

Tuesday's Broken

Sugarland

Yesterday hell rain down
Another kid, another school, in another town
Think about how to tell my son
Think about that one got a gun

There are mysteries down where the blood meets the bone
The loneliness there, wouldn't leave him alone
But what if we try to reach him with words
What if we looked in his eyes and asked "where does it hurt?"
Would he find all he was worth?
Monday was hoping
But Tuesday's broken

On the bed, feet up on the wall
Her eyes are red, and wet, and she wants to end it all
Easy to be mean on the screen, cowards call you names
She reads the lies and multiplies the hurt and shame
Man, it's a numbers game

There are mysteries down where the blood meets the bone
The loneliness there, it won't leave her alone
But what if we try to reach her with words
What if we looked in her eyes and asked "where does it hurt?"
Would she find all she was worth?
Monday was hoping
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Like voices, won't make a sound
We keep missing chances to turn it around
If somebody's hurting right now
Open your mouth

What if we try to reach them with words
What if we looked in their eyes and asked "where does it hurt?"
Would they find all they were worth?
Monday was hoping
Don't leave it unspoken
But Tuesday's broken