Accidents Can Happen

Bending down, delicate fingers pick up this gruesome, jagged flask
Crimson red droplets blaze and effect a deathly cast
The label, reading 80 Proof, buried underneath the ruby mask

And you forgot to think
When you took that drink

This child, porcelain and ethereal, finds a crutch
Against the guardrail, bent and broken by the clutch
Of an '88 Chevrolet and its fatal touch

And the tears fall from her eyes
And something in him dies

Innocence lost in the chronic pain
It'll never be ok: it's impossible to feign
What happened last night leaves the rest in fog and rain

And she thinks: 'I always looked up to you'
And he whispers: 'I wanted to be just like you'

Such an awful waste; it's a toxic vice
And you had to pay the final price
If only you had remembered that timeless advice:

Don't drink and drive
And you will arrive alive

Devon Bovell