

Right Won't Touch a Hand

George Jones

The wind blows Sunday papers at my feet
As I walk down this cold and lonely street
My hands searched through my pockets for a dime
While the memory of you eats away my mind.

And looking back I see that I was wrong
But the road I'm on don't lead me back to home
And I can't turn back 'cause everything is gone, yes, it's gone
Right won't touch a hand that's filled with wrong.

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

Cause, looking back I see that I was wrong
But the road I'm on don't lead me back to home
And I can't turn back 'cause everything is gone, yes, it's gone
Right won't touch a hand that; s filled with wrong.

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