

Freckles

Harry Nilsson

Freckles was his name
He always used to get the blame
For every broken window pane
And how they'd yank him
They'd always spank himIn school, he'd tease the girls
He always used to pull their curls
The way that boy would carry on
It was a shameAnd when the teacher found a tack on her chair
Though a hundred children were there
Everybody said, "Freckles"
He always got the blameFreckles was his name
He always used to get the blame
For every broken window paneIn school, he'd tease the girls
He always used to pull their curls
The way that boy would carry on
It was a shameAnd when the cat had kittens up in the hay
One was black and seven were gray
Everybody said, "Freckles"
He always got the blameAnd though his marks were lower
Then the kids much slower
His marks were perfect
With the old bean blowerFreckles was his name
He always used to get the blame
For every broken window paneIn school, he'd tease the girls
He always used to pull their curls
The way that boy would carry on
It was a shame

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