

## Last thing on my mind.

*Tekst og musik: Tom Paxton*

          G          C          G  
It's a lesson too late for the learning  
C          G  D7      G  
made of sand, made of sand.

                  C                  G  
In the wink of an eye my soul is turning  
C          G  D7      G  
in your hand, in your hand.

*Refræn:*

          D7                          C          G  
Are you going away with no word of farewell?

          C          G          D7  
Will there be not a trace left behind?

          C  
Well, I could have loved you better;

          G  
didn't mean to be unkind.

          D7                          G  
You know that was the last thing on my mind.

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

*Refræn:*

As we walk on, my thoughts are a-tumbling,  
Round and round, round and round.  
Underneath our feet the subways rumbling,  
Underground, underground.

*Refræn:*

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

*Refræn:*