

# Steely Dan, Charlie Freak

Charlie Freak had but one thing to call his own  
Three weight ounce pure golden ring no precious stone  
Five nights without a bite  
No place to lay his head  
And if nobody takes him in  
He'll soon be dead  
On the street he spied my face I heard him hail  
In our plot of frozen space he told his tale  
Poor man, he showed his hand  
So righteous was his need  
And me so wise I bought his prize  
For chicken feed

Newfound cash soon begs to smash a state of mind  
Close inspection fast revealed his favorite kind  
Poor kid, he overdid  
Embraced the spreading haze  
And while he sighed his body died  
In fifteen ways

When I heard I grabbed a cab to where he lay  
'Round his arm the plastic tag read D.O.A.  
Yes Jack, I gave it back  
The ring I could not own  
Now come my friend I'll take your hand  
And lead you home