

George Strait "Lefty's Gone"

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A jukebox introduced us
When the sixties were still young
If you got the money, Honey
Got my nickels one by one
I tried to imitate that song

It's not right but Lefty's gone
Now always late, breaks my heart
In every song he sang I played the part
I heard he was sad and lived alone
It's not right but Lefty's gone

{He played the fair in Dallas one year}
In the cold October rain
Most folks stayed home in one
But he sang just the same
I caught a chill before I got home

It's not right but Lefty's gone
Now always late, breaks my heart
In every song he sang I played the part
I heard he was sad and lived alone
It's not right but Lefty's gone

It don't seem like he was around that long
It's not right but Lefty's gone

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