I Can't Write Left Handed

John Legend & The Roots

I can't write left-handed.
Would you please write a letter to my mother?
Tell her to tell-tell her to tell the family lawyer.Yeah I'm trying to get a deferment for my younger brother.
Tell the Reverend Harris to pray for me.
Lord, lord, lord.Said I ain't gonna live
Ain't gonna 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
Oh, in my shoulderLord, lord, yeah
Boot camp we had classes, yeah, yeah
You know we talked about fighting-fighting everyday, yeah
And looking through rosy rosy colored glasses, oh yeah
I must admit it seemed exciting anyway.
Something they overlooked to tell me, yeah
The bullets look better, I must say
Brother-brother when they're not coming at you, yeah
Than going out the other way
So please call up the Reverend Harris.
(call up the Reverend Harris)
Tell him to ask the Lord to do
Some good things for me, yeah yeah yeah yeah
Tell him I ain't gonna live,
I ain't gonna live,
I ain't gonna live to get much older, yeahStrange little man over here in Vietnam
I ain't I ain't never seen
Bless his heart
I ain't never done nothing to,
He done shot me in my shoulder.In my shoulder
Shot me in my shoulder, yeah yeahStrange little man over here in Vietnam
I ain't I ain't never seen
Bless his heart
I ain't never done nothing to,
He done shot me in my shoulder.
In my shoulder,
Lord in my shoulder
Lord they shot me in my shoulder
Oh Lord, Lord

I can't write left handed.
Oh LordOh Lord,
Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah
Oh Lord
Oh Lord
Yeah yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeahIn my shoulder
Shot me in my shoulder
They shot me in my shoulder
I can't I can't Lord, yeah yeah
Yeah, oh yeah,Oh Lord,
Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord
Yeah

Songwriters
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