Seekers, 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. Chorus:

Chorus:
Are you goin' 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;
Oh, you know that was the last thing on my mind.
You had reasons a-plenty for goin',
This I know, this I know.
And the weeds have been steadily growin',
Please don't go, please don't go.
(Chorus)
As I lie in my bed in the mornin',
Without you, without you,

Every song in my heart dies a-bornin', Without you, without you. (Chorus)

Oh, you know that was the last thing on my mind.