

Last Letter

Jack Greene

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

I cannot offer you diamonds and mansions so fine
And I cannot offer you clothes that your young body craves
But, if you'll say that you long to forever be mine
Just take off the heartaches, the tears and this sorrow you'll
save

When you are weary and tired of another man's gold
And when you get lonely, remember this letter my own
But, don't try to answer though, I've suffered anguish untold
If you don't love me, then why don't you leave me alone?

As I am writing this letter, I think of the past
And of the promises that you are breaking, so free
But, to this old world, I'll soon say my farewell at last
I will be gone, when you read this last letter from me