

Seven Letters

Benjamin Earl King

This is my last letter dear to you This is my last letter, baby
I just cant write you anymore
My poor little fingers are swollen
Im tired of pacin' the floor, yes I am Threw away our favorite records
It's been tearin' me apart
This is my seventh letter, baby
Just to satisfy my heart Monday, I wrote and told you
I was all alone and blue
Tuesday, I wrote again, baby
I said I love no one, no one
No one but you, no I dont Wednesday, I sent you a cable
Beggin' you to call, oh yes, I did
Thursday, I sent you a message
I said oh, darlin', darlin' please come back home Friday, I woke up cryin'
Wiped the sweat upon a tear
I'll get a long lonely seven
I did the same thing all over again, yes I did This is my seventh letter, baby
On this bright Sunday mornin'
Just get off my knees from prayin'
I said oh Lord, oh Lord, please send her back home
Cant you hear me talkin' to her? (This is my last letter to you)
Seven letters, seven days, seven long lonely days
I'll say again
(This is my last letter to you)
Yes it is, yes it is, oh, yes it is
(This is my last letter)

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