

finna

"im spedshille"

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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. Special Fred, Momma dropped him on his head. Now he's not so bright, instead He's a little bit special. Just a little bit. We played tag, and he'd get hurt. I'd play "soldier", He'd eat dirt. I liked math and the spelling bee. Fred liked talking to a tree. Special Fred, Momma dropped him on his head. Now she keeps him in the shed, 'Cuz 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. Special Fred, Momma dropped him on his head. Now he thinks he's a piece of bread, 'Cuz he's 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 that's when I knew That Special Fred just made me special too. Now I laugh as I count bugs. I give strangers great, big hugs. Next to me, Fred is fine. Yeah, he's a f--kin' Einstein. Special Fred and me, Now we're not right in the head you see. Now we're not so bright intead 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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