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Last Thing On My Mind
(By Tom Paxton)
It's a lesson too late for the learnin'
      G D7
Made of sand... made of sand
      G C
In the wink of an eye, my soul is turnin'
       G D7
In your hand... in your hand.
[Chorus:]
                              \boldsymbol{C}
Are you going away... with no word of farewell?
       C
                                D7
Will there be not a trace left behind?
Well, I could have loved you better; didn't mean to be unkind.
                                          C G
You know that was the last thing on my mind.
You've got reasons a-plenty for goin'.
       G D7
This I know... this I know.
For the weeds have been steadily growin'.
            G D7
Please don't go... please don't go. [Repeat Chorus - short break]
      G
As we walk on, my thoughts are a-tumblin',
          G
              D7
Round and round... round and round.
                                            C
Underneath our feet, the subways a-rumblin'
           D7
Underground... underground. [Repeat Chorus]
              C
                         G
As I lie in my bed in the mornin',
       G
          D7
Without you...without you.
     G C
Each song in my breast dies a-bornin'
          D7
Without you... without you. [Repeat Chorus, repeat last line twice]
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