

## Fall

# "Gentlemen's Agreement"

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They plough the fields together  
In all types of intemperance  
Our bones cracked in unison  
Gentlemen's, gentlemen's agreement  
You know what he is  
And probably still is  
[He's picking] his colors  
To whatever new mast there is  
But our agreement is over  
I thought we had some kind of agreement  
But with you it was just prurience  
You're addicted to excitement  
I am just knocked down with your  
And you're sitting on my back fence

But I thought we had an agreement  
Gentlemen's, gentlemen's agreement  
Your brain is software  
Your brain is Game Boy  
It's filled with excrement  
And your short-term memory  
Will fleetingly remember  
Our gentlemen's, gentlemen's agreement  
Gentlemen's, gentlemen's agreement  
Gentlemen's, gentlemen's agreement

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