

**David Homyk****"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 feel my heart beat  
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 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 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 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  
Then tell me what he's got that I ain't got  
Then tell me what he's got that I ain't got

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