

Special

Stephen Lynch

When I was a boy of 10, I had a special friend
Ed was kind, with good intent
But just a little different Oh, special Ed
his Mama mama dropped him dropped him on his head
Now he's not so bright instead
He's a little bit special
Just a little bit special We'd play tag, and he'd get hurt
I'd play soldier, he'd eat dirt
I liked math, and the spelling bee
Ed liked talking to a tree Oh, special Ed
his Mama mama dropped him dropped him on his head
Now she keeps him in the shed
Cause he's a little bit special
Just a little bit special I ran track, hung out in malls
Ed ran headfirst into walls
I had girly girls, and lots of clothes
Ed had names for all his toes Oh, special Ed
Mama mama dropped him 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 special I thought collage life was great
Ed could count from one to... two,
I liked people and the party scene
Ed was afraid of the vacuum cleaner Oh special Ed
his Mama mama dropped him dropped him on his head
now he thinks he can drive his bed
cause he's a little bit special Then one day talking to special Ed
He grabbed a brick and he swung at my head
And as he laughed at me that's when I knew
That special Ed just made me special too
Now I laugh as I count bugs
I give strangers great big hugs
Next to me Ed is fine
Yeah he's a f---ing Einstein Oh, Special Ed (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 Ed made me special

Just a little bit
Just a little bit ... special

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