# Beau's Song



(For Beau whose spirit inspires me)

When I first met my good friend, I couldn't help but stare
He said "Hi" and I replied as I looked at his chair.
We met again from time to time and I found a friendship rare
He had a dream and so much more to give
When I looked past the chair, when I looked past the chair.

He's like me and He's like you, He needs someone to share
To laugh with him and to cry with him as he sits in his chair.
He wants to be a part of all you do, if you push him away be aware
He will feel the sting and the pain that it brings
If you only see his chair, if you only see his chair.

It's unkind if we go by pretending he's not there
He needs to know that we see him, the person not the chair.
We all have some disability and we wouldn't think it fair
If people looked at us and all they saw
Were wheels and a chair, were wheels and a chair.

Will you look around and be the one willing to care
Someone who will take the time and look beyond the chair?
Not every chair will come with wheels, it might be a heart with a tear
Don't look away but learn to be a friend
And see right past the chair, and see right past the chair.

I won't look away but I'll learn to be a friend
And see right past...the chair.