

First Aid Kit "This Old Routine"

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So you come on home, walk through the door.
She's in the kitchen searching through the drawers.
So you stop and watch her and ask what she's looking
for.
She says she's not sure.

Then it gets late and you turn off the lights.
Her body so close to you in the night.
But you dare not touch her and you don't want to fight,
so you just say, "Goodnight."

This old routine will drive you mad
It's just a mumble never spoken out loud
And sometimes you don't even know why you loved
her.
Well you look at her now, and you see why.

And your youngest is out fighting a war.
But he won't say what he's fighting for.
If he's gone because of war for you,
in which you'd rather be true.

This old routine will drive you mad
It's just a mumble never spoken out loud
Sometimes you can't even recall the sound of his
laughter.
Oh well, did you ever really know the sound?

This old routine will drive you mad
It's just a mumble never spoken out loud
Sometimes you don't even know if you're still standing.
Well she looks at you now, and you see how.

Well you look at them now, and you know how.

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