

# Accidntel Deth

Rilo Kiley

You're obsessed with finding a new brain  
But what you need is a new body  
It feels your brain has lived a thousand lives before  
And the skin you call your home  
Holds a heart that quits and knees that buckle in  
And lungs that can't breathe when they're alone  
And the days come to you like sailors  
You watch them as they drift away  
They meet the sunrise out at the horizon  
And it's neither sink nor swim  
At least the water's beneath your chin  
There's blood spilled on the floor  
Everyone's staring at you  
What for?  
Till you realize the blood is probably yours  
You feel you've lost something  
You want it back  
You're lying motionless on your back  
And your legs aren't taking anymore requests  
Those disobedient wrecks  
How you cared for them as they carried you  
From class to class and coast to coast  
When you owned land and when you were broke  
Through recessions and addictions It's just your accidental death  
Your accidental death  
It's just your accidental death  
You're the Indian in the cougar's nest Your fright gives way to memory  
Having coffee with your love  
or the story your father told you long ago  
He was hunting with his own father  
for deer, he pointed and spotted her  
and then tripped over some roots or some dead trees  
The gun went off, It was a mistake  
And my father was only eight  
And as he watched the dying deer he was changed  
Cause he felt sorry for what he'd done  
And he put down his gun  
Will you feel sorry for what you've done?  
Will you put down your gun? It's just your accidental death

Your accidental death  
But there's no accidental death  
When you're the Indian in the cougar's nest

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