Stephen Lynch, Special

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

Oh, special Ed Mama dropped him on his head Now he's not so bright instead He's a little bit special Just a little bit

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

Oh, special Ed Mama dropped him on his head Now she keeps him in the shed Cause he's a little bit special Just a little bit

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

Oh, special Ed Mama dropped him on his head Now he thinks he's a piece of bread Cause he's a little bit special Just a little bit

One day while talking to special Ed
He grabbed a brick and he swung at my head
And as he laughed at me thats when I knew
That special Ed just made me special too
Now I laugh as I count bugs
I give strangers great big hugs
Next to me Ed is fine
Yeah he's a f---ing Einstein

Oh, Special Ed (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
Just a little bit special
That fucker Ed made me special
Just a little bit
Just a little bit ... special