

Stephen Lynch, Special Fred

When I was a boy of 10
I had a very best friend.
Fred was kind with good intent
But just a little different

Oh special Fred
Mama dropped him on his head
Now hes not so bright instead
Hes a little bit special
Just a little bit

We'd played tag and he'd get hurt
I'd play soldier he'd eat dirt
I like math and the spelling bee
Fred liked talking to a tree

Oh special Fred
Mama dropped him on his head
Now she keeps him in the shed
Cause hes a little bit special
Just a little bit.

I ran track, hung out in malls,
Fred ran headfirst into walls.
I had girls and lots of clothes,
fred had names for all his toes.

Oh special Fred
Mama dropped him on his head.
Now he thinks hes a piece of bread
Cause hes a little bit special,
Just a little bit.

One day talking to special Fred
He grabed up a brick and swung at my head
As he laughed at me thats when I knew.
Special Fred just made me special to!

Now I laugh as I count bugs,
I give strangers great big hugs,
Next to me Fred is fine,
Yea hes a fuckin Enstine.

Oh special Fred and me.
Now we're not right in the head you see
Now we're not so bright instead
We're a little bit special

That bastard Fred made me special
Just a little bit

Just a little bit.....Special.