

The Night That Kenny Died

John Hiatt

He was the kind of kid you did not want to sit by
He kept his boogers in his desk he wore a neck tie
And he never washed his hair
You wished he wasn't there

But everybody cried
The night that Kenny died
Everybody cried
The night that Kenny died

It was so touching all the girls that would not touch him
He drew their pictures in his books I used to watch him
And then he'd pick his nose
And wipe it on his clothes

But everybody cried
The night that Kenny died
Everybody cried
The night that Kenny died

Died on a motorcycle
We never understood
That he was holdin' on tight
Through the middle of the night
Starin' at a [?]

It seemed so spooky that the nerd we all detested
Would die so gloriously and so unexpected
A wonderful guy God knows
They kept the casket closed

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