

George Jones, Right Won't Touch A Hand

RIGHT WON'T TOUCH A HAND

WRITER EARL MONTGOMERY

Copyright 1971

The wind blows Sunday papers by my feet
As I walk down this cold and lonely street
My hands searched through my pockets for a dime
While the memory of you eats away my mind

Looking back I see that I was wrong
But the road I'm on don't lead me back to home
And I can't turn back cause everything is gone
Yes it's gone
And right won't touch a hand that's filled with wrong

I was filled with so much jealousy
And doubted all the love you had for me
But now I see the kind of fool I've been
I'll never see the one I love again

Looking back I see that I was wrong
But the road I'm on don't lead me back to home
And I can't turn back cause everything is gone
Yes it's gone
And right won't touch a hand that's filled with wrong
Right won't touch a hand that's filled with wrong