

John Hiatt, Death By Misadventure

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She thought about her wardrobe and how much it was outdated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