

Frankie Laine

"Laura, What's He Got That I Ain't Got"

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Laura, hold these hands and count my fingers
Laura, touch these lips you once desired
Lay your head upon my chest, hear my heartbeat
Gently run your fingers through my hair

Mmm, touch these ears that listened to your wishes
Most of them fulfilled, and that's a lot
Let your soft gentle hands caress my body
And then tell me what he's got that I ain't got

Oh, yes tell me what he's got that I can't give you
Well, 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 that I ain't got

Laura, see these walls that I built for you
Laura, see this carpet that I laid
See those fancy curtains on the windows
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
Then tell me what he's got that I ain't got

Oh, yes tell me what he's got that I can't give you
Well, it must be something I was born without
And if there's time before I pull this trigger
Then tell me what he's got that I ain't got

Laura, tell me what he's got that I ain't got

FADE
Laura, tell me what he's got

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