

# The Last Thing On My Mind

Chris de Burgh

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,  
I 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,  
And the weeks 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,  
I didn't mean to be unkind,  
You know that was the last thing on my mind;

As we walk on, my thoughts are a-tumbling,  
Round and round, round and round,  
Underneath our feet the subway's rumbling,  
Underground, underground;

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

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