

Anne Murray, Last Thing On My Mind

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
I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind
Don't you know that was the last thing on my mind
You have reasons of plenty for the going
This I know, this I know
For 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
I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind
Don't you know that was the last thing on my mind
As I walked along the street alone this morning
Without you, without you
Every hope in my heart died in moaning
Without you, without you
Are you going away with no word of farewell
Will there be not a trace left behind
I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind
Don't you know that was the last thing on my mind
Don't you know that was the last thing on my mind