

Hugh X. Lewis, Too Late

(Too late too late too late)

Too late too late to ask forgiveness too late too late for me to cry
She's gone she's gone she left this morning and this is how she said goodbye
Upon my pillow was a letter it said you'll wake and find me gone
You just won't change the way you're living so you'll be better off alone
You know I love you as no other but you have played around too long
Goodbye goodluck and don't forget me for I will be a long time gone
Too late too late my heart keeps crying I should have known you'd go away
Too late cause now I'll have to suffer it always seems to end that way