

Accident

Lisa Loeb

The heir is introduced
She waltzes through her 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 mischevious 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, 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