

Last Thing On My Mind

Bill Anderson

A lesson too late for a learning
Made of sand made of sand
In the wink of an eye
My soul was turning in your hand in your hand

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

As I walk alone my thoughts are tumbling
Round and round, round and round
Underneath my feet a subway rumbling
Underground, underground

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Will there be not a trace left behind
I could've loved you better didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mind

You've got reasons of plenty for going this
I know this I know
The weeds have been steadily growing
Please don't go, please don't go

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Will there be not a trace left behind
I could've loved you better didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mind