

Hank Snow, 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
Well I could've loved you better didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mind

[guitar - ac.guitar]

You've got reasons of 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...

[fiddles - ac.guitar]

As I lie in my bed in the morning without you without you
Each song in my grass dies a boring without you without you
Are you going away...