# Freakin' At the Freakers' Ball

## Shel Silverstein

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 ]
Hard hats 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
Cross the floor and up the wall a freakin' at the Freaker's Ball
Y'all a freakin' at the Freaker's Ball y'all a freakin' at the Freaker's Ball

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