

Freakin' At The Freaker's Ball

Dr. Hook

(Shel Silverstein) Well there's gonna be a freaker's ball (ha ha)
Tonight at the Freaker's Hall
And you know you're invited one and all
Uh oh Come on baby's grease your lips
Grab your hats and swing your hips
And don't forget to bring your whips
We're going to the freaker's ball (yes) Blow your whistle, and bang your gong
Roll up something to take along
It feels so good, it must be wrong
We're freakin' at the freaker's ball Well all the fags and the dykes they're boogie-in' together
The leather freaks are dressed in all kinds of leather
The greatest of the sadists and the masochists too
Screaming please hit me and I'll hit you The FBI is dancin' with the junkies
All the straights, swingin' with the funkies
Across the floor and up the wall
We're freakin' at the freaker's ball, y'all
We're freakin' at the freaker's ball Everybody's kissing each other
Brother with sister, son with mother
Smear my body up with butter
And take me to the freaker's ball Pass that roach please, and pour the wine
I'll kiss yours if you'll kiss mine
I'm gonna boogie 'til I'm cold blind
Freakin' at the freaker's ball White ones, black ones, yellow ones, red ones
Necrophiliacs looking for dead ones
The greatest of the sadists and the masochists too
Screaming please hit me and I'll hit you Everybody ballin' in batches
Pyromaniacs strikin' matches
I'm gonna itch me where it scratches
Freakin' at the freaker's ball, y'all
We're freakin' at the freaker's ball We're at a ball
We're freakin' at the freaker's ball (c) 1973 Tro-Essex Music Ltd.

Songwriters

SHEL SILVERSTEIN Published by

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