

Michael W. Smith, She Walks With Me

From the first breath of her life
She flew straight into my arms
I used to catch her from the swing
When she was five...
And now she dances on the wind
in a world as hard as stone
She's so anxious to begin
And ready to fly...

And she walks with me
And she talks with me
And I hold her hand in mine
I know she'll find her way
Like the light of day
Cause it's love that makes her strong

Though I cannot stop the rain
And I cannot turn the tide
And I am sure there will be things
That break her heart
I can only let her know
I am always on her side
And even as I let her go
I'll never be far

And she walks with me
And she talks with me
And I hold her hand in mine
I know she'll find her way
Like the light of day
Cause it's love that makes her strong

And she walks with me
And she talks with me
In my eyes she'll see my prayer
As she turns each page
Through this tender age
It is love that makes her strong
It's her love that makes her strong