

Seven Letters

Derrick Morgan

This is my last letter dear to you

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

Threw away our favorite records
It's been tearin' me apart
This is my seventh letter, baby
Just to satisfy my heart

Monday, I wrote and told you
I was all alone and blue
Tuesday, I wrote again, baby
I said I love no one, no one
No one but you, no I don't

Wednesday, I sent you a cable
Begg'n' you to call, oh yes, I did
Thursday, I sent you a message
I said oh, darlin', darlin' please come back home

Friday, I woke up cryin'
Wiped the sweat upon a tear
I'll get a long lonely seven
I did the same thing all over again, yes I did

This is my seventh letter, baby
On this bright Sunday mornin'
Just get off my knees from prayin'
I said oh Lord, oh Lord, please send her back home
Can't you hear me talkin' to her?

(This is my last letter to you)
Seven letters, seven days, seven long lonely days
I'll say again

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