

## 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 mischeivous 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