

Think About It

The Jayhawks

Took her pills and her magazines
Left her lying in her misery
He was locked up in his room
Colored pinwheels as the sirens wined 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 shell
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
(2x)