

# Quitters

## EvilWezil

Nobody thinks about that stuff, like, how tall he might have been  
Or how fast he could've run, they just stare as he rolls by  
All they see is a helpless kid with no chance to live a life  
If they only knew

He's got dreams of breaking ribbons in a hundred-yard dash  
Climbing up a snow-capped mountain and planting his flag  
He believes one day he'll stand up and walk away from that chair  
He's got faith, he's got hope and all his Mama's prayers

He's not jaded or bitter  
He's gonna leave the giving up for the quitters

The doctors say no way he'll walk, he just smiles and says  
I'm gonna prove you wrong, lots of falls and failed attempts  
His legs keep giving out but his heart ain't giving in  
What they don't know is

He's got dreams of breaking ribbons in a hundred-yard dash  
Pushing Earnhardt down the backstretch in a Daytona draft  
He believes one day he'll stand up and walk away from that chair  
He's got faith, he's got hope and all his Mama's prayers'

He's not jaded or bitter  
He's gonna leave the giving up for the quitters

He pulls himself up on the bars  
And takes a long, deep breath  
Lifts his right foot off the mat  
With all that he has left, he takes a step, one step

Toward his dream of breaking ribbons in a hundred-yard dash  
Going long for a touchdown with his buddies out back  
He believes one day he'll stand up and walk away from that chair  
He's got faith, he's got hope and all his Mama's prayers

He's not jaded or bitter  
He's gonna leave the giving up for the quitters, he ain't no quitter

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