

# R.E.M., Fretless

He's got his work and she comes easy  
They each come around when the other is gone  
Me, I think I got stuck somewhere in between

I wouldn't confide in the Prodigal Son  
The die has been cast, the battle is won  
The bullets were blanks, a double aught gun  
I couldn't admit to a minute of fun

They come and they come and they come and they come  
I accepted with a gentle tongue  
No words spoken, no need to speak

Take it, stomp twice, ring the bell  
Tether that ring and phrase  
Enough with the rifle and talk already  
We all know what it means

Take this conversation to your great divide  
I can only swallow what I ate  
And I don't hate him  
And I don't hate her

They come and they come and they come and they come  
I accepted with a gentle tongue  
No heart broken, no need to speak

"(Don't talk to me)"  
Don't talk to me about being alone  
"(Don't talk to me)"  
Don't talk to me about being alone  
"(Don't talk to me)"  
Don't talk to me about being alone

Reach for each other before you leave  
Reach peace with a E-A-C  
Don't threaten me with a gentle tease  
Don't threaten me with angry

Please, please, please  
Don't try to tell me what I am

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