

## The Last Thing On My Mind

Glen Campbell

It's a lesson too late for the learning  
Made of sand, made of sand  
In the wink of an eye my soul is turnin'  
In your hand, in your hand  
Are you going away  
With no word of farewell  
Will there be not a trace left behind  
Oh I could've loved you better  
Didn't mean to be unkind  
You know that was the last thing on my mind

As we walk along my thoughts are tumblin'  
Round and round, round and round  
Underneath our feet are someplace rumblin'  
Underground, underground

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With no word of farewell  
Will there be not a trace left behind  
Oh I could've loved you better  
Didn't mean to be unkind  
You know that was the last thing on my mind

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

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