

Lefty's Gone

George Strait

A jukebox introduced us, when the sixties were still young.
"If You've Got the Money, Honey" got my nickels one by one.
I tried to imitate that song.
It's not right, but Lefty's gone.

"Always Late" breaks my heart.
In every song he sang, I played the part.
I heard he was sad, and lived alone.
It's not right, but Lefty's gone.

He played the fair in Dallas one year,
In the cold October rain.
Most folks stayed home and warm,
But he sang just the same.
I caught a chill before I got home.
It's not right, but Lefty's gone.

"Always Late" breaks my heart.
In every song he sang, I played the part.
I heard he was sad, and lived alone.
It's not right, but Lefty's gone.

It don't seem like he was around that long.
It's not right, but Lefty's gone.