

Sammi Smith**"Right Won't Touch a Hand"**

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(Earl Montgomery)

The wind blow Sunday paper at my feet
As I walk down this cold and lonely street
My hand search through my pocket for a dime
While the mem'ry of you eats away my mind.

And looking back I find that I was wrong
The wrong I'm on won't lead me back to home
And I can't turn back cause everything is gone
Yes, it's gone and right won't touch a hand that's filled
with wrong.

I was filled with so much jealousy
And doubted all the love you gave to me
But now I see the kind of fool I've been
And I'll never see the one I love again.

And looking back I find that I was wrong
The wrong I'm on won't lead me back to home
And I can't turn back cause everything is gone
Yes, it's gone and right won't touch a hand that's filled
with wrong.

Right won't touch a hand that's filled with wrong...

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