

## 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)