



Just Like Me

Maybe God doesn't have arms or legs,
A belly button or a big toe,
But you can bet he's got personality.
He likes good things and doesn't like bad things—
Just like me.

God is strong when he needs to be,
Gentle when it's called for.
He loves babies and puppies,
And in a pinch, kittens—
Just like me.

Clothes by Gucci, or kitschy,
Miss America, or Mr. Magoo,
Tall or short, skinny or not,
God is not big on appearances—
Just like me.

You can ask God for something,
But if it's an asinine request,
He'll probably say,
“You must be kidding—”
Just like me.

God doesn't sweat the small stuff.
People who annoy him with petty matters
Should get off their butts
And "just do it—"
Just like me.

God doesn't keep an enemy's list.
He knows who his friends are.
He doesn't wait till Christmas to find out
Who's been naughty or nice—
Just like me.

God won't always help you
If you get in a jam.
He might leave you hanging
To teach you a lesson—
Just like me.

If you're dumb enough to tick God off,
He'll take you to the woodshed,
Behind the gym, or under the bleachers,
And teach you a lesson you won't soon forget—
Just like me.

Now that I think of it,
I know a lot about God.
We're not all that different.
God, as it turns out—
Is just like me.