Accident On 3rd Street

Al Stewart

Linda was killed last Saturday about fifteen blocks from where she lives
In a car crash, people gathered around the graveside friends and relatives dressed in black
Preacher mumblin' how she's bound to go to Heaven
The service started at half-past ten, it was all over by eleven
They say it's God's to give, and God's to take away,
But why He happened to pick Linda on a Saturday night, no one could say.
Maybe it's just one of those things
One of those things
They found guy the who did it, he had the lobotomy and the chicken eyes,
And he gazed around the courtroom with a kind of vague suprise
Reminded me of one of those Vikings with the long-handled swords
The kind of guy even Joan Baez would not feel non-violent towards
Said he wasn't looking, maybe he had had a bit too much
It was dark, it was raining, he didn't see the light or some such
It was just one of those things,
One of those things.
I asked my local guru the situation and he gave me this reply

While pointing a bony finger up into the general direction of the sky:
"Get on with your own life, it is not ours to reason why"
Said he used to worry about it once when he was young
Now he doesn't even bother to try
He left me with a feeling that what he said was basically sound
Like a black hole in space, or philosophy, useless but profound
Just one of those things,
One of those things.
Tonight I'm gonna take myself down to my local cafe
Gonna get smashed out of my mind, gonna waste myself away
Gonna drink and drink and sink into that dark abyss
I wanna be just like that Viking, I wanna know if ignorance is truly bliss.
Linda's in the cold ground, won't see her anymore
Somewhere out on the highway tonight, the drunken engines roar
It's just one of those things,
One of those things.
Oh, just one of those things.

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