

## Why Am I Me?

By, Geld and Udell

Tell ya what I'm thinkin' honestly and true.  
How come I come to life as me and not to life as you?  
Way down underneath it all  
Where no one gets to see  
I'll bet it feels no diff'rent bein' you or bein' me.

Why was I born? When I was born?  
Who was I born to be?  
Why was I given the body I'm livin' in?  
Why am I Gabriel?  
Why am I Anderson  
Why am I me?  
Why am I me?  
Why am I me?

Why am I me?  
Why am I now?  
Why am I who you see?  
Why was I handed the person I landed in?  
Why am I Gabriel?  
Why am I Anderson?  
Why am I me?  
Why am I me?  
Why am I me?

I figure somebody put the "who" in the folks like droppin' a stone in a lake  
So maybe I'm thinkin' I'm Abraham Lincoln and somebody made a mistake.  
If I were born somebody else  
Betch I still would be me  
So many bein's  
I know I could be me in.  
Why must I be in the bein' you see me in?  
Why am I Gabriel?  
Why am I Anderson?  
Why am I me?  
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