

Last Letter

Connie Smith

Why do you treat me as if I were only a friend
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 mansions so fine
I cannot offer you all of the riches you crave
But if you'll say that you long to forever be mine
Think of the teardrops the heartaches and sorrow you'll save

When you are weary and tired of another one's gold
When you are lonely then think of this letter my own
Oh but don't try to answer though I've suffered anguish untold
If you don't love me then quite don't you leave me alone
Now as I am writing this letter I think of the past
And all the promises that you are breaking so free
But to this old world I'll soon say my farewells at last
I will be gone when you read this last letter from me