

# Marianne Faithfull, The 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  
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.

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,  
You know that was the last thing on my mind.

As I lie in my bed in the mornin'  
Without you, without you.  
Every song in my breast dies a born-in  
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  
You know that was the last thing on my mind.