

## 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