

## Simon Phillips

### "Toiletries"

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Well they'd say creatures of habit,  
Are woven instinctively into the fabric.  
I'd like to think that my feet weave the graphic  
And I am the tapestry.

They call this tragic;  
Tragedy is just an empty medicine cabinet.  
I'd like to think  
The kitchen sink is an anchor,  
keeping me from floating away.  
'Cause my legs are driftwood,  
And my arms are stuck in slow motion.  
This place is getting thinner.  
What you call a river,  
I'd call an ocean.

Well this isn't fitting,  
The sweater is finished  
But I am still knitting.  
I'd like to try  
Something uplifting or something worthwhile.

Well they'd call this magical  
But charm is just a cover up for all my bad habits.  
I'd say we're different  
Oh, but they'd say where all the same.

This smile,  
Hidden behind the missing pair of tiles,  
And I've been drowning, Woah!

'Cause I  
Am a creature of the night, And I live and die  
By the idea that  
Our flag is white.

I'm a creature of the night  
And I live and die  
By the idea that  
Our flag is white.

The creatures of habit  
Were woven instinctively into the fabric.  
Well I'd like to think,  
That my feet weave the graphic  
And I am the tapestry.  
They call this tragic  
But tragedy is just an empty medicine cabinet.

Well I'd like to think the kitchen sink is an anchor  
Keeping me from floating away  
But my legs are driftwood,  
And my arms are stuck in slow motion.  
Place is getting thinner,  
What you call a river I call an ocean!

I, am a creature of the night  
And I live and die  
By the idea that,  
Our flag is white.

I'm a creature of the night  
And I live and die  
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Our flag is white.

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