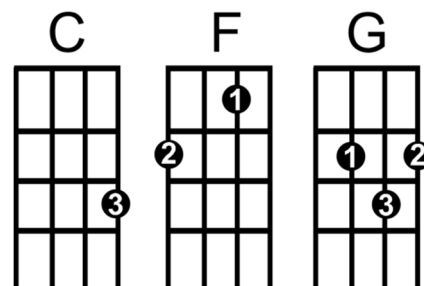


THE LAST THING ON MY MIND - Tom Paxton 1964

1. 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.

2. 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*

3. As I lie in my bed in the mornin',
Without you, without you,
Each song in my breast dies a bornin',
Without you, without you. *Chorus + repeat last line*