

## *Michael and the Bad Hair Day*

Psa. 139: 14 "...I am fearfully and wonderfully made...."

"I can't imagine a thing worse than a bad hair day  
And worse yet today is my school picture day

My hair is so unruly that it goes this way then that  
Frankly, what I think I need most is just to wear my hat.

Even when it's not my hair, it seems to be something  
And it's never just one, it's usually a bunch of things

Right down to my ankles where my socks don't match  
From the way I look I wasn't born, I was probably hatched

Usually in school I try to hide behind my history book  
Left handed, with freckles, jenny laughs at the way I look

Lovingly, my mom says that it's nice to be 'unique'  
Yeah, I feel like a billy goat standing upon a peak

And by the way dear God, tell me why did you invent the zit?  
Nancy laughed so hard I thought her sides were going to split

David pointed to the one on my nose on our way to lunch  
Worse thing yet, by tomorrow there'll be a whole bunch

One more question I need to ask you God before I go to bed  
Next time you create somebody, and put their hair upon their head

Don't hurry through it. Could you please just take your time?  
Even if he's not perfect, I'm sure that most of him will be fine"

Restfully, Michael closes his eyes and slowly drifts asleep  
Fully knowing that God will save his tears as he weeps

"Understand my dear son, that I, the Lord, and in control  
Let others say what they will, for they cannot touch your soul

Look to where your beauty lies, always on the inside  
Yet man can only see what he sees on the outside

Michael, when I create, it's always something wonderful  
And when I made you, I paused and said, 'He is beautiful' "

Don't be fooled by what we see, beauty is not skin deep  
Everyone was made by God, and no one should ever weep