

## Seven Letters

Ben E. King

This is my last letter  
Dear, to you

This is my last letter, baby  
I just can't write you anymore  
My poor little finger's swollen  
I'm tired of pacing the floor, yes, I am

Threw away our favorite record  
It was tearing me apart  
This is my seventh letter, baby  
Just to satisfy my heart

(One) Monday, I wrote and told you  
I was all alone and blue  
(Two) Tuesday, I wrote again, baby  
I said I loved no one, no one  
No one but you, no, I don't

(Three) Wednesday, I wired you a cable  
Begging you to call  
(Four) Thursday, I sent the message  
I said I was wrong and, darling  
Please come back home

(Five) Friday, I woke up crying  
With the sniff of a tear  
(Six) come along long lonesome Saturday  
I did the same thing all over again  
Yes, I did

(Seven) this is my seventh letter, baby  
On this bright Sunday morning  
Just got off my knees from praying  
I said, Oh, Lord, oh, Lord  
Please send her back home  
Can't she hear me talking to her

(This is my last letter  
Dear, to you)  
Seven letters, seven days  
Seven long, lonely days  
There, I said it

(This is my last letter  
Dear, to you) yes, it is  
Yes, it is, yes, it is  
Oh, yes, it is