

John Denver, 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

As I lie in my bed every morning
Without you, without you
Each song in my heart dies a' borning
Without you, without you

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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

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