

Which is the me you see?

I'm quite a lot of people
Now I come to think,
I do a lot of cooking
So, I'm often at the sink
But cook is not my title
No matter what folk think

I'm quite a lot of people
It's very clear to me
But which of all these people
Is the one you really see?

Yes, I'm quite a lot of people
And now I'm old and grey
People think I've had it
And will pop-off any day
But oldie's not my title
Honestly, no way

I'm quite a lot of people
It's very clear to me
But which of all these people
Is the one you really see?

Yes, I'm quite a lot of people
I answer happily to nan
Or to Fido's mummy
Or to missus from my man
But these are not my titles
Though you use them when you can

I'm quite a lot of people
It's very clear to me
But which of all these people
Is the one you really see?

Yes, I'm quite a lot of people
Vicar, mum and friend
The list goes on for ever
Will it ever end
But these are not my titles
On the prayers I often send

Yes, I'm a lot of people
But to God I'm simple Me
He listens and he listens
And says when I'm off key

He sees beyond the labels
That other people use
And never tries to fit me
Into other people's shoes

So, yes, I'm a lot of people
And I really never mind
The names that people call me
In fact, I really find

That being lots of people
Can be lots of fun
Because as different people
I can help anyone

In just the way they need me,
With just the words to say
As vicar, friend or nanny
Or the old dear across the way

These many alter-egos
Help me spread the word
As around the world I go
To people that have never heard

That God loves them dearly
And cares for them the same
And knows them all like he knows me
Who calls us all by name.

VMW