

# Last Thing On My Mind

Jan Howard

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

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

As I walk alone my thoughts are tumbling round and round round  
and round

Underneath my feet a subway's rumbling underground underground  
Are you going away

You 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

You know that was the last thing on my mind