

The Last Waltz

Webb Pierce

The ballroom was empty the hour was three
They played the last waltz for my darling and me
My poor heart kept wishing the night would not end
For she loved another and I'm just her friend
I love her, I love her my lonely heart cried
But soon she'll become another man's bride
She told me that Sunday was her wedding day
I gave my best wishes what more could I say
That night will be cherished in my memory
When they played the last waltz for my darling and me
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