

# George Jones, Right Won't Touch A Hand

RIGHT WON'T TOUCH A HAND

WRITER EARL MONTGOMERY

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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