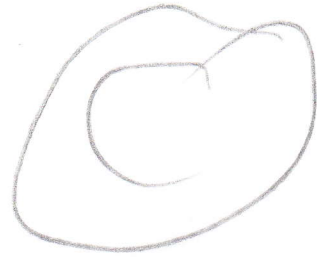


Last Thing On My Mind - Tom Paxton (G) [1-66]

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.



CHORUS:

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

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

(CHORUS)

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

(CHORUS)

As I lie in my bed in the mornin',
without you, without you.
Every song in my breast dies a-bornin',
without you, without you.
(CHORUS)