

John Hiatt

"The Night That Kenny Died"

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He was the kind of kid
You did not want to sit by
He kept his boogers in his desk
He wore a necktie

And he never washed his hair
You wished he wasn't there

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

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

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

And everybody cried
The night that Kenny died

And everybody cried
The night that Kenny died

And everybody cried
The night that Kenny died
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And everybody cried
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