

Laura

Tom Jones

Laura, hold these hands and count my fingers
Laura, touch these lips you once desired
Lay your head upon my chest and 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
Oh, 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, Laura, tell me what he's got that I ain't got

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, oh Laura
Then tell me what he's got that I ain't got

Oh, 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, oh Laura
Why don't you tell me what he's got that I ain't got
Please, please, Laura tell me what he's got that I ain't got