

# The Last Thing on My Mind

Harry Belafonte

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

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

As I lie in my bed in the morning  
Without you, without you  
Each song in my breast lies a burning  
Without you, without you

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