**Would you still love me…**

Would you still love me if I were a worm?

If I called the zoo my home sweet home,

Traveling to safety under the feet of children

Whose hands are stained by the wet sugar of cotton candy?

Would you still love me if I were a worm who lived in a zoo?

If I only came out on rainy days, dark and moody,

Writhing to freedom from my underground sanctuary

To enjoy the atmosphere and the freedom from people?

Would you still love me if I were a worm, lost in the crowd?

If I could not find my way back to you the one time I went out?

No sense of direction, little instinct or intellect,

Only driven by my desire to be out of the ground?

Would you still love me if I were a worm?

I’ve always hated that question until now,

As I’m realizing that I am lost in the zoo of people,

Crawling in a sad effort to reunite with you.