

## Claude King "Laura"

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Laura hold these hands count my fingers  
Laura touch these lips you once desired  
Lay your head upon my chest hear my heart beat  
Gently run your fingers through my hair  
Touch these ears that's listened to your wishes most of  
them fulfilled and that's a lot  
Let your soft and gentle hands caress my body then  
tell me what he's got I ain't got  
Tell me what he's got I can't give you it must be  
something I was born without  
You took an awful chance to be with another man  
So tell me what he's got I ain't got  
Laura see the walls I've built for you  
Laura see the carpet that I layed  
See those fancy curtains on the window touch those  
satin pillows on your bed  
Laura count the dresses in your closet note the name  
upon the checkbook in your bag  
And if there's time before I pull this trigger tell me what  
he's got I ain't got  
Tell me what he's got I can't give you it must be  
something I was born without  
If there's time before I pull this trigger then tell me  
what he's got I ain't got  
Laura tell me what he's got I ain't got

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