

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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