

## Wheelin'

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When you see her in the evening in a bright green dress  
 Walking fast down the hallway you might never guess  
 That the lady has a weakness she's reluctant to confess.  
 No, you might not notice when she's dancing reels  
 That she made it through the airport on a set of wheels,  
 And she still isn't certain that she likes the way that it feels. C7 – E7

With her lover right behind her lookin' tired but proud  
 They were wheelin' their way through the airport crowd;  
 And the way it made her feel made her want to weep out loud.  
 'Cause they were cuttin' past the line at the TSA  
 Asking healthy young people to get out of her way  
 Savin' her strength to make it through another day. G7

When she has a good day she can walk a mile  
 Dance through the evening with grace and style  
 Greet her lover at the door with a tight embrace and a smile;  
 Next minute she's collapsing like she's half-way dead  
 With a fire in her body and an aching head  
 And she'll pay with pain and the rest of the weekend in bed. C7 – E7

So with her lover right beside her lookin' calm and cool  
 She walks up to the counter feeling like a fool  
 And tries to tell herself that a wheelchair's only a tool.  
 Soon she's wheelin' past the line at the TSA  
 Feeling weird watching people getting out of her way  
 But it's the easiest journey in years to the end of the day. G7

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*mine, mine, friends, topical*

C 3:15

Well, her <sup>C</sup>body is a battleground and life's a war,  
 And she's <sup>F</sup>lost against her <sup>C</sup>limits many times before;  
 But she's <sup>C</sup>still fightin' with a few <sup>G</sup>new tricks in store;  
 Because a <sup>C</sup>wheelchair is a weapon, not a mark of defeat  
 And she can <sup>F</sup>stay standing longer with some <sup>C</sup>time off her feet  
 The <sup>G</sup>battle isn't over, and <sup>C</sup>winning will be <sup>C7 – E7</sup>sweet.

With her <sup>F</sup>lover right behind her lookin' fierce and proud  
 They'll be <sup>C</sup>cutting a swath through the airport crowd  
 The way it <sup>C</sup>makes her feel will make her want to <sup>G</sup>laugh out loud.  
 'Cause she'll be <sup>C</sup>wheelin' past the line at the TSA  
 Watchin' <sup>F</sup>tough young punks scurry out of her <sup>C</sup>way  
 Savin' <sup>G</sup>her strength to make it through another <sup>C</sup>day. <sup>G7</sup>  
 Yeah, <sup>G6</sup>savin' her strength—to fight another <sup>G</sup>day. <sup>C</sup><sup>FC</sup>