

Accident

Political Party Crashers

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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