

Porter Wagoner, Your Old Love Letters

Today I burned your old love letters I burned them slowly one by one
Before I'd light the flame I'd read them to try and find the wrongs I done
The first you wrote me was the sweetest the last one broke my heart in two
And all alone I left you weeping for the ashes of your letters tied in blue
(guitar)

As I burned your old love letters I watched my dreams go up in smoke
I lived again those precious mem'ries I heard each tender word you spoke
The first you wrote me was the sweetest the last one said that we were through
Our love is there among the ambers in the ashes of your letters tied in blue