

The World And Bud

If we were all alike, what a dreadful world 'twould be!
No one would know which one was you or which of us was me.
We'd never have a 'Skinny' or a 'Freckles' or a 'Fat,'
An' there wouldn't be a sissy boy to wear a velvet hat;
An' we'd all of us be pitchers when we played a baseball match,
For we'd never have a feller who'd have nerve enough to catch.

If we were all alike an' looked an' thought the same,
I wonder how'd they call us, 'cause there'd only be one name.
An' there'd only be one flavor for our ice cream sodas, too,
An' one color for a necktie an' I 'spose that would be blue;
An' maybe we'd have mothers who were very fond of curls,
An' they'd make us fellers wear our hair like lovely little girls.

Sometimes I think it's funny when I hear some feller say
That he isn't fond of chocolate, when I eat it every day.
Or some other fellow doesn't like the books I like to read;
But I'm glad that we are different, yes, siree! I am indeed.
If everybody looked alike an' talked alike, Oh, Gee!
We'd never know which one was you or which of us was me.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1957)