

One Kind Word – © 2023 Kaufman & Perri

See that old man down the bar, all alone with his cares and scars
More worn-out roads behind him, than open roads ahead in his stars
Empty bar stool goin' wantin', no wingman buyin' drinks
Bankroll in his pocket too light for a night 'a dreams

His face a canyonland full 'a dust and grooves
Made 'em livin' hard made 'em payin' dues
'Magine even night just livin' in his shoes?

One kind word is all he needs
Son no matter what you're feelin' in your gut
Climb on down out your tree, reach out and be heard
One kind word (yeah)

Watchful eyes the mark of a stranger, a wanderin' man, outsider
Seen the black-eyed side of fightin', the blue side 'a livin' alone
His talk salty like a sailor, cold smokin' in his cheek
No peace from man or maker, sad what his heart believes

See that old man down the bar, all alone with his cares and scars
One kind...one kind...word is all that he needs....one kind word
Son, climb down out your tree, reach out and be heard, one kind word...