

The Last Thing On My Mind

Glen Campbell

It's a lesson too late for the learning
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
Oh I could've loved you better
Didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mind

As we walk along my thoughts are tumblin'
Round and round, round and round
Underneath our feet are someplace rumblin'
Underground, underground

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Will there be not a trace left behind
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Didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mind

I've got reasons a plenty for goin'
This I know, this I know
The weeds have been steadily growin'
Please don't go, please don't go

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