

Last Letter

Ray Price

Why do you treat me as if I was 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 cannot offer you diamonds or mansions so fine
I cannot buy you the clothes that your young body crave
But if you'll say that you long to forever be mine
Think of the heartaches the sorrow the teardrops you'll save

When you grow weary and tired of another's caress
When you are lonely remember this letter my own
But don't try to answer for there's one thing I'll have to confess
If you don't love me I wish you would leave me alone