

# Hank Thompson, Blackboard Of My Heart

When I was young and I went to school they taught me how to write  
To take the chalk and make a mark and hope it turns out right  
Well that's the way it is with love and what you did to me  
I wrote it so you'd know that I was yours eternally

But my tears have washed I love you from the blackboard of my heart  
It's too late to clean the slate and make another start  
I'm satisfied the way things are although we're far apart  
My tears have washed I love you from the blackboard of my heart  
[ fiddle ]  
If you'd been true the way you should and not have gone astray  
Those tears would not have fallen down and washed the words away  
No need to talk for if the chalk should write those words again  
It will be for someone else not things that might have been  
But my tears have washed...