

# Lori McKenna, Falter

I went to high school with that kid  
He was even strange back then  
The type whose eyes don't leave the floor  
Blend in with the cement

Well, I felt so bad for that kid  
One day I saw his face turn green  
And as he tumbled to the floor  
The thought of reaching out never occurred to me

Why don't we open up  
Knowing that we all falter  
When will we learn  
To reach out for each other

Well, he lived out on the edge of town  
And I'm pretty sure he had a brother  
It seemed that boy could walk for days  
I suspect to avoid his mother

And I always knew he had it bad  
Tougher than any of us others did  
Still, I never asked him how he was doing  
What could I do, I was just a kid

Why don't we open up  
Knowing that we all falter  
When will we learn  
To reach out for each other

So, now he's the new town bum  
He talks to himself and picks up cans all day  
And when my kids ask me about him  
What'll I say, what'll I say

Why don't we open up  
Knowing that we, we all falter  
And when will we learn  
When will we learn to open up  
Knowing that we all falter  
When will we learn (when will we learn)  
I said, when will we learn  
When will we learn  
To reach out for each other