

## Laura

Tom Jones

Laura, hold these hands and count my fingers  
Laura, touch these lips you once desired  
Lay your head upon my chest and feel my heart beat  
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  
Oh, 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, Laura, tell me what he's got that I ain't got

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, oh Laura  
Then tell me what he's got that I ain't got

Oh, 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, oh Laura  
Why don't you tell me what he's got that I ain't got  
Please, please, Laura tell me what he's got that I ain't got