

# Steps

## Trik Turner

Little baby boy, sittin' 'round his toys  
Gettin' tired of crawlin'  
He's pullin' up on an easy chair  
He's gonna try a little walkin'  
He's takin' steps  
A six year old with a new school bag  
Starin' down his drive  
Holdin' on to his mama's hand  
He's going on his first bus ride  
He's takin' steps  
A teenage boy in a rented tux  
Reaching out a trembling hand  
To a pretty young girl in a satin dress  
Asking her to dance  
Steps, some big, some small  
Puttin' one foot after the other  
Steps, the trick to it all  
Is diggin' down to find a little courage  
And it's okay to be afraid  
You gotta have faith, 'cause life's all about steps  
22 years she stood by a man  
Who did her wrong  
With a packed suitcase and a Greyhound ticket  
She's finally gone  
Takin' steps  
At a meeting downtown, a tired old drunk  
Stands and says his name  
That leaves him eleven to go  
He can already feel the change  
Takin' steps  
Somewhere a great Grandpa says  
"I'm ready to go"  
Peacefully drifts off to sleep  
Wakes up on streets of gold  
Steps, some big, some small  
Puttin' one foot after the other  
Steps, the trick to it all  
Is diggin' down to find a little courage  
It's okay to be afraid

Gotta have faith, 'cause life's all about  
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