

I Want to Be Me

Just the other day, I looked high into the sky.
I watched the clouds as they rolled by.
I wanted to see birds dip and glide.
I wanted to pretend I could take such a ride.
The eagle flew past me and waved with his wing.
A bluebird fluttered by me and started to sing.
I raised my arms, and I flapped them up and down.
Nothing happened, I stayed put on the ground.

A little while ago, I walked into a forest and climbed a tree.
I wanted the squirrels to see me.
They could jump from high to low.
They were too quick to catch, and I was too slow.
I saw the chipmunks playing tag.
When I tried to follow, my branch began to sag.
I wanted to jump to the next tree.
I wanted to follow and be just as free.

I cannot fly in the sky.
Not even if I try.
I cannot jump from tree to tree.
That is just not me.
I can hop, and I can run.
I can do all that for fun.
I just want to be me.