

# Think About It

## Flight of the Conchords

There's children on the streets using guns and knives  
They're taking drugs and each other's lives  
Killing each other with knives and forks  
And calling each other names like dork  
There's people on the street  
Getting diseases from monkeys  
Yeah, that's what I said  
They're getting diseases from monkeys  
Now, there's junkies with monkey disease  
Who's touching these monkeys?  
Please, leave these poor sick monkeys alone  
They've got problems enough as it is  
A man is lying on the street  
Some punk's chopped off his head  
And I'm the only one who stops to see if he's dead  
Turns out he's dead  
And that's why I'm singing  
What, what is wrong with the world today?  
What's wrong with the world today?  
What, what is wrong with the world today?  
You gotta think about it, think, think about it  
Good cops been framed, put into a can  
All the money that we're making  
It's going to the man  
What man? Which man? Who's the man?  
When's a man a man? What makes a man a man?  
Am I a man? Yes, technically I am  
They're turning kids into slaves  
Just to make cheaper sneakers  
But what's the real cost?  
'Cause the sneakers don't seem that much cheaper  
Why are we still paying so much for sneakers ?  
When you got them made by little slaves kids  
What are your overheads?  
At the end of your life, you're lucky if you die  
Sometimes I wonder why we would even try  
I saw a man lying on the street half dead  
With knives and forks sticking out of his leg  
And he said, "Can somebody  
Get the knife and fork out of my leg, please"  
"Can somebody please remove  
These cutleries from my knees"  
And then we break it down  
Acappella jams  
Breaking it down, let me break it down  
Jamin' out, just jamin' out, yeah, yeah

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