

Freak Boy

Spock's Beard

You're a freak boy
You're a freak boy
You're a freak boy
How could you think I'd love you

You're a toothpick
So pathetic
You make me sick
I barely even know you

I took my turn in your prayer line
I felt something more like a warning
They all saw you secretly looking
Now you're here at two in the morning

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You're a magnet
For the pathetic
I can't tell you
How much your face revolts me

In a way you are the worst kind
Think you know so much about people
So how come you never saw me
Open my church and smell all the people now

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