

## Accident On 3rd Street

Al Stewart

Linda was killed last Saturday about fifteen blocks from where  
she lives  
In a car crash, people gathered 'round the graveside friends an  
d relatives dressed in black  
Preacher mumblin' how she's bound to go to Heaven  
The service started at half-  
past ten, it was all over by eleven.

They say it's God's to give, and God's to take away  
But why He happened to pick Linda on a Saturday night, no one c  
ould say  
Maybe it's just one of those things, one of those things.

They found guy the who did it, he had the lobotomy and the chic  
ken eyes  
And he gazed around the courtroom with a kind of vague surprise  
Reminded me of one of those Vikings with the long-  
handled swords  
The kind of guy even Joan Baez would not feel non-  
violent towards.

Said he wasn't looking, maybe he had had a bit too much  
It was dark, it was raining, he didn't see the light or some su  
ch  
It was just one of those things, one of those things.

I asked my local guru the situation and he gave me this reply  
While pointing a bony finger up into the general direction of t  
he sky  
'Get on with your own life, it is not ours to reason why'  
Said he used to worry about it once when he was young, now he d  
oesn't even bother to try.

He left me with a feeling that what he said was basically sound  
Like a black hole in space or philosophy, useless but profound  
Just one of those things, one of those things.

Tonight I'm gonna take myself down to my local cafe  
Gonna get smashed out of my mind, gonna waste myself away  
Gonna drink and drink and sink into that dark abyss  
I wanna be just like that Viking, I wanna know if ignorance is  
truly bliss.

Linda's in the cold ground, won't see her anymore  
Somewhere out on the highway tonight, the drunken engines roar  
It's just one of those things, one of those things.