

Steven Lynch "Special Fred"

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When I was a boy of ten
I had a very best friend
Fred was kind with good intent
But just a little different

OH! Special Fred
His momma dropped him on his head
Now he's not so bright instead
He's just 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 spelling bee's
Fred liked talking to a tree!

OH! Special Fred
His momma dropped him on his head
Now she keeps him the shed
'Cause he's a little bit special
Just a little bit...

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

Oh! Special Fred
His momma 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 talkin' to Special Fred
He grabbed a brick and he swung at my head
And as he laughed at me that's when I knew
That special Fred just made me special tooooo!

Now I laugh as I count bugs
I give strangers great big hugs
Next to me Fred is fine
Yeah, he's a fucking Einstien

OH! Special Fred, and me
Got knocked 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 bastard friend made me special
Just a little bit special...

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