

The Night That Kenny Died

John Hiatt

He was the kind of kid
You did not want to sit by
He kept his boogers in his desk
He wore a necktie And he never washed his hair
You wished he wasn't there But everybody cried
The night that Kenny died
And everybody cried
The night that Kenny died It was so touching all the girls
That would not touch him
He drew their pictures in his books
I used to watch him And then he'd pick his nose
And wipe it on his clothes But everybody cried
The night that Kenny died
And everybody cried
The night that Kenny died Died on a motorcycle
We never understood
He was holdin' on tight
Through the middle of the night
Starin' at a [Incomprehensible] It seemed so spooky
That the nerd we all detested
Would die so gloriously
And so unexpected A wonderful guy God knows
They kept the casket closed And everybody cried
The night that Kenny died
And everybody cried
The night that Kenny died And everybody cried
The night that Kenny died
And everybody cried
The night that Kenny died And everybody cried
The night that Kenny died
And everybody cried
The night that Kenny died

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