

# Bill Withers, I Can't Write Left Handed (Live)

I can't write left handed  
Would you please write a letter to my mother  
Tell her to tell the family lawyer  
Try 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 never  
Bless his heart I ain't never done nothin' to, he done shot me in my shoulder

Boot camp we had classes  
You know we talked about fightin', fightin' everyday  
And lookin' through rosy, rosy colored glasses  
I must admit it seemed exciting anyway  
But something that day overlooked to tell me  
Bullet look better I must say  
Rather when they comin' at you.  
But go without the other way

And please call up the Reverend Harris  
And 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  
Strange little man over here in Vietnam, I ain't never seen, bless his heart I  
ain't never done nothing to, he done shot me in my shoulder