

Dottie West, Last Letter

Why do you treat me as if I were only a friend
What have I done that has made you so distant and cold
Sometimes I wonder if you'll be contented again
And will you be happy when you are withered and old
No I cannot offer you diamonds or mansions so fine
And I cannot offer you all the clothes that your young body crave
But if you'll say that you long to forever be mine
Why just think of the heartaches all the tears and the sorrow you'll save
When you grow weary and tired of another one's gold
When you get lonely remember this letter my own
But don't try to reach me though I've suffered anguish untold
If you don't love me I just wish you would leave me alone
While I am writing this letter I think of the past
And of the promises that you have broken so free
And to this old world I'll soon say my farewell at last
Yes I will be gone when you read this last letter from me