

Last Thing on My Mind

Tom Paxton

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.

*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.*

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

As I lie in my bed in the morning
without you, without you.
Every song in my breast dies a borning
without you, without you.

*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. :/*

I -	IV -	I -	
I IV	vi -	V -	I -
I -	IV -	I -	
I IV	vi -	V -	I - I -
V -	V -	IV -	I -
vi -	iii ii	V -	V -
I -	IV -	I -	vi -
iii -	v7 -	I -	