

The last letter

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

I cannot offer you diamonds and mansions so fine
I cannot offer you clothes that your young body craves
But if you'll only say that you'll forever be mine
Think of the heartaches, the pain and suffering you'll save

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