

Last Thing On My Mind

by Tom Paxton (1964)

A *D* *A* *A*_(½) *D*_(½)
It's a lesson too late for the learning, Made of
A *A*_(½) *E7*_(½) *A* *A*
sand, made of sand.
A *D* *A* *A*_(½) *D*_(½)
In the wink of an eye my soul is turning, In your
A *A*_(½) *E7*_(½) *A* *A*
hand in your hand.

E *E7* *D* *A*
Are you going away with no word of farewell?
D *A* *E* *E7*
Will there be not a trace left behind?
A *D* *A* *D*
Well, I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind,
A *Bm7*_(½) *E7*_(½) *A* *A*
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.

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

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.

*Say once again that you love me
Tell a lie, tell a lie
I will answer, that I will never leave you
Now goodbye, now goodbye*