

# I Can't Write Left-Handed

Bill Withers

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, tell her to tell the family lawyer  
Trying to get, trying 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, I ain't never seen  
Bless his heart ain't 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, rosy colored glasses  
I must admit it seemed exciting anyway  
Oh, but something that day overlooked to tell me, Lord  
Bullets look better, I must say  
Brother when they ain't coming at you  
But going out the other way  
And please call up the Reverend, call up, call up the Reverend Harris  
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, oh Lord  
Strange little man over here in Vietnam, I ain't never seen  
Bless his heart ain't never done nothing to, he done shot me in my shoulder  
Lord

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