

"The Last Thing On My Mind"

It's a lesson too late for the learning,

Made of sand, made of sand.

In the wink of an eye my soul is turning

In your hand, in your hand.

Are you going away with no word of farewell,

Will there be not a trace left behind?

I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind.

You know that was the last thing on my mind.

You've got reasons a-plenty for going—

This I know, this I know—

For the weeds have been steadily growing.

Please don't go, please don't go.

Are you going away with no word of farewell,

Will there be not a trace left behind?

I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind.

You know that was the last thing on my mind.

As I lie in my bed in the morning

Without you, without you,

Each song in my breast dies a-borning

Without you, without you.

Are you going away with no word of farewell,

Will there be not a trace left behind?

I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind.

You know that was the last thing on my mind.