

## **Hank Thompson**

# **"Blackboard Of My Heart"**

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When I was young and went to school they taught me  
how to write  
To take the chalk and make a mark and hope it turns  
out right  
Well, that's the way it is with love and what you did to  
me  
I wrote it so you'd know that I was yours eternally

But my tears have washed, 'I love you' from the  
blackboard of my heart  
It's too late to clean the slate and make another start  
I'm satisfied the way things are although we're far  
apart  
My tears have washed, I love you from the blackboard  
of my heart

If you'd been true the way you should and not have  
gone astray  
These tears would not have fallen down and washed  
those words away  
No need to talk, for if the chalk should write those  
words again  
It will be for someone else not things that might have  
been

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