

# Accident

Lisa Loeb

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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