

The Last Thing On My Mind - Tom Paxton

D G D G D A D

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.

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.

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

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 I lie in my bed in the mornin',
without you, without you.
Every song in my breast lies a bornin',
without you, without you.

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.