

Alan Jackson

"The Last Visit"

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"The Last Visit"

By Ron Swope

1983

The heavy snow was falling
As he was walking down the street
He never even raised his eyes
To the other people he would meet

His mind was very busy
As he tried to sort things out
There was something he had to do
Of this there was no doubt

He was walking much slower now
As he neared his destination
And as he started up the steps
There was a moment of hesitation

How will I ever tell her
Of the things that I have done
How can I ever convince her
That she was the only one

As he was walking through the door
His stomach began to churn
His palms were starting to sweat
And his eyes were beginning to burn

But she was not alone in there
And that only made it harder
To tell her how bad he felt
About the way he betrayed her

And as he approached her
She didn't speak at all
His heart felt very heavy
As his terardrops began to fall

Then the memory came back to him
Of the party just two days ago

He had been drinking pretty heavily
And it had just began to snow

She had begged him not to drive
But he just didn't want to hear it
He knew that it would be alright
He wanted to show her he could do it

The night was really beautiful
And he loved to drive in the snow
Once again he heard her ask
"Honey, will you please drive slow?"

But he knew what he was doing
As he was driving drunk that night
But he didn't see the eighteen wheeler
Pulling out from the road on the right

He managed to swerve his car around
To avoid a straight on collision
But he slid into the rig sideways
For his Sweetheart it had been the wrong decision

He was jolted back to the present
By the wrongs that would never be right
And he knew that he could never forget
The events that took place that night

He took her hand quite gingerly
And as he gently kissed her face
He begged her for forgiveness
To forgive him of his disgrace

And upon her slender finger
He placed his School Class Ring
He begged her to forgive him
For his weakness and everything

Then he turned very slowly
And started toward the door
Then he turnrd around again
To gaze at her once more

Then with teardrops streaming
He turned around to go
For he couldn't bear to see them carry
Her Casket through the snow

