

# Bill Withers, I Can't Write Left Handed

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 the family lawyer.

Trying to get a deferment for my younger brother.

Tell the Rev. Harris to pray for me. Lord, lord, lord.

I aint gonna live-I don't believe I'm going to live to get much older.

Strange little man over here in Vietnam I aint never seen, bless  
his heart, aint 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 colored glasses, I must admit it seemed exciting anyway.

Oh, but someone that day overlooked to tell me bullets look better,

I must say - brother - when they're coming at you than going out the other way

And please call up the Rev. Harris. Tell him to ask the Lord to do some good things for me.

Tell him I aint gonna live-I aint gonna live to get much older.

Whoa, Lord. Strange little man over here in Vietnam I aint never seen - bless his heart-  
I aint never done nothing to, he done shot me in my shoulder.