

Don Gibson, Last Letter

Why do you treat me as if I were only a friend
And what have I done that's 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 offer you clothes your young body crave
But if you'll say that you long to forever be mine
Take off the heartaches the tears and the sorrow you'll save

[choir - ac.guitar]

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