

## **John Hiatt**

# **"Death By Misadventure"**

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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She thought about her wardrobe and how much it was outdated  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

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