

The Last Thing On My Mind

Tom Paxton

1. 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.

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

2. As we walk all my thoughts are a-tumbling,
'Round and 'round, 'round and 'round.
Underneath our feet the subway's rumbling,
Underground, underground.

R:

3. You've got reasons a-plenty for going,
This I know, this I know.
For the weeds have been steadily growing,
Please don't go, please don't go.

R:

4. As I lie in my bed every morning,
Without you, without you,
Each song in my breast dies a-borning,
Without y