

John Hiatt, The Night That Kenny Died

He was the kind of kid you did not want to sit by

He kept his boogers in his desk he wore a neck tie

And he never washed his hair

You wished he wasn't there

But everybody cried

The night that Kenny died

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

Everybody cried

The night that Kenny died

Died on a motorcycle

We never understood

That he was holdin' on tight

Through the middle of the night

Starin' at a [?] one Mercury hood

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

Everybody cried

The night that Kenny died