biting bricks and a dead eye  
Struggle of work  
Day is dressed down naivety  
And deep frowns and long days  
I go crazed  
No life gives  
No like makes  
Cocooning  
Mobility's gonna move me  
I pick up the phone  
I'm already there  
But I didn't even fuckin' feel the journey  
The private bubble  
No you and me  
Just that electracide electricity

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