

# Lefty's Gone

[George Strait](#)

A jukebox introduced us  
When the sixties were still young  
If you got the money, Honey  
Got my nickels one by one  
I tried to imitate that song  
It's not right but Lefty's gone  
Now 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 in one  
But he sang just the same  
I caught a chill before I got home  
It's not right but Lefty's gone  
Now 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

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