

Venerea, On The Rebound

From the tantrum of teapots & coffee spoons
To the sigh when you turn out your bed light
From the wound in the side to the day a loved one dies
You know there is nothing you can do to make it right
so you don't call - as you fall
with closed eyes - further behind
And it responds, in a way, to the things that you say
at the dying of the day
(don't take your life for granted)

(Chorus:)

Open up and lift those pennies from my eyes
I'm on the rebound, the same as you
Open up from your traditional disguise
I'm on the rebound, the same as you

From the badly chosen path to the tears when you laugh
From your yesterdays to all of your tomorrows
From the chains that you strap 'round yourself by the stone
To the song in a moment of sorrow
you take heed - from what you need
and blame it all - on tradition
It responds, in a way, to the things that you say
at the dying of the day

(Chorus)

I'm on the rebound,
from tradition