

Fall, The "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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