

# The Last Thing On My Mind

Doc Watson

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

As we walk, all my thoughts are a-tumblin'  
'Round and 'round, 'round and 'round  
Underneath our feet the subway's rumblin'  
Underground, underground

You've got reasons a plenty for goin  
This I know, this I know  
For the weeds have been steadily growin  
Please, don't go, please, don't go

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