

# 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