

Death By Misadventure

John Hiatt

Well, Harry had a good job working' for the Secret Service
He had a wife and kids at home who made him awful nervous
He'd never done a damn thing you could call experimental
And he had this aching feeling that his life was accidental

So one day he burned his pinstripe suit and his leather shoulder holster
He snapped a Polaroid and made a giant wanted poster
He took it to a print shop and ordered up a thousand flyers
And walked next door to the laundromat and blew his brains out in the drier

And the tag on his toe read: Death by misadventure
Ain't that some way to go? Death by misadventure

Well, Harry's wife Estella took this matter rather lightly
She could have cried and cried but then her looks might come unsightly
She thought about her wardrobe and how much it was outdated
And how this trumped up family thing was vastly overrated

Her kids both turned against her and they took to drugs and stealing
Some junkie killed 'em both for two dime bags they were dealing
And sitting home alone disgusted by it all
She blew the sole survivor off with ninety Nembutals

And the tag on her toe read: Death by misadventure
Ain't that some way to go? Death by misadventure

So be careful how you choose your path and who you pick to go with
Some folks they take to living fast while some prefer a slow death
Some folks get confused and never quite know how they're going
When you're laid out on that slab we're all the worse for knowing

That the tag on your toe reads: Death by misadventure
What a silly way to go. Death by misadventure