

Hypothetical

Keziah Jones

Let me paint a hypothetical
Please don't be hypercritical
This kind of thing might happen to you
Though it's situational
And largely conversational
This kind of thing might happen to you

She went out drinking with her friends
Until her head began to spin
Her ears were ringing from the yell for last call
She fell into a cab and said
My neighborhood is straight ahead
She broke her heel as she struggled with the door

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She fell in through a window sill
Ran to the bathroom to get ill
Took off her clothes and then she passed out on the floor
She woke up the next day
In an unfamiliar place
Having made a mess on someone else's wall

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Sun through the blinds
Hits her eyes at dawn
Heavy head hung
She steps barefoot through the lawn

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Lyrics submitted by Mercutio.

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