

Sitting on the fence is like being in the middle of the road,

Where things are mediocre and you want to share your load;

Talk about what's right and wrong and leave most people along;

As when life is full of mediocrity the average person's on the phone.

Mediocrity is simply ordinary with much of a fair game to play,

While still thinking that you're winning and really losing along the way;

Trying to maintain balance while to have to keep stable as well,

Not flying high or on a low but seeing if you can take the hell.

Though for me it's king of heaven to look normal and tell,

If you're smarter or you're dumber or if a paradigm shift will sell;

Which will put you out of kilter and unevenly oddly make a cell,

For when you rise above the occasion it's hard to be lower and excel.

So mediocrity is king of challenging to maintain stability all the time,

When words go down in poetry and have to fit into the rhyme,

Like you're striving to do your best and the left is left to crime,

As in mediocrity you perfectly fit equality in all the words sublime.

Now when you sick and worried if you're just a bit like everyone else,

Have a good sit down and think how lucky you are to be you're self;

For the beauty of the equation is to even balance all the time,

When mediocrity wants to make you famous and give God the blame for lime.

As the difference is really delirious when everything's the same,

And the joy is in the being your own personal face and name;

Just like Dad could be father Christmas and don't give God the blame,

But settle down at dinner like the Christmas feast is Easter's game.

Signed,

I mean the medium