

# Leftyâ€™s Song

## Sam Bush

Lefty Clark was a young man  
He was a handsome sunday athlete  
Wrote stories for the paper down on main street  
and Chances he had chances to escape this small town life  
But his brother was deaf and dumb  
He couldn't be left behind  
But depression was going strong then  
Actors were on the road  
One hot July a girl came through  
In a WBA show  
she was city bred and beautiful  
A lady to her finger tips  
As much at home in her velvet shoes  
As lefty was in his  
The fell in love on a courthouse square  
But pretty soon her show  
Moved on as she couldn't stay  
And lefty couldn't goSo the years passed  
And lefty grew old  
With only his brother home  
and when Donny died it was too late  
To find any place else in his soul  
Some nights he'd have a little whiskey  
For the summer on this mind  
And open his trunk  
And hold to two velvet shoes  
Ans sit and cry  
He'd sit and cry  
Most of the time he was lefty  
Who always had a joke  
he was good to his friends and neighbors  
And never whispered of being alone  
He hits sixty-eight all by himself  
With tobacco on his chin  
A TV diner and the oven  
And a few friends dropping in  
Now still once each billion chances  
There's justice in the world  
Late that year he finally heard

From the long lost velvet girl  
She was still so beautiful  
Tall, silver haired and proud  
they took walks like they used to take  
Before last summer run outShe said better late than never  
lefty said you took a while  
She spoke her life with sadness  
And he spoke with a smile  
He'd sit and smile  
He'd sit and smile  
He'd sit and smile

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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