

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