

Lisa Loeb

"Accident"

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The heir is introduced
She waltzes through the 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 mischievous 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
Then 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

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