

The Last Time I Saw Her

Glen Campbell

The last time I saw her face her eyes were bathed in starlight
and her hair hung long
The last time she spoke to me
Her lips were like the scented flowers inside a rain-
drenched forest
But that was so long ago that I can scarcely feel the way I fel
t before
And if time could heal the wounds
I would tear the threads away that I might bleed some more
The last time I walked with her her laughter was the steeple be
lls
That ring to greet the morning sun a voice that called to every
one
To love the ground we walked upon those were good days

The last time I held her hand her touch was autumn spring and s
ummer and winter too
The last time I let go of her she walked a way into the night
I lost her in the misty streets a thousand months a thousand ye
ars
When other lips will kiss her eyes a million miles beyond the m
oon that's where she is
The last time I saw her face her eyes were bathed in starlight
and she walked alone
The last time she kissed my cheek her lips were like the wilted
leaves
Upon the autumn covered hills resting on the frozen ground
The seeds of love lie cold and still beneath a battered marking
stone it lies forgotten