

Cursive, A Gentleman Caller

Your gentleman caller...

Well, he's been calling on another.

He loves his forbidden fruit...

And as it dribbles down his chin

He cries, "Baby, I've been drinking with some friends! Now how 'bout a little kiss..."

Bad boy...

Rub his nose in it.

What a mess.

... and he's playing dumb.

Do do do do do do do do...

I'm not looking for a lover...

All those lovers are liars.

... I'd never lie to you.

You say you want to get even?

Yeah, you want to get your bad man good?

Well, are you in the mood?

You bad girl...

Does it feel good being bad?

And getting worse?

Do do do do do do do do...

But in the morning,

on the sober dawn of Sunday...

You're not sure what you have done.

Who told you love was fleeting?

Sometimes men can be so misleading

to take what they need from you.

... Whatever you need to make you feel
like you've been the one behind the wheel.

The sunrise is just over that hill,

The worst is over.

Whatever I said to make you think

that love's the religion of the weak..

This morning we love like weaklings.

The worst is over.

The worst is over.