Gotta Start Small (feat. Deborah Abramson)

Stephanie J. Block

I ran a mile today

And for a while today

I forced a smile today and sailed on with ease. I used to think, 'Not me - I can't'.

The track was smooth,

Hardly a slant

And though I panted for air,

I swear I clipped like a breeze. Using my breath and raising the bar

Four simple laps felt strangely far.

I hope tomorrow my legs are stiff.

I didn't scale a cliff.

It's just a mile.

But I didn't fall.

Gotta start small. I wrote a song today

And I feel strong today

'cuz I belong today to those who create.

An empty page was all I had.

I thought it out, put pen to pad,

And as I added each line of mine

I felt something great. Using my hands and feeling fulfilled

As for the song I'm not that skilled.

Still every builder who learns a craft

Keeps growing by the draft.

It's just a draft, and after all,

Gotta start small. Facing a bigger, a moral biggerish challenge,

That's quite a climb.

I'd rather cling to each thing I can conquer one at a time. Taking a risk is most of the battle.

A victory to claim.

Taking a risk - no matter how little - small, but committal -- is risking all the same. The sky is clear today.

I'm fighting fear today.

So while I'm here today

I pick up the phone. I call my mom; expect the worst.

But I stay calm and I speak first.

Yes, we conversed without fronts

For once.

Then as we burst into tears,

My fears have suddenly flown.

Using my head and using my heart,

Making a call, making a start

A single part of a larger plan.

I'm doing what I can.I ran a mile.

I wrote a song.

A mile's too short; the song's too long.

I made a call.

Before we fought we learned to talk.

Before I ran, I learned to walk.

Before I walked I learned to crawl.

Gotta start somewhere.

Gotta start small.

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