

# accident

## Nebulo

The heir is introduced  
She waltzes through the ballroom  
    Swirling in her sequins  
    Showing off her gown  
She steps on her own train  
    She falls, she cracks her jaw  
Aghast her husband giggles, he gasps  
    She slipped on spilled champagne  
    And we crowd around the accident  
        We want to see the worst  
        We crowd around the accident  
        We want to see what hurts  
        They're leaning in the corner  
        He's buried in a baggie  
They say, he's mischievous sometimes  
    She's pretty and her elbows are so pointy  
They're dangerous, talking in the locker room  
    His nose bleeds so profusely  
    But no one tell him, he's the star  
They watch like at the movies that he's famous for

And we crowd around the accident  
    We want to see the worst  
    We crowd around the accident  
    We want to see what hurts  
    Two stories, about to fall  
    Boasting at the swing set  
Marching down the hall, she yelled  
    'Cause he upset her desk, don't yell  
He's picking sides, he's hitching rides to school  
    His father left in winter, he's no one's son  
        If I can poke her with a pencil  
        Then I can pop her with a gun  
    And we crowd around the accident  
        We want to see the worst  
        We crowd around the accident  
        We want to see what hurts  
    We think, I'm glad it wasn't me  
        And turn up the TV

And squeeze our eyes shut  
But leave a space to see

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