

Brook Benton

"Laura"

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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
And hear my heartbeat
Gently run your fingers
Through my hair

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
Then tell me what he's got
That I ain't got

Tell me what he's got
That 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
That I ain't got

Tell me, tell me

Laura, see these walls
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

Tell me what he's got
That I can't give you
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
Laura, tell me what he's got
That I ain't got

Tell me what he's got
That I ain't got

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