

Last Thing on My Mind

Townes Van Zandt

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

Are you going away with no words of farewell?
Will there be not a trace left behind?
Well, I could've loved you better, I didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mind

As I lay in my bed in the morning
Without you, without you
Every song in my heart dies a-borning
Without you, without you

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Will there be not a trace left behind?
Oh, I could've loved you better, I 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

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