

I Can't Write Left-Handed

Bill Withers

I can't write left-handed
Would you please write a letter, write a letter to my mother?
Tell her to tell, tell her to tell, tell her to tell the family
lawyer
Trying to get, trying to get a deferment for my younger brother

Tell the Reverend Harris to pray for me, Lord, Lord, Lord
I ain't gonna live, I don't believe I'm going to live to get mu
ch older
Strange little man over here in Vietnam I ain't, I ain't never
seen
Bless his heart ain't never done nothing to, he done shot me in
my shoulder

Boot camp we had classes
You know we talked about fighting, fighting everyday
And looking through rosy, rosy colored glasses
I must admit it seemed exciting anyway

Oh, but something that day overlooked to tell me, Lord
Bullets look better, I must say
Brother when they ain't coming at you
But going out the other way

And please call up the Reverend, call up, call up the Reverend
Harris
Tell him to ask the Lord to do some good things for me
Tell him I ain't gonna live, I ain't gonna live, I ain't gonna
live
To get much older, oh Lord
Strange little man over here in Vietnam, I ain't never seen
Bless his heart ain't never done nothing to, he done shot me in
my shoulder
Lord