

# 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