

# Venera, 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