

Stephen Lynch "Special Fred"

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When I was a boy of 10
I had a very best friend
fred was kind with good intent
But just a little different

Oh special fred
Mama dropped on his head
Now hes not so bright instead
Hes a little bit special
Just a little bit

We played tag and hed get hurt
Id play soldier he'd eat dirt
I like math and the spelling bee
fred liked talking to a tree

Oh special fred
Mama dropped on his head
Now she keeps him in the shed
Cause hes a little bit special
Just a little bit

I ran track hung out in malls
fred ran headfirst into walls
I had girls and lots of clothes
fred had names for all his toes

Oh special fred
Mama dropped him on his head
Now he thinks hes a piece of bread
Cause hes a little bit special
Just a little bit
I flunked college life was great
Fred could count from one to Two
I liked people and the party scene
Fred was scared of the Vacuum cleaner

Oh special fred
Mama dropped him on his head
Now he thinks he can drive his bed
Cause hes a little bit special
Just a little bit

One day talking to special fred
He grabbed a brick and he swung at my head
And as he laughed at me thats when I knew
That special fred just made me special too

Woah woah now I laugh as I count bugs
I give strangers great big hugs
Next to me fred is fine
Yeah hes a f***in einstein

Oh special fred 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 bastard fred made me special
Just a little bit

Just a little bit.....special

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