

Red Randall, Freewriting

He's a boy scout, made it to eagle
Drives a t-bird and a LaSabre too
He's a pitcher, crazy 'bout Sal Pane
Goes to Borders ..Just to hang out

It's a long day living in East Scranton
Working.. at Mercy parking garage
And it's Turon, he was the dark wizard
A long time, long long long ago

But he's free, free writing
Yeah he's free, free writing

All the vampires calling em'selves Shields
Move over, to escape projectiles
And all the bad boys are throwing stuff at Neal
All the bird does, is watch 'em fly by...

CHORUS

Free writing, now he's a, free writing, now I'm a
Free writing, now he's a, free writing, now I'm a

I want to think about; when he called Lance 'bird droppings'
I want to know about; when he backhanded Joe
Gonna free write on about nothing
Gonna leave this table for a while...

CHORUS