

LAST LETTER

Why do you treat me as if I were only a friend
And what have I done that has made you so distant and cold
Sometimes I wonder if you'll be contented again
Will you be happy when you are withered and old

I cannot offer you diamonds or a mansion so fine
I cannot offer you clothes that your young body craves
But if you will say that you long to forever be mine
Think of the heartaches the tears and the sorrow you'll save

While I am writing this letter I think of the past
And of the promises that you are breaking so free
But to this old world I'll soon say my farewell at last
I will be gone when you read this last letter from me