

# The Last Thing On My Mind

"Ramblin' boy" 1964

TOM PAXTON

1. It's a lesson too late for the learning,  
Made of sand, made of sand.  
In the wink of an eye my soul is turning,  
In your hand, in your hand.

*Are you going away with no word of farewell,  
Will there be not a trace left behind?  
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 going —,  
This I know, this I know —.  
For the weeds have been steadily growing.  
Please don't go, please don't go.

*Are you going away with no word of farewell...*

Mellemspil...

*Are you going away with no word of farewell...*

3. As I lie in my bed in the morning  
Without you, without you,  
Each song in my breast dies a-borning  
Without you, without you.

*Are you going away with no word of farewell...*

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| C - F - | C - - F | C - G - | C - - - |

[Omk] | G - - - | F - C - | F - C - | G - - - |  
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