

# The Last Thing On My Mind

The Seekers

It's a lesson too late for the learnin',  
Made of sand, made of sand.  
In the wink of an eye my soul is turnin'  
In your hand, in your hand.

Are you goin' away with no word of farewell?  
Will there be not a trace left behind?  
I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind;  
Oh, you know that was the last thing on my mind.  
You had reasons a-plenty for goin',  
This I know, this I know.  
And the weeds have been steadily growin',  
Please don't go, please don't go.

Are you goin' away with no word of farewell?  
Will there be not a trace left behind?  
I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind;  
Oh, you know that was the last thing on my mind.

As I lie in my bed in the mornin',  
Without you, without you,  
Every song in my heart dies a-bornin',  
Without you, without you.

Are you goin' away with no word of farewell?  
Will there be not a trace left behind?  
I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind;  
Oh, you know that was the last thing on my mind.

Oh, you know that was the last thing on my mind.