

Last Thing On My Mind

It's a lesson too late for the learnin',

made of sand, made of sand

In the wink of an eye my soul is turnin',

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,

didn't mean to be unkind;

you know that was the last thing on my mind.