

David Houston "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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