

## Midnight Cabaret

Chris Trapper

I took off my clothes,  
threw 'em down to the floor  
and then I left behind my wallet  
and walked out my front door  
I was standing stark naked  
right there in the street  
With nothing covering my chest  
and nothing covering my feet  
Until the old lady screamed  
"somebody call the police..  
Lock him up, lock up the super freak"

This ain't no two bit town or midnight cabaret  
And then the jury looked down and said  
"son what have you got to say?"  
I'd rather look like a fool  
than go my whole damn life afraid

Well, people leaving for work, they just sat  
still in their cars  
By the way everybody was acting you  
would have thought I was armed  
But I was just feeling back to nature,  
like I could finally be free  
'Til the police car pulled up and said  
"son, come with me"  
I said "officer, I'm tired of being  
judged by my looks.  
People keep putting down the cover and  
never reading the book"

You can't bury a brand name  
with you in your grave  
and if you walk around naked,  
think of the cash you'll save.  
You can pack up your suitcase  
in two seconds flat  
And you won't have to worry  
'cause everybody will know if you're fat  
May the wind always be with you  
at your back  
And may you never be afraid  
of anything you lack