

Neal Morse

"Freak"

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My tongue is the pen of a ready writer; I've got so much
to say
I'm not schizophrenic I just haven't had my medicine
today
People they act like they've never seen a king before
But when I just am that I am they tell me
"There's the door"

Cause I am a freak
A riddle
The kind you love too little
I am the one you call "the other"
You can't take home to mother
I am the angst
Provider
The ultimate outsider
And I'm not welcome where the work is
Not in your homes or in your churches...

My tongue is the pen and I feel inspired unusually
today
My bed at the bridge kept me warm all night til the sky
turned cold and
Gray
At noon on the corner I shout out words they can't
ignore
But nobody sees they're too busy making money, kids
and war

But I am a freak
A riddle
The kind you trust too little I am the one you call
"the other"
You can't take home to mother
I am the angst
Provider
The ultimate outsider
And I'm not welcome where the work is
Not in your homes or in your churches...

Cry me a river

With an ocean all around
So many strangers live right among you now
There right here right now

But I am a freak
A riddle
I may have just a little
But I might be a savior or a brother
A someone's long lost mother
Maybe I'm not like the scriptures
And I don't fit your pictures
But maybe an angel's come between us
Who knows?
I might be Jesus...

I am a freak
A riddle
The kind you love too little
I am the one you call "the other"
You can't take home to mother
I am the angst
Provider
The ultimate outsider
But maybe an angel's come between us
Who knows?
I might be Jesus...

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