

Ryan Malcolm**"Variety"**

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I should be happy
Prime of my life
Singular wild and free.
Nothing out of the ordinary.
But I still want to be everything,
Have you every wanted to be everything?
Sometimes the dreaming gets so overwhelming.
So many places, so many places.
Take me down to the ocean to the ever-lapping shore
Fly me high in the mountains, where it's all one open
door.
Drive me into the city where the crazies come out at
night
And I'll be one of them, I'll be one of them this time.
I should be willing,
I should be down for the adventure
Standing up and stabbing westward
On and along the trail.
Pick up my things and bail.
But there's so much unfinished,
So much open-ended business
And sadness and pleasure so close together
I can't seem to tell the difference.
Better take it all, I guess.
Give me Friday night apartments with red-faced tears
of laughter.
Jumping up and down, drinking happy ever-after
Build a wall of good people and you can't beat a young
mans pride
So I'll be one of them, I'll be one of them this time.
Open my eyes and make me wonder,
Show me all there is to see.
Give me music and more people
Dirty magazines and poetry.
Give me variety in all it's forms,
Give me everything, then give me more and more and
more.
Give me something I can taste, that I can see,
That I can feel, that I can be.
Variety.
Variety.

Variety.
Variety wont bring her back to me.
I should be happy,
Prime of my life.
Single and wild and far from free.
And bound by all this variety.
And now there's too much of everything,
Did I ever really want to be everything?
And now the memories are so overwhelming:
So many places
So many places where she used to be.

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