

Shel Silverstein "(freakin' At The) Freaker's Ball"

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There's gonna be a Freaker's Ball yes yes tonight at the
Freaker's Hall

Ha ha yeah and you know that you're invited one and
all

C'mon babies grease your lips grab your hats swing
your hips

And don't forget to bring your whips I'll take you to the
Freaker's Ball

Blow your whistle bang your gong roll up somethin' to
take along

It feels so good but it must be wrong a freakin' at the
Freaker's Ball

All the fags and the dikes they boogyin' together
Leather freaks're dressed in all kinds of leather
The greatest of the sadists and the masochists too
Screamin' please hit me and I'll hit you

The FBI a dancin' with the junkies all the straights a
swingin' with the funkies

Cross the floor and up the wall a freakin' at the
Freaker's Ball

Y'all a freakin' at the Freaker's Ball

[horns]

No hairs and long hairs kissin' each other mother with
daughter son with mother

Smear my body up with butter and take me to the
Freaker's Ball

Pass that roach and pour the wine I'll kiss yours and
you'll kiss mine

I'm a gonna boogie till I go blind a freakin' at the
Freaker's Ball

Oh the white freaks black freaks yellow and red ones
Necropheliacs a lookin' for dead ones

Tickers the sickers they're gettin' their kicks
With the womans libbers and the sexist pigs

The plastercasters castin' their plasters the
masturbators baitin' their masters

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