

# Ryan Montbleau, Variety

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 man's 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 its 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 won't 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.