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## Patterns

Reference number PT0888

### Woman 1

Patterns in my life that I trace ev'ry day.  
Patterns as I say the things I always say.  
Patterns in the ceiling as I lie awake.  
Why are patterns haunting ev'ry move I make?

Just look: Here I am on cue again  
Upset, feeling torn in two again  
Afraid, saying I'm okay,  
Making little jokes  
Till I run away, again.

And yet today I am not the same.  
I feel my life slipping from its frame.  
Strange feelings rise,  
Feelings with no name and i can't face them,  
So I shake them hard,  
Fold them up, and tuck them safely away, again.

Patterns that begin as I walk through a door.  
Patterns in the curtains and the kitchen floor.  
Patterns in the day's routines I must arrange.  
Patterns in the ways I try... but never change.

Just look, as I'm thrown a curve again,  
I leap, then I lose my nerve again.  
In tears, running home I go,  
Secretly relieved,  
Safe with what I know, again.

And yet I know I am not the same.  
Inside my heart is something I can't tame,  
I feel my mind bursting into flame,  
And I must change or else I'll break apart,  
Or break away,  
And end up having to start, again.

Patterns through the day I seem to use to give my life a shape.  
Patterns through the house that give me comfort  
when I need escape  
Patterns that lead me nowhere at all.