

Last Letter

Faron Young

Why do you treat me as if I were only a friend
What have I done that has made you so distant and cold
Sometimes I wonder if you'll be contented again
And will you be happy when you are withered and old

I cannot offer you diamonds and mansions so fine
I cannot offer you clothes that your young body crave
But if you'll say that you long to forever be mine
Oh think of the teardrops the heartaches and the sorrow you'll
save

And while I am writing this letter oh I think of the past
And of the promises that you have broken so free
And to this old world I'll soon say my farewell at last
I will be gone when you read this last letter from me