

The Fall, Gentlemen's Agreement

We 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
Sticking his colours
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
My energies are down now with yours
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