

Roy Acuff, Last Letter

Why do you treat me as if I were only a friend
What have I done that has made you so different and cold
Sometimes I wonder if you'll be contented again
Will you be happy when you are withered and old

I cannot offer you diamonds or mansions so fine
I cannot offer you the clothes that your young body crave
But if you'll say that you long to forever be mine
Think of the heartache the tears and the sorrow you'll save
[dobro]
When you grow weary and tired of another one's gold
When you are weary remember this letter my own
Don't try to answer though I've suffered anguish untold
If you don't love me I wish you would leave me alone

While I am writing this letter I think of the past
And of the promises that you are breaking so free
But from this world I shall soon say my farewell at last
I will be gone when you read this last letter from me