

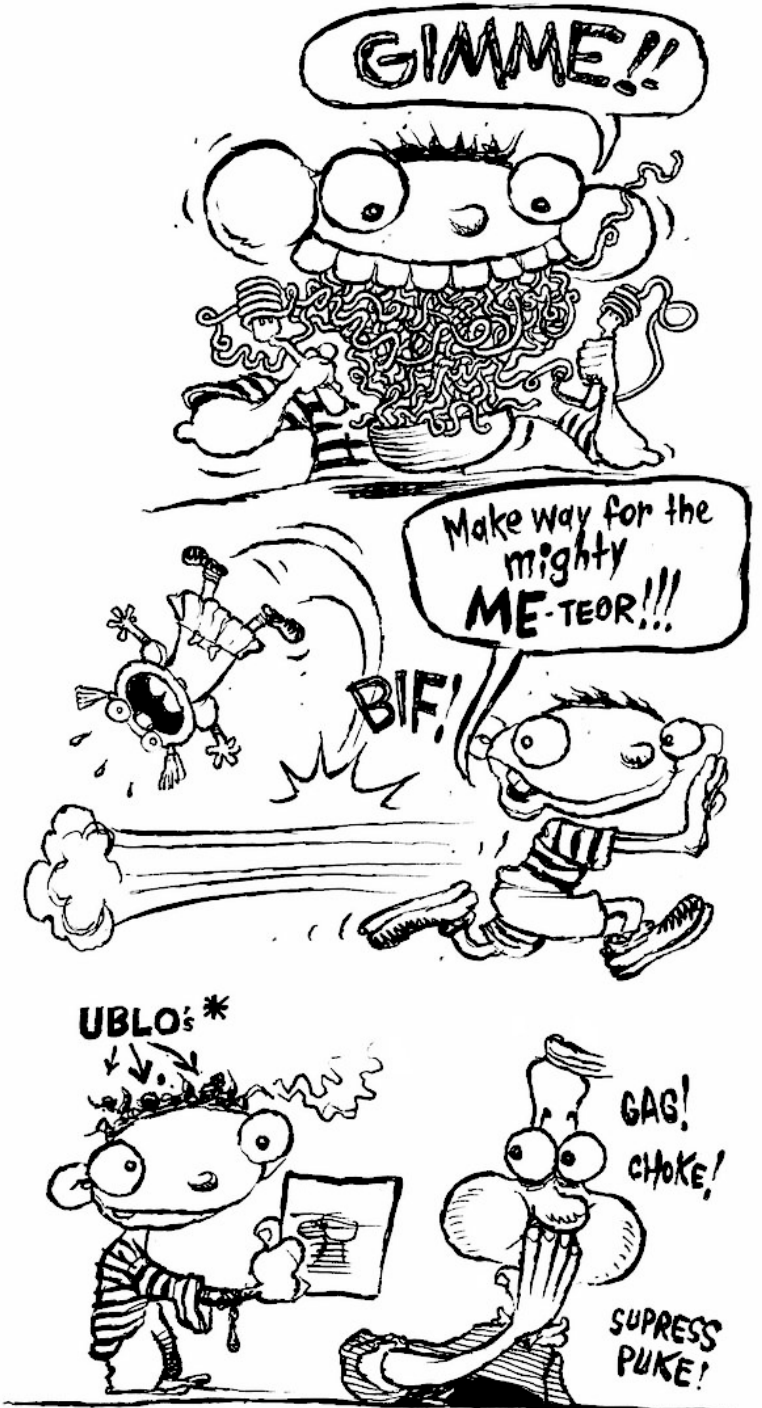


# "Me, Me" Lee

There once was a Boy named Lee,  
Who lived in east Sicily.  
If Spaghetti he'd spy,  
Or a Good Pizza Pie,  
He'd Gobble it up with a "Gimme."

There once was a Boy named Lee,  
Who'd forgotten about courtesy.  
His manners he'd lost,  
Kindness he'd tossed,  
And now it was just "me, me, me."

You should have seen poor, scruffy Lee,  
While he tramped through east Sicily.  
His shirt was untucked,  
His arms caked with muck,  
His hair looked like ragú and spaghetti.



UBLOs\*

\* Unidentified Bolognese-Like objects

Friends were mighty hard to keep,  
'cause he looked a bit like a creep,  
He'd try to book a date,  
To play Wii-Mi-Ni-ate,  
But they'd think, "The green on his  
teeth is the color of jeep!"



Can you guess what Lee saw at lunch break,  
While eating the whole team's Banana cake?  
There suddenly appeared,  
A man with a beard,  
Lee was dining with Jesus, no mistake.

Lee sat at a table near Christ's throne.  
Jesus smiled, so clean, with hair combed.  
No rude word did he utter,  
No grabbing the butter.  
Just kindness and selflessness shone.



NOW there is a Boy named Lee,  
 Who has learned a Great lesson, you see.  
 For when he transported Back,  
 To sad friends without snack,  
 He was tired of living selfishly.

From that point, our Protagonist, Lee,  
 Decided to make others happy.  
 He cleaned up his looks,  
 Preferred others, thanked the cooks,  
 Asked Jesus for help, repentantly.

So the next time you're Behaving slovenly,  
 Remember formerly scruffy Lee.  
 Leave your old self,  
 Take that Brush Off the shelf,  
 And start acting like Jesus, you see.

