

Don Gibson

"Last Letter"

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Why do you treat me as if I were only a friend?
And 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 your young body crave
But if you'll say that you long to forever be mine
Take off the heartaches, the tears and the sorrow you'll
save

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

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