

Last Thing on My Mind (Tom Paxton)

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

REFRAIN: ^D ^C ^G
Are you going away with no word of farewell?
^G ^{Bm} ^{Am} ^D
Will there be not a trace left behind?
^G ^C ^G
Well I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind
^C ^D ^G
You know that was the last thing on my mind

^G ^C ^G ^C ^G ^D ^G
As I walk on, my feet keep a-tumblin', round and round, round and round
^G ^C ^G ^C ^G ^D ^G
Underneath our feet the subway's rumbling, underground, underground

REFRAIN

^G ^C ^G ^C ^G ^D ^G
You have reason a-plenty for goin', this I know, this I know
^G ^C ^G ^C ^G ^D ^G
For the weeds have been steadily growin', please don't go, please don't go

REFRAIN

^G ^C ^G ^C ^G ^D ^G
As I lay in my bed in the morning, without you, without you
^G ^C ^G ^C ^G ^D ^G
Every dream in my heart dies a bornin', without you, without you

REFRAIN (repeat last two lines at end)