

# Laura (tell Me What He's Got That I Ain't Got)

Brook Benton

Laura, hold these hands  
And count my fingers  
Laura, touch these lips  
You once desired

Lay your head upon my chest  
And hear my heartbeat  
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  
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

Tell me, tell me

Laura, see these walls  
I built for you  
Laura, see this  
Carpet that I laid

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  
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  
Laura, tell me what he's got  
That I ain't got

Tell me what he's got  
That I ain't got