

# The Last Time I Saw Her

Andy Williams

The last time I saw her face, her eyes were bathed in starlight  
and her hair hung long  
The last time she spoke to me, her lips were like the scented f  
lowers inside a rain-drenched forest  
But that was so long ago that I can scarcely feel the way I fel  
t before  
And if time could heal the wounds, I would tear the threads awa  
y that I might bleed some more  
The last time I walked with her  
Her laughter was the steeple bells  
That ring to greet the morning sun  
A voice that called to everyone  
To love the ground she walked upon  
Those were good day

The last time I held her hand, her touch was autumn, spring and  
summer, and winter too  
The last time I let go of her, she walked a way into the night  
I lost her in the misty streets, a thousand months, a thousand  
miles  
When other lips will kiss her eyes  
A million miles beyond the moon, that's where she is

But that was so long ago that I can scarcely feel the way I fel  
t before  
And if time could heal the wounds, I would tear the threads awa  
y that I might bleed some more  
The last time I saw her face, her eyes were bathed in starlight  
and she walked alone

The last time she kissed my cheek  
Her lips were like the wilted leaves  
Upon the autumn covered hills  
Resting on the frozen ground  
The seeds of love lie cold and still  
Beneath a battered marking stone  
It lies forgotten