# A Gentleman Caller

## Cursive

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
"doo do doo..."
"i'm not looking for a loverm
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?
"doo do doo..."
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.

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