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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.

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.

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.

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.

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

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

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 From the Songbook of Steve Savitzky 20080818 HyperSpace Express

Naomi Rivkis told me she'd come to ConChord if I promised to sing a song either by her or about her. The first two songs I tried to write fell apart and never came back together; this one's better anyway. Once I learned that she was booking a wheelchair to get through the airport it was only a matter of time.

This song is the answer to "I can walk, damnit! What do I need a wheelchair for?"