

Laura (what He's Got That I Ain't Got)

Hank Locklin

Laura hold these hands and count my fingers
Laura touch these lips you once desired
Lay your head upon my chest and hear my heart beat
Gently run your fingers through my hair
Touch these ears that's 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 it 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 your 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 it 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
Laura tell me what he's got that I ain't got tell me what he's got that I ain't got