

Roy Clark "The Last Letter"

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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 all the clothes that your young body
crave
But if you'll say that forever you will be mine
Just think of the heartaches all 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.

As 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 farewell to this old world and you at
last
I will be gone when you read this last letter from me...

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