

# 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