

# Ill Walk

## Bucky Covington

We were 18, it was prom night.  
We had our first big fight.  
She said "Pull this car over".  
I did and then I told her, "I don't know what you are crying for".  
I grabbed her hand, as she reached for the door.

She said, I'll walk.  
Let go of my hand.  
Right now I'm hurt, and you don't understand.  
So just be quiet.  
And later we will talk.  
Just leave, don't worry.  
I'll walk.

It was a dark night, a black dress.  
Driver never saw her, around the bend.  
I never will forget the call, or driving to the hospital  
when they told me her legs still wouldn't move.  
I cried, when I walked into her room.

She said, I'll walk.  
Please come and hold my hand.  
Right now I'm hurt, and I don't understand.  
Let's just be quiet, and later we can talk.  
Please stay, don't worry.  
I'll walk.

I held her hand through everything.  
The weeks and months of therapy.  
And I held her hand and asked her, to be my bride.  
She's dreamed from a little girl, to have her daddy bring her down the aisle.  
So from her wheelchair, she looks up to him and smiles.

And says, I'll walk.  
Please hold my hand.  
I know that this will hurt, I know you understand.  
Please daddy don't cry.  
This is already hard.  
Let's go, don't worry.  
I'll walk.

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Lyrics submitted by Amanda.

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