

Last Thing On My Mind

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 G C G
It's a lesson too late for the learnin'
 C G D G
Made of sand, made of sand
 G C G
In the wink of an eye my soul is turnin'
C G D G
In your hand, in your hand.

Chorus:

 D7 C G
Are you going away with no word of farewell?
 C G D7
Will there be not a trace left behind?
 G C
Well, I could have loved you better,
 G C
Didn't mean to be unkind.
 D7 C G
You know that was the last thing on my mind.

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 we walk on, my thoughts are a-tumblin',
Round and round, round and round.
Underneath our feet the subways rumblin',
Underground, under ground. *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*