

# Hank Locklin, Last Thing On My Mind

(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

It's a lesson too late for the learnin' 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...

You've got reasons of plenty for going this I know this I know  
All the weeds have been steadily growing please don't go please don't go  
Are you going away...  
You know that was the last thing on my mind  
You know that was the last thing on my mind