

Live "Freaks"

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If the mother goes to sleep with you
Will you run and tell Geraldo?
If the mother bears your children without tears
Without the usual costs of labor

If the mother goes to bed with you
Will you run and tell the neighbors?
Will you hide behind that get up that you wear?
Or will you take the first ear that comes into contact
with your blade
Like Peter did on the hill

Will you call her a freak?
Will you call them freaks?

If the mother goes to bed with you
Will you run and tell the papers?
How she picked you from a line up in downtown
Philadelphia
With a cigarette hangin' out of your mouth
And Henry Miller in your back pocket?
You little fucker

If the mother goes to bed with you
In the bowels of the cathedral
Will you render her asunder with what she really needs
Or will you crash that beautiful silence with some talk
about
Finding yourself in your mother's arms?

Will you call her a freak?
Will you call her freaks?
Will you call them Gods?
Will you call them freaks?

You know your sperm is weak
You never looked so high
To ever find till so low
You did not have to go that far

Now you know they're gonna come for you
And drag your silly name into the mud

If the mother bears your children without tears
Without the usual costs of labor

Will you call her a freak?
Will you call her freaks on?
Will you call them Gods?
Will you call them freaks?

You know your sperm is weak now
You never looked so high
To ever find till so low
You did not have to go that far

To show where you are
Show where you are, oh hey
To show where you are holdin'
To show where you are holdin'
To show where you are holdin'
To show where you are holdin'
Baby, baby

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