

Glen Campbell, Last Letter

Why do you treat me as if I were only a friend
What have I done that's made you so distant 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 and mansions so fine
I cannot offer you all clothes that your young body crave
But if you'll say that you just love me and always be mine
Just think of the tears the heartaches and sorrow you'll save
While I am writing this letter I think of the past
And of the promises that you have broken so free
But to this old world I'll soon say my farewell at last
Cause I will be gone when you read this last letter from me