

The Last Letter

George Jones

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

I can not offer you diamonds and mansions so fine
I cannot buy you clothes that your young body craves
But if you'll say that you long to forever be mine
Take off the heartaches, the sorrow, the teardrops you'll save.

When you grow weary and tired of another man's gold
When you are lonely remember this letter, my own
Don't try to answer though I've suffered anguish untold
And if you don't love me I wish you would leave me alone..