

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