

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