

Bendik, A Game Of Tennis

Bendik

Amuse Yourself

A Game Of Tennis

I wake up to the TV sports

I see two players on a court

There's Miss Chance on the one side

There's me on the other side

There are two players on the court

And the ball goes back and forth

It's full speed across the court

It seems to be able to

Avoid the net like it's supposed to do

The ball goes back and forth

Elegant clothes that are drenched in spit and sweat

Bloodstains and dirt on the racket, on the net

Each smash we send is a rusty needle

That cuts our eyes and makes us feeble

Whatever happened to the bright splendour of a game of tennis?

How long will this game go on?

The game of interrogation

Until my heart walks away on it's own

Until my body is stiff as a stone

That's how long, that's how long