

I Can't Write Left-Handed

Bill Withers

I can't write left-handed
Would you please write a letter, write a letter to my mother?
Tell her to tell, tell her to tell, tell her to tell the family lawyer
Trying to get, trying to get a deferment for my younger brother
Tell the Reverend Harris to pray for me, Lord,
Lord, Lord
I ain't gonna live, I don't believe I'm going to live to get much older
Strange little man over here in Vietnam I ain't, I ain't never seen
Bless his heart ain't never done nothing to, he done shot me in my shoulder
Boot camp we had classes
You know we talked about fighting, fighting everyday
And looking through rosy, rosy colored glasses
I must admit it seemed exciting anyway
Oh, but something that day overlooked to tell me, Lord
Bullets look better, I must say
Brother when they ain't coming at you
But going out the other way
And please call up the Reverend, call up, call up the Reverend Harris
Tell him to ask the Lord to do some good things for me
Tell him I ain't gonna live, I ain't gonna live, I ain't gonna live
To get much older, oh Lord
Strange little man over here in Vietnam, I ain't never seen
Bless his heart ain't never done nothing to, he done shot me in my shoulder
Lord

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