

Jean Shepard, 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've loved you better didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mind

As we walk alone my thoughts're tumbling round and round round and round
Underneath our feet a subway's rumbling underground underground
Are you going away...
[ac.guitar]
You've got reasons of plenty for going this I know this I know
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