

Veneria, Scratch

Now it's time to finally sell out
It's the right time
for the big one
There is no doubt were through
Playing for weeks
for crowds of ton
We've lost good money on this band
But now we're back at scratch again
Now's the time to sell our souls
A foreign label, a full length CD
But we're the same guys
In the same clothes
though one guy left us
Fortunately
We're six years on
though rearranged, is it that strange
that we have changed ?
It's no big deal but this time we get paid
How does that make you feel ?

Cut some slack
Scratch your backs

We've started from scratch
Do you grudge us
one-roomers of our own ?
Paying rehearsal space ?
The band van loan ?
Is it "not punk";
Having food to eat ?
Would our songs be better
if we lived out on the street

Now it's time for the CD to sell
But if it'll happen
ain't no tongue can tell
and it doesn't do well
We're the stuck-up gits
We always were
After all
we've said and done
we're still in it
For the fun
It's weird how the years pass on
It feels like we've just begun
From scratch