

## **Bendik**

### **"A Game Of Tennis"**

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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

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