

## Consider the Source

The Antlers

I don't think about what I can't see  
It don't count if it ain't staring at me  
Little choices I cannot recall  
Get it quick or not at all

Every bargain has a hidden cost:  
What was saved? What was lost?  
Forty color-ways and free returns:  
Where's it made? What'd they earn?

Is it enough to add to cart with buyer's remorse?  
Well if you don't know where to start, consider the source

What becomes of what I throw away?  
Broken cord, takeout tray  
Leaky battery and shattered screen  
Spilling ink I can't clean

Is it too much to be undone, too late to change course?  
Before condemning anyone, consider the source

I set the table for an easy meal  
I don't mind what I can't feel:  
Tired turkey in a crowded cage  
He can't peck, he can't rage

Little choices and the way they spread  
Who must starve so we'd be fed?  
I don't think about what I can't see  
But now that bird won't stop staring at me

I tap my heart before I dine, but quickly divorce  
From all your agony down the line, and all I endorse  
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