

Quick!

The Magnetic Fields

You better think of something quick before I don't love you no more

Quick, before I walk out that door

Quick, before it all ends in jeers

What a waste of all those beers

You better think of something quick because my suitcase is packed

Quick, because I'm through being attacked

Are you really prepared to lose

All this just to air your views?

We're on the brink of something

Get me a drink of something quick between your outrageous remarks

Like the mating calls of sarcastic sharks

Quick, before you can't take that back

Just before it all goes black

You better think of something quick before the midnight bell chimes

You're living in dangerous times

Torture me for your amusement

About who will pay the rent

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Who will pay the rent

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