

Clifford T. Ward, For Debbie And Her Friends

Growing up can be a lot of fun

Learning how to walk, and dance, and run

I know someone very special, she takes such care

Tell me what it's like in your wheel-chair.

You have learned to watch the others play

Joining in your stationary way

In your little world of stillness what do you dream?

Tell me where you go, how does it seem?

You have taught me more

Than any book I've ever read

And now I find

That I refer to you instead.

You ask me if I believe in God

I say he's someone I'm not sure of

Then you say that's silly of me - he must be there

Tell me what it's like in your wheel-chair

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