

# 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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