

“Freaky Fred”

Courage the Cowardly Dog (December 3, 1999)

"Hello, new friend.
My name is Fred.
The words you hear are in my head.
I say, I said, my name is Fred.

And I've been...very nauuuughtyyyy...

The story I'm about to tell,
I tell you, I will tell you well,
it is about my dear Aunt Muriel.

And just how I've been... nauuuughtyyyy...

Viola!
The farm. My Aunt lives here.
With precious pup, and husband dear.
My heart beat fast as I drew near.

I felt so nice...and nauuuughtyyyy...

I thought just how excited they
must be, that I would come today.
They'd shout, "Come Fred! Huzzah! Hurray!".

Dear boy, you look so... nauuuughtyyyy...

That's when my tired eyes beheld,
a doggy dog, like dog he smelled.
D-O-G is what he spelled.

And that's how I spell... nauuuughtyyyy...

Alone, was I.
With tender Courage.
With all his fur, his furry furrage.

Which I say, did encourage me,
to be, quite... nauuuughtyyyy...

It was a day I'd not forget,
the day that I first met my pet.
Oh! What a lovely gift to get.

I'd never felt so... nauuuughtyyyy...

My fuzzy friend is what he was,
this darling little ball of fuzz.
And, oh, such fuzz, such fuzz! It does

demand that I be... nauuuughtyyyy...

He looked at me, his fetching eyes,
and fetching fur did hypnotize.
I filled with joy, I filled with sighs.

And that's when I got... nauuuughtyyyy...

This dripping hair, this droopy curl.
Unfurls sweet memories, of a girl.
With tresses, oh, they'd twist and twirl.

And tempt me to be... nauuuughtyyyy...

Barbara, my love was named.
And her fair hair, a mane untamed.
Until one evening, I'm afraid.

I got a little... nauuuughtyyyy...

The look upon my young love's face,
was sweet as lace.
But in this case, I realized she...needed space.

I never more was naughty.

Well...maybe not ever.

Dear cur.
Your fur and fleece remind
of nothing found in humankind.
But for one fellow,

who did find me to be...in a certain mood.

Into my shop he walked one day,
with bush above and beard bouquet.
That's no toupee, I pray, no way,

I couldn't help but be...you know.

I'd never seen such hair before.
His bangs, they sang.
His neck, it beckoned.
Eyebrows, armpits, all were reckoned.
Soon I figured what the heck, and,

Guess how I was... nauuuughtyyyy...

Sweet pooch, afraid I'll shave your tail?
Why now, that would be weird!

So ends our little story.

But then my landlords did presume,
to free me from that porcelain tomb.
And ferry to a private room.

Your hero ever doughty.

Goodbye, dear Aunt.
I'll miss your farm.
And Eustace's ebullient charm.
And farewell, Courage, what's the harm?

If I was slightly... nauuuughtyyyy...

With love...Fred."

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