

Richard Thompson, Mr. Rebound

(Richard Thompson)

My sweetheart she bounced right out of my arms
She was gone before I remembered to cling
Did I reach out too slowly to catch her
Or was she by nature a slippery thing

Into the arms of Mr. Rebound
Into the arms of Clean Up Joe
Into the arms of Mr. Rebound
Mr. Rebound, as if I didn't know

He'll give her laughs and he'll give her dreams
I gave her the kids and the pots and pans
He'll do for the dash and he'll do for the sprint
But he won't do for a marathon man

I know for a fact that she ain't coming back
To tell you the truth, I'm a little bit glad
She may be blind with the things on her mind
But how can she stand to touch something that bad