

This Routine

Touché Amore

We say goodnight at different times
You're on your way to a new day
While I'm far behind

Morning dread and a second coffee
I chose to live this way
There's no excuse for feeling sorry
There's no excuse so I complain
I'm bad at taking photos of the people I love the most
I just think they'll always be there
When we all know that they won't

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Olive oil and soaking dishes
Where it starts and where it ends
I can hardly tell the difference
When it's real or just pretend
You've got a taste for the finer things
I don't know how I made the cut
You've got a taste for the finer things
And I'm just trying to keep up

Through the raindrops
I'll show you my best moves
This routine is
Just something that I do
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