

## Gentlemen's Choice

Eels

Slept in all day  
In dirty sheets  
The stain on my shirt  
Been there for weeks

When I was young I had a dream  
I would be held in high esteem  
I thought I'd end up a gentleman  
Distinguished, respected, refined

The life that I've led  
It's better unsaid  
The world has no use for my kind

Too many years  
Getting my way  
Never let anyone  
Have their say

How could I think it would work out?  
Never a question, never a doubt

I thought I'd end up a gentleman  
Accomplished, revered and admired

The life that I've led  
I'm better off dead  
The world has no room for my kind