

For this song, I felt that God wanted me to relay the message that He created each of us to be an individual with unique physical and mental characteristics; and that He designed and wired us with special gifts (often called “talents”) to enable us to fulfill His purpose for us during the time we have in this world.

He could have made the world and each of us to be perfect. But then, there would be no incentive, and little opportunity to gain the spiritual maturity we will need in preparation for our life in eternity.

So this song is what I came up with...though I have had some people tell me that I might have missed the seriousness of His point just a little. (Had He gifted me a bit more generously in the brain department, I might have come a little closer to what He was looking for).

Until He says otherwise, here is my celebration of life’s differences, variances, discrepancies, dissimilarities, incongruities, quirks, disparities, divergencies, and...well, that’s about all I could get from my dictionary (and sadly, the “tongue-in-cheek” section couldn’t offer words that are more easily pronounced).

Variety

by Jeffrey Robert Smith

Chorus: Variety... variety... God made it the spice of life...
It could be why your mother’s so much diff’rent from your wife.
If ev’rything was just the same, there’d be nothing new to try;
And you’d keep running into “me, myself and I”.

Verse 1: I’ve had Fords, Chevys, Chryslers,
And a car that just spoke German,
So I found a good mechanic who did, too.
His name was Hans, and he had a raphor
With a green Mercedes back in summer ’04.
So they ran away; and I never saw either again.

Secondary 1: Okay... that’s a bad example, Lord.
No, You’re right... I guess it flopped.
Yes, I’ll try to do much better;
Or You can make this music stop.

Verse 2: I’ve had dogs that bark; and dogs that bite;
And dogs that just smelled bad;
And even dogs that just left hair upon the couch.
I had one to walk in the mornin’ with me;
And one to pet when I’m watchin’ T.V.;
Even one who could make a mailman cry or say “ouch!”.

Secondary 2: If those aren’t the words You wanted, Lord.
I can start back at the top.
And I’ll try to make Your point this time,
Don’t You make this music stop.

Chorus: Variety... variety... God made it the spice of life...
It could be why your mother’s so much diff’rent from your wife.
If ev’rything was just the same, there’d be nothing new to try;
You’d keep running into “me, myself and I”.

Verse 3: I've tried dating sights on the internet,
'Cause they said they'd match me up
With a variety of women most like me.

But the ones I got always seemed too weird;
'Cause my perfect mate is a thing to be feared...
She was just like me in ev'ry way, except for the beard.

Secondary 3: Don't pour out that cup of kindness, Lord.
'Cause I'll need another drop.
So, forgive me, I'll keep trying...
Please don't make this music stop.

Verse 4: There are brown guitars; and red guitars;
And some I wish I had - if I could
Take a lot of money to the store.

I would play them all if I had enough time;
And write more songs full of music and rhyme...
But the Lord is saying I should talk about "variety" more.

Secondary 4: Please have faith, dear Lord, and rest assured...
Let me try another verse.
If it doesn't get much better,
Well it can't get too much worse.

Chorus: Variety... variety... God made it the spice of life...
It could be why your mother's so much diff'rent from your wife.
If ev'rything was just the same, there'd be nothing new to try;
You'd keep running into "me, myself and I".

Verse 5: There are happy folks; and angry folks;
And folks who just look bored
When I play music that's as silly as this song.
But I love them all 'cause that's what I've been told;
Yes, He said I should, if I wanna grow old.
And besides, He told me to play a "variety" song.

Secondary 5: Have I made the point You wanted, Lord?
Is there anything to fix?
If five verses didn't clear it up,
Hold on... I'll go for six.

Verse 6: Now, "diff'rent strokes for diff'rent folks"
Really makes the world much better
Than it would be if we all were just the same.
But I wish that we spoke a common tongue;
It's hard to know what is spoken or sung.
Even when we pray, we have called You different names.

Secondary 6: I can almost hear You yawn, dear Lord;
So I'll take this to it's close.
And I hope it's what You wanted
For the subject that You chose.

Secondary 7: So, I got Your message to the crowd...
All about "variety".

Out of all who could have written it,
I'm glad that You chose me.

Secondary 8: If it seemed a bit too "different",
Well, that's what I tried to do.
And I'll count on your forgiving ways...
If it's all the same to You.

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