

# 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 that's 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