

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

So let me paint a hypothetical
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Lyrics submitted by Mercutio.

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