

Neil Diamond, 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 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 have loved you better
I didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was
The last thing on my mind

You got reasons aplenty for going
This I know, this I know
For the weeds
Have been steadily growin'
Please don't go, please don't go

Are you going away
With no words of farewell
Will there be not a trace left behind
Well I could have loved you better
I didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was
The last thing on my mind.