

I Am So Misunderstood

Why oh why am I so misunderstood
They see me as bad when I try to be good
The lies the gossip, the envy and vile
All I do for some it will rile

When I try my charm it's seen as a boast
Try to enthuse, it's to intrude, not a toast
Out to be sociable, seen as being loud
Look at some faces, see hate in a crowd

Imaginative to some, eccentric to another
Ingenious to many, erratic to the negative who bother
Inspiring to some he's insightful with vision
Unreal to those others, who say with derision

Want to appreciate and care, more evasive they say
Considerate and right, so sensitive why play
Being tactful as ever, seen as vague less clever
When will they see, for some maybe never?
Organised and efficient, to them just compulsive
Attend to the detail, being impatient to the repulsive

What am I to do?
For those who hate like you
Many so sad maybe some bad
Many more with me so glad

Must not dwell on the negative
Cherish the positive
Look after the good
Just me misunderstood