

# 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

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

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

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