

# The Jayhawks, Think About It

Took her pills and her magazines  
Left her lying in her misery  
He was locked up 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 &laquo;suicide&raquo;  
The county coroner, he shock 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 3 times)

Think about it once  
What you got to lose