

# Wanda Jackson, Last Letter

Why must you treat me as if I were only a friend  
What have I done that's 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 clothes that your young body crave  
But if you'll say that forever that you will be mine  
Think of the heartaches the tears and the sorrow you'll save  
When you are weary and tired of another one's gold  
When you are lonely 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 soon I'll bid my farewells to this whole world at last  
I will be gone when you read this last letter from me