Accident

Emily Wolfe

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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