

# Was läuft gerade bei Euch?

Beitrag von „Nightflyer“ vom 1. Januar 2021, 15:43

## Zager & Evans - "Fred" 1969

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pSTOqvSZ1g4>

In a white and narrow room, they pulled him  
from his mother's womb.  
Hangin' from his heels he cried and  
everyone put on their smiles.  
Ugly red and dripping wet, they put him in a  
bassinet. Tiny toes and fingernails, his Daddy said,  
"He'll go to Yale".  
Such was the first day for Fred.

When he reached the age of nine, he killed  
a frog with a kitchen knife. He broke the  
wing of a noble bird, with a jagged rock his  
slingshot hurled.

When he reached the age of ten, he stole  
the neighbor's guinea hen. Wrapped it's  
feet in masking tape. It starved to death in  
thirteen days.  
Such was the tenth year for Fred.

When Fred was sweet sixteen, he robbed  
the neighborhood Dairy Queen. He drove  
away in his Daddy's car. But, he didn't get  
far. The local 'fuzz' hauled him away. He  
went to trial the very next day, found guilty.  
The sixteenth year for Fred.

And his Daddy cried... Oh Fred, Fred,  
where'd we go wrong? We used to buy you  
things, I thought we got along. Oh Fred,  
Fred your living a life of sin. Tell me Fred,  
what are we gonna tell our friends?

When Fred was twenty one, he was well  
prepared for things to come. He'd learned  
to kill, hate and steal. Now Uncle Sam  
offered Fred a deal, "We need good men like  
you my boy to throw grenades to fine young  
boys." It takes aggression and a will of  
steel, and mainly, we got a quota to fill! And

off to fight went soldier Fred.

When Fred was thirty two, he was covered with medals all red and blue. He'd killed twelve men in eleven years. But, never once did he shed a tear. Now Fred was returning home, discharged with a broken bone. Climbed aboard his plane that night and roared off into the clear blue skies. And that's where friends always fly.

Fred found a seat in row number two, sat himself down and loosened his boots. Along came a fellow with blonde short hair, he said, "Hey man, you sitting in my chair!" Fred got up and hit the poor man, forgot about the cast he had on his hand. He killed him dead in one clean blow, it didn't bother Fred, too much though. Such was homecoming for Fred.

And his Daddy cried...Oh Fred, Fred, where'd we go wrong? We used to buy you things, I thought we got along. Oh Fred, Fred you've done it again. Tell me Fred, what are we gonna tell our friends?