

The Jayhawks

"Think About It"

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Took her pills and her magazines
Left her lying in her misery
He was locked in his room
Colored pinwheels as the sirens whine down the
avenue

Think about it once
Take your time don't fuss
What you got to lose
Everybody choose
Think about it once
Take your time, don't fuss

All the dog-eared pages on your shelf
You never talk except about yourself
All the red eyes in the room
Tried to rearrange your world for you

Think about it once
Take your time, don't fuss
What you got to lose
Everybody choose
Think about it, once
What you got to lose

As he pulled his pad and scribbled "suicide"
The county coroner, he shook his head from side to
side
He was a little less than pleased
Very pale and very tired
The toil of love had brought them to their knees

Think about it once
Take your time, don't fuss
What you got to lose everybody choose
(repeat)
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