

Charlie Freak

Becker And Fagen

Charlie Freak had but one thing to call his own
Three weight ounce pure golden ring no precious stone
Five nights without a bite, no place to lay his head
And if nobody takes him in he'll soon be dead
On the street he spied my face I heard him hail
In our plot of frozen space he told his tale
Poor man, he showed his hand, so righteous was his need
And me so wise I bought his prize for chicken feed

Newfound cash soon begs to smash a state of mind
Close inspection fast revealed his favorite kind
Poor kid, he overdid, embraced the spreading haze
And while he sighed his body died in fifteen ways
When I heard I grabbed a cab to where he lay
'Round his arm the plastic tag read 'D.O.A'
Yes Jack, I gave it back, the ring I could not own
Now come my friend I'll take your hand and lead you home

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