

## 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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