The Last Thing On My Mind

G C G C G D7 G
It's a lesson too late for the learning, made of sand, made of sand.
C G C G D7 G
In the wink of an eye my soul is turning, in your hand, in your hand.

Chorus….

G C G C G D7 G
You've got reason a-plenty for going, this I know, this I know.
C G C G D7 G
For the weeds have been steadily growing, please don't go, please don't go.

Chorus…

G C G C G D7 G
As I lie in my bed in the morning, without you, without you.
C G C G D7 G
Every song in my breast dies a-borning, without you, without you.

Chorus…

G C G C G D7 G
As I walk down the street the subway's rumbling under-ground, under-ground.
C G C G D7 G
While the thoughts in my head they're a tumbling, round and round, round and round

Chorus:
G D7 C G
Are you going away with no word of fare-well? Will there be not a
D7 G C
Trace left be-hind? Well I could've loved you better,
G D7 D G
I didn't mean to be unkind, you know that was the last thing on my mind