

Freak

Paul Cauthen

Out here in East Texas, you get pulled over and you have that devil's lettuce on you, you get thrown behind the big wall. Meet a lotta characters, there in jail. Lemme tell you 'bout 'em

Rough and rowdy
Tall and mean
Them red and blues
They're takin' me
Down to County
On Elm Street
With all the freaks

Beats washin' dishes
They're servin' me
Three square meals
And a place to sleep
Clearin' my mind
On the inside
With all the freaks
Freaks like me

Well, Tommy got pinched
At the strip mall
Had an itch
'Til the law broke his fall
Six months in jail
No one to call
He's just a freak
A freak like me
A freak like me

(Tell us somethin' 'bout it, Austin)

Well, Reverend Al
Preachin' good news
Lost his flock
They flew the coop
She wanted heaven
What she couldn't do
Now he's in for seven on child support due

Facin' the devil
Answerin' his call
Usin' his vessel
It's never enough
'Cause Tommy's got issues
So does Big Al
'Cause they're all freaks
Freaks like me
Yeah, freaks like me

Well, I finished my time
Singin' my songs
Tip jar's out
Come sing along
Whether on the inside
Or out here free

Ain't no hidin'
From a freak like me (Freak, freak)
From a freak like me (Freak, freak)
From a freak like me (Freak, freak)
From a freak like me (Freak, freak)
Yeah, a freak like me (Freak, freak)
Freak like me (Freak, freak)
From a freak like me (Freak, freak)
From a freak like me (Freak, freak)
Freak like me (Freak, freak)