

# The Last Letter

Marty Robbins

Why do you treat me as if I were only a friend  
What have I done that has made you so distant and cold  
Sometimes I wonder if you'll be contented again  
And will you be happy when you are withered and old

I cannot offer you diamonds and mansions so fine  
I cannot offer you clothes that your young body crave  
But if you'll say that you long to forever be mine  
Oh think of the teardrops the heartaches and the sorrow you'll  
save

When you are lonely and tired of another man's gold  
When you are weary 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 oh I think of the past  
And of the promises that you have broken so free  
And to this old world I'll soon say my farewell at last  
I will be gone when you read this last letter from me