

Quitters

Collin Raye

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