

Tom Paxton - The Last Thing On My Mind

tom:

G

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

As we walk my thoughts are a-tumbling

Round and round, round and round

Underneath our feet the subway's rumbling

Underground, underground

D C G

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

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

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

You know that was the last thing on my mind

Acordes

