

# The Night That Kenny Died

John Hiatt

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 [?]

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

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