Last Thing on My Mind

Last Thing on My Mind
(Tom Paxton)

It's a lesson too late for the learnin'
Made of sand, made of sand
In the wink of an eye my soul is turnin'
In your hand, in your hand.

Are you going away with no word of farewell
Will there be not a trace left behind
Well, I could have loved you better
Didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mind.

As we walk on, my thoughts keep tumblin'
Round and round, round and round
Underneath our feet the subways rumblin'
Underground, underground
CHORUS
As I lie in my bed in the mornin'
Without you, without you.
Every song in my breast lies a bornin'
Without you, without you.

CHORUS

You've got reasons a-plenty for goin'
This I know, this I know.
For the weeds have been steadily growin'
Please don't go, please don't go.

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