

Routine

Wax

Uh, nothing keep me more occupied than my phone does
Making life way less magic than I hoped it was
At the laundromat I see myself in the soap suds spinnin'
I can't help grinnin' 'cause it
Looks like the way that I been feeling since birth
A metaphor for either my brain, my life, or earth
And when it's all done what was it all worth?
I don't know, time to go
I head home from the laundromat with the laundry bag on my back
Walkin' on the crosswalk a car stopped at
The driver and I make eye contact
Like that moment in the ocean two pebbles floatin' by tap
And that's that, the shit is all absurd
It's hard to put meaninglessness into words
If you need me I'ma be feeding the birds
With the other seniors
Uh

Routine typical, every day average
Most days ain't a damn thing really happenin'
Tryna find passion in everyday action
The journey that we on isn't very long-lastin'
Routine, every day average
Most memories we make are not magic
I'm saving up my sanity 'cause who knows what could happen
I might have to cash it in in quick fashion

With age the phrase "I got nothin' to do"
It's liable to change and become something new
When you're young it could be something that you're suffering through
Then you get older and it's wonderful to you
Because one man's boredom is another man's peace
One man's rubbish is another's antiques
It's something you can't teach, only learn through experience
Theories you develop through a series of experiments
Lose some excitement
Gain some enlightenment
Sometimes I feel as if I spend my whole life fightin' it
Focused on the future, overhypin' it
Or recyclin' past events that you just can't quite forget

The world can be cold and the mind even more so
All you get's a funeral, you don't get an award show
I'm tryna love it while I have it
Especially on the days when there ain't nothin' happenin'

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Uh, the days that your dreams come true are not often
Even when they do it's usually not as awesome

As all them shimmerin' images when you saw them
In your fantasies of a future full of ballin'

The sands keep fallin'
From the hourglass top onto the top of your coffin
To listen to it trickling's ridiculously exhaustin'
I get lost in a beat like a maze
I be writin' for days
I used to think it was a phase
Well, said phase became several decades
Until my body and soul go separate ways

I'll be writin' as a routine ritual
Like I floss or brush my teeth, if you will
A meditative development of a skill
Just some everyday shit I been doin' since I was little
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