

## Hank Locklin

### "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 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 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  
Laura see these walls that I built for you  
Laura see this carpet that I layed  
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 your 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  
tell me what he's got that I ain't got

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