

Last Thing On My Mind

Hank Snow

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
Well 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
For the weeds 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
Well I could've 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 morning
Without you, without you
Each song in my grass dies a borning
Without you, without you.

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